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Nancy Carroll
by
Edwin Bower Hesser

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H. FREDERICK GARDENER, Executive Editor

VOLUME VII | SEPTEMBER, 1931 | NUMBER 3

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Marcella Burke, *Western Editor*

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All Eyes On Hollywood

FEW people know or care what the Seven Wonders of the World are, but there is hardly a man, woman or child who isn't full of eager curiosity about Hollywood. The distorted minds of our professional reformers see the Cinema City as a den of iniquity, on which everything from gang murders to corrupt morals may be blamed; the movie fan views it from afar as a haven of romance; the ambitious young man or woman looks upon it as the land of hope, where dreams may find fulfillment.

Our Aim

SCREEN BOOK has but one mission—to open the doors on the latest colorful information about Hollywood and its people. To fire a complete barrage of genuine NEWS, concerning everyone from Our Gang to the glorious Greta Garbo. We sincerely hope to make every page in this magazine the equivalent of a trip into the heart of Movieland.

Something Different

COLD type cannot begin to tell the story that is found in a picture, and that is why SCREEN BOOK brings you in its Tabloid News, a distinctly original feature. In these pages each month you will find a short cut to knowledge of the most important events, presented in a manner that adds a new thrill to reading.

Short and Snappy

WE HAVE long been of the opinion that the public is about "fed up" with motion picture critics who sit upon lofty editorial thrones and foist their personal tastes on moviegoers with lengthy pro and con discussions of today's screen offerings. Movie critics agree with each other about as often as a husband does with his mother-in-law, while the bewildered fan never can find a picture that hasn't suffered a roasting by one reviewer or another.

How *can* you know which pictures to see? We believe the answer is found in our "Let's Go to the Movies" department, where reviews are brief and to the point, judged from the standpoint of the average fan. Turn to page eight now, and in only a minute the symbols will show you which picture to see tonight.

Our Promise

AMONG things you will never find in SCREEN BOOK are highminded, tedious editorials on "What Is Wrong With the Movies." We won't try to "expose" Greta Garbo, or compare her with Marlene Dietrich. We won't try to decide what is the matter with Clara Bow, or why and if Constance Bennett is high hat. In short, SCREEN BOOK does not pose as a prophet or a reformer. But in its pages you will find the latest news about your favorites and a true picture of life in Hollywood . . . and we hope you'll like it.

Roscoe Fawcett

(Editor and General Manager, Fawcett Publications, Inc.)

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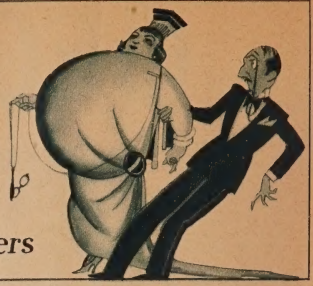
Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Guide for Motion-Picture Theatre-Goers



The following symbols designate the merit of each picture:
AAAA—Excellent; AAA—Good; AA—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AAAA. **ALEXANDER HAMILTON** — (Warner Brothers)—One of the finest historical dramas ever screened. The story is excellent and the players, particularly the star, George Arliss, give superb performances. Doris Kenyon, June Collyer and Dudley Diggs have important rôles.

AAA. **CAUGHT**—(Paramount)—A remarkably fine, almost inspired, performance by Louise Dresser, who is cast in the rôle of that lawless and picturesque pioneer, "Calamity Jane," saves this Richard Arlen western from mediocrity. Tom Kennedy and Frances Dee have important rôles.

AA. **CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED**—(Paramount)—Another of the interminable "Flaming Youth" pictures that lack conviction. Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney and Norman Foster are as excellent as the plot permits.

AAA. **EX-BAD BOY**—(Universal) — An uproarious, enjoyable farce which hinges on one momentous question—did the small town's bashful paint salesman have a torrid love affair in Hollywood with Letta Larbo, the screen star? Robert Armstrong and Lola Lane are excellent.

AA. **EXPENSIVE WOMEN** — (Warner Brothers)—Dolores Costello's return to the screen in this underworld drama is unfortunate, for, through no fault of hers, the picture is dull and draggy. Warren William heads the supporting cast.

AAAA. **FIVE STAR FINAL** — (Warner Brothers)—This thrilling, melodramatic story of the newspaper "game" is one of the year's best pictures, perfectly enacted by a well-balanced cast which includes Edward G. Robinson, Marian Marsh, H. B. Warner, Francis Starr and George E. Stone.

Richard Arlen and Peggy Shannon, in the leading rôles of *The Secret Call*, offer brilliant portrayals. Their work, plus the thrilling plot, makes this picture sure-fire entertainment

AA. **GOLDIE**—(Fox)—This rough and ready drama of the waterfronts is cut out by the same pattern that was used for the Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen comedies. Spencer Tracy, Warren Hymer and Jean Harlow head the cast.

AA. **THE GREAT LOVER** — (Metro) — In spite of their excellent performances, Adolphe Menjou, Irene Dunne, Ernest Torrence and Olga Baclanova are unable to redeem the trite plot of this picture, which is based on the life of a libertine opera star.

AA. **I TAKE THIS WOMAN**—(Paramount)—This unconvincing picture cannot be highly rated but it does offer a few sparkling moments. Gary Cooper as the rough and ready cowboy, and Carole Lombard as the spoiled society darling are better than their rôles deserve.

AA. **LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE**—(Universal)—The story is trite, but those who are tired of over-dialogued society dramas, will welcome this fast-moving "meller" of the cattle country. Leo Carillo, Dorothy Burgess and John Mack Brown are featured.

AAAA. **THE MAN IN POSSESSION** — (Metro)—Robert Montgomery's second starring vehicle, a concoction of funny gags and hilarious, unexpected plot developments, is a continuous laugh panic. Don't miss it. The supporting cast includes Charlotte Greenwood, Irene Purcell and Forrester Harvey.

AAA. **MURDER BY THE CLOCK**—(Paramount)—A gruesome murder mystery that will enthrall adult audiences with its involved, skillfully handled plot and brilliant characterizations. Lilyan Tashman, Irving Pichel and William Boyd head the cast.

AA. **NANCY'S PRIVATE AFFAIR**—(Radio Pictures)—Another domestic triangle. This picture's one bid for popularity lies in the excellent performances of its cast, which includes Mary Astor, Robert Ames, Edward Everett Horton and Noel Francis.

AAA. **NIGHT NURSE**—(Warner Brothers)—Outstanding entertainment in spite of the many improbabilities offered by the story. Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Ben Lyon and Clark Gable head the cast in very capable fashion.

AAA. **THE PUBLIC DEFENDER**—(Radio Pictures)—A thrilling drama in which Richard Dix, posing as an apparently harmless social lion, unearths important evidence in a gigantic bank swindle.

AAAA. **THE RULING VOICE**—(First National)—Blood-chilling and ruthless, but beautifully enacted and directed, this powerful story of a master gangster's crimes and retribution is a picture for your "must see" list. Walter Huston, Loretta Young, David Manners and Doris Kenyon head the cast.

AAA. **THE SECRET CALL**—(Paramount)—Distinguished by its action-crammed, thrilling plot and the excellent work of its cast, this picture can truthfully be called fine entertainment. Richard Arlen and Peggy Shannon head the cast.

AA. **SIDE SHOW**—(Warner Brothers)—This Winnie Lightner picture is a distinct disappointment in spite of the frantic efforts made by Winnie and Charles Butterworth to get over some saving laughs. Evalyn Knapp is excellent.

Olga Baclanova and Adolphe Menjou in a scene from *The Great Lover*, a picture based on the sensational career of a grand opera tenor. Irene Dunne is co-starred with Menjou

AA. **CAUGHT PLASTERED**—(Radio Pictures)—Better than average gag comedy with Wheeler and Woolsey, assisted by Dorothy Lee, providing the laughs. It's dizzy but very enjoyable.

AAA. **THE SPHINX HAS SPOKEN**—(Radio Pictures)—Sex, villainy and heroics in about equal parts make up this screen play of life in India. Erich von Stroheim, Adolphe Menjou and Lily Damita head the cast and contribute deft characterizations.

AAA. **TRANS-ATLANTIC** — (Fox) — Smart, sophisticated drama in which the lives of several persons become entangled aboard a palatial steamer. Edmund Lowe, Greta Nisson, Lois Moran, Myrna Loy and John Halliday give outstanding performances.

AAA. **THE UNHOLY GARDEN** — (United Artists)—Only a little less fantastic than a tale from "The Arabian Nights," this Ronald Colman picture is great entertainment nevertheless. Colman again portrays a fugitive from justice. Fay Wray and Estelle Taylor have important rôles.

AAAA. **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—(Universal)—A grim tragedy of the chaotic last days of the World War, based on the romance between a pathetic little girl of the streets and a returned soldier. A real masterpiece. Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass head the cast.

AA. **WOMEN LOVE ONCE**—(Paramount)—A new version of the triangle theme with Eleanor Boardman as the abused wife who decides to

(Continued on page 10)

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How to manage men
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How to pick a husband

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Side Show, with Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth as the funsters-in-chief, is somewhat disappointing because of the slip-shod, carelessly constructed plot developments

(Continued from page 8)

carry on her own romance. Paul Lukas and Geoffrey Kerr complete the triangle of domestic woe.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE**—(Fox)—Jeanette MacDonald's best picture to date is this rollicking comedy drama in which Victor McLaglen plays the male lead.

AAAA. **AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY**—(Paramount)—A grim, gruesome drama of great power, culminating in the execution of a murderer. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney are superb in the leading rôles.

AA. **BAD SISTER**—(Universal)—The story of a good and bad sister with the usual complication. Slightly above average. Directed by Hobart Henley.

AA. **BEHIND OFFICE DOORS**—(Radio Pictures)—A rather spiritless drama of "The Office Wife" type with Mary Astor and Robert Ames in the leads.

AAA. **THE BLACK CAMEL**—(Fox)—Another of the "Charlie Chan" mystery stories, with Warner Oland playing the Oriental sleuth. Sally Eilers and Bela Lugosi are featured.

AAA. **BODY AND SOUL** — (Fox) — Charles Farrell's best picture since "Seventh Heaven" is this wartime aviation drama. It also marks the American début of Elissa Landi.

AA. **BORN TO LOVE**—(Radio-Pathé)—Constance Bennett as a war nurse and the mother of a nameless child. A rather complicated situation but it ends well. Directed by Paul Sloane.

AAA. **BROADMINDED** — (Warner Brothers) —A laugh panic with the inimitable Joe E. Brown indulging in his craziest capers. Don't miss this one.

AA. **CAPTAIN APPLEJACK**—(Warner Bros.) —A weak story that might go over with juvenile audiences. Directed by Hobart Henley.

AAA. **CHANCES**—(First National)—A somewhat disappointing love triangle laid against a World War background. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Rose Hobart and Anthony Bushell are excellent.

AAA. **CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON**—(Fox)—Warner Oland solves the mystery of untold murders and gallons of blood. Good old hokum. Hamilton MacFadden directed.

AAA. **PHANTOM OF PARIS**—(Metro)—A weird story of a master magician's love and revenge, which gives John Gilbert his best screen rôle since the advent of talkies. Good entertainment.

AAAA. **CIMARRON** — (Radio Pictures) — Richard Dix does some of the best work of his career in this Edna Ferber story. See it by all means.

AAAA. **CITY STREETS**—(Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney in an exceptionally clever gangster picture. Beer-runners, machine guns and everything.

AA. **THE CONQUERING HORDE**—(Paramount)—Richard Arlen proves a noble cowboy in this above average Western story. Directed by Edward Sloman.

AAA. **THE CRIMINAL CODE**—(Columbia) —Easily the best of the prison dramas, this grim offering should find great fan favor. Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes are excellent.

AAAA. **DADDY LONG LEGS** — (Fox) — A whimsical, "Cinderella type" romance that seems made to order for Janet Gaynor. Warner Baxter gives a fine performance in the male lead.

AAA. **DAYBREAK**—(Metro)—A typical Ramon Novarro starring vehicle, highly romantic and colorful but handicapped by an unconvincing plot. Helen Chandler and Jean Hersholt head the supporting cast.

AAAA. **DIRIGIBLE**—(Columbia) — The best of the Jack Holt-Ralph Graves melodramas is this enthralling story of an aerial race to the south pole.

AA. **DOCTOR'S WIVES** — (Fox) — Warner Baxter as a doctor and Joan Bennett as his jealous wife try to make something of this but it is weak. Directed by Frank Borzage.

AAA. **DOORWAY TO HELL** — (Warner, talkie)—Lew Ayres is the young gangster who finds it isn't so easy to quit the racket. Dorothy Mathews is the girl of the piece. Archie Mayo directed.

AAA. **DRACULA**—(Universal)—The story of the most horrible vampire in Central Europe loses none of its horror and hair-raising thrills on the screen. Bela Lugosi plays the vampire and Helen Chandler his pretty victim. Directed by Tod Browning.

AA. **DUDE RANCH**—(Paramount) — Jack Oakie at his funny best, ably supported by Mitzi Green and Eugene Pallette in a story apropos of the title.

AAAA. **EAST LYNNE**—(Fox)—Ann Harding and Clive Brook manage to make something of

George Arliss rises to supreme heights in the title rôle of *Alexander Hamilton*, one of the finest historical documents ever screened. Doris Kenyon is excellent as Mrs. Hamilton

By all accounts, one of the most powerful dramas of the year, *The Ruling Voice*, a story of the underworld, offers Loretta Young and David Manners in leading rôles. Walter Huston is starred

this old timer. It is the old hokum slightly dressed up. Fair. Directed by Frank Lloyd.

AAA. **EAST OF BORNEO** — (Universal) — Love and adventure in the jungles of a Malayan island afford rich entertainment in this melodramatic offering. Charles Bickford, Rose Hobart and Lupita Tovar are featured.

AAA. **ESCAPE**—Radio Pictures)—A finely directed, excellently acted talkie based on Galsworthy's play about a man who could escape from prison—but not from himself. Sir Gerald Du Maurier stars. Basil Dean directed.

AAA. **EVERYTHING'S ROSY**—(Radio Pictures)—Robert Woolsey as a side show charleton and patent medicine vendor contributes his most hilarious bit of work to date.

AAAA. **THE FINGER POINTS** — (First National)—Dick Barthelmess in another reporter-gangster picture. Directed by John Francis Dillon.

AAA. **FIVE AND TEN** — (Metro) — Marion Davies gives the best performance of her career in this unusually entertaining society drama. Leslie Howard, Kent Douglass and Irene Rich have important parts.

AAA. **THE FLAME OF LOVE**—(British International, talkie)—Anna May Wong is featured in this British talkie which involves the Russian army. Richard Eighberg directed.

AAAA. **A FREE SOUL** — (Metro) — Distinguished by a powerful plot and unusually brilliant performances by Lionel Barrymore, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable, this picture can truthfully be called great entertainment.

AAAA. **FRONT PAGE** — (Caddo) — The best newspaper story of all time. See it twice and enjoy it each time. Stars Adolphe Menjou. Directed by Lewis Milestone.

AAA. **GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN**—(Warner Bros.)—A screaming farce starring Frank Fay. One of his best to date. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

AA. **GUN SMOKE** — (Paramount) — Richard Arlen and Mary Brian in a wild and woolly shoot 'em up Western. Fairly interesting.

AAAA. **HELL'S ANGELS** — (Caddo) — The best of all the wartime aviation thrillers. Don't miss this spectacular production. Jean Harlow, Ben Lyon and James Hall share the histrionic laurels.

AA. **HUSH MONEY**—(Fox)—The story of a girl who steps from gangland into society and a

You Can't Go Wrong on SCREEN BOOK Reviews

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise is undoubtedly Greta Garbo's greatest screen triumph. Her performance as the hard-boiled ex-farm girl is superb. Clark Gable portrays her lover

blackmail plot. Joan Bennett and Owen Moore are satisfactory.

AAAA. **INSPIRATION**—(Metro)—A triumph for Greta Garbo, who appears in the rôle of a self-sacrificing Parisian courtesan and artists' model. Robert Montgomery and a distinguished supporting cast help things along.

AA. **IRON MAN** — (Universal) — Lew Ayres badly cast as a pugilist but the supporting cast hold him up and make an entertaining picture. Directed by Tod Browning.

AAA. **KICK IN** — (Paramount) — Clara Bow makes good as a dramatic actress. A very satisfying drama with an excellent cast. Directed by Richard Wallace.

AAA. **LADIES' MAN**—(Paramount) — Entertaining, though somewhat sordid drama with William Powell portraying a modern love pirate.

AAA. **LAUGH AND GROW RICH**—(Radio Pictures)—Dorothy Lee, Hugh Herbert and Edna Mae Oliver in a not too funny comedy.

AAA. **LAUGHTER** — (Paramount) — Nancy Carroll is the girl who marries for money instead of for love. Fredric March and Frank Morgan have important rôles. H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast directed.

AAA. **THE LAWYER'S SECRET**—(Paramount)—Despite its hackneyed story and improbable situations, this melodrama offers great entertainment. Clive Brook, Fay Wray, Jean Arthur, Richard Arlen and Charles Rogers head the cast.

AAAA. **LIGHTNIN'** — (Fox)—The whimsical Will Rogers in a side-plitting comedy featuring the Reno divorce colony. Adapted from the stage classic of the same title.

AAAA. **LITTLE CAESAR**—(First National)—A tense, exciting melodrama of gangland with Edward G. Robinson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., giving great performances.

AAAA. **THE MAD GENIUS**—(Warner Bros.)—John Barrymore, ably seconded by Marian Marsh, Charles Butterworth and Carmel Myers, makes the grotesque story of Imperial Russia one of the real classics of the screen.

AAA. **THE MALTESE FALCON**—(Warner Brothers)—This thrilling murder mystery offers sure fire entertainment. Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez head the cast.

AAAA. **MILLIE**—(Radio Pictures) — Another best seller reaches the screen purged and purified, but nevertheless a fine production. Helen Twelvetrees at her best. Lilyan Tashman and Joan Blondell favor with spicy lines. Directed by John Francis Dillon.

AAAA. **THE MILLIONAIRE** — (Warner Brothers)—A George Arliss starring vehicle, based remotely on the life of Henry Ford. Arliss is immense and David Manners and Evalyn Knapp give good support.

AAA. **THE MIRACLE WOMAN**—(Columbia)—With Barbara Stanwyck in the stellar rôle, this moving drama of a hypocritical woman evangelist's life, is well worth while.

AA. **MR. LEMON OF ORANGE**—(Fox)—El Brendel as a dumb Swede toy salesman who is mistaken for a gangster. Laughable in spots. Directed by John Blystone.

AAAA. **NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET**—(Metro)—Impassioned, beautiful drama, laid in the South Sea Islands and based on the difficulties of inter-racial marriage. Leslie Howard and Conchita Montenegro are magnificent.

AAAA. **THE PUBLIC ENEMY** — (Warner Brothers)—A gruesome, realistic story of gangland's hoodlums, with James Cagney giving one of the best performances of the year.

AAAA. **RANGO**—(Paramount)—Ernest Shoedsack comes through again with a jungle picture of extraordinary interest. You are sure to like this picture.

AA. **REACHING FOR THE MOON**—(United Artists)—Doug Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels romp through this feature. It is Doug at his best.

AAAA. **REBOUND**—(Pathé) — Sophisticated, sparkling drama with the inimitable Ina Claire in the stellar rôle. This is great entertainment. Robert Ames and Myrna Loy head the supporting cast.

AA. **THE RECKLESS HOUR**—(First National)—Dorothy Mackaill loses her honor and all that sort of thing, but it's a good picture. Directed by John Francis Dillon.

AA. **RENEGADES**—(Fox)—A depressing story of the Foreign Legion featuring Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Victor Fleming directed.

AAA. **RESURRECTION**—(Universal) — With Lupe Velez in the stellar rôle, this talkie version of the great Tolstoy novel, is well worth seeing. John Boles appears in the male lead.

AAA. **THE RIGHT TO LOVE**—(Paramount)—As usual, Ruth Chatterton comes through with an unsurpassed performance. Worth seeing.

AAAA. **THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY**—(Paramount)—The "inside lives" of Broadway's most glamorous family—the Barrymores. Well done with Fredric March, Ina Claire, Henrietta Crosman and Mary Brian giving splendid performances. Directed by Cyril Cukor.

AAA. **SCANDAL SHEET**—(Paramount) — A gripping melodrama of the newspaper "game," starring George Bancroft as the hardboiled editor. Kay Francis gives a fine performance.

AAAA. **THE SECRET SIX**—(Metro)—Wallace Beery goes in for plain and fancy gunplay in this underworld drama. Directed by George Hill.

AAAA. **SEED**—(Universal)—John Boles, Genevieve Tobin and Lois Wilson in a very human feature. Rather heavy but entertaining.

AAAA. **SKIPPY**—(Paramount)—A real "kid" classic, based on one of the most human stories ever screened. Jackie Cooper, in the title rôle, is superb and Jackie Searl, Robert Coogan and Mitzi Green give excellent support.

AAA. **SMART MONEY**—(Warner Brothers)—Edward G. Robinson, again cast as an underworld character, scores another triumph in this swift moving story of big time gambling. James Cagney shares the honors.

AAAA. **THE SMILING LIEUTENANT**—(Paramount)—The best picture Maurice Chevalier has made is this delightful comedy drama of old Vienna. Charles Ruggles, Meriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert have important rôles.

AAA. **SON OF INDIA**—(Metro)—Pictorially beautiful, capably enacted and brilliantly directed, this Ramon Novarro picture is sure to make a hit with the average audience.

AAAA. **THE SQUAWMAN** — (Metro) — A time-honored classic of the stage and screen with a distinguished cast headed by Lupe Velez, Charles Bickford, Warner Baxter, Paul Cavanagh, Roland Young and Eleanor Boardman.

AAA. **STOLEN HEAVEN** — (Paramount) — Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes are cast in this entertaining feature. It is well worth seeing. Louis Calhern, newcomer, makes a good impression.

AAAA. **STRANGERS MAY KISS**—(Metro)—Norma Shearer in a picture admirably suited to her. It is an unusual picture and one you are sure to enjoy.

AAA. **SUBWAY EXPRESS**—(Columbia)—An excellent mystery affair, in which Jack Holt finds the solution. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.

AAAA. **SVENGALI**—(Warner Bros.) — John

(Continued on page 49)

Edward G. Robinson and Boris Karloff in a scene from *Five Star Final*, a powerful drama of the newspaper "game" that is easily one of the year's most outstanding screen productions

Intimate Glimpses of the Four Fairbanks

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Read the engrossing story of two of the most famous families in Cinemaland. You'll thrill to the many delightful secrets it discloses. This is but one of the many fascinating stories and features you'll enjoy in this great magazine of the screen.

Daughter of the Dragon

YOU'LL be delighted with the amazing story of Anna May Wong, the intriguing little Oriental star who was so popular in silent pictures and is now winning new fame in the talkies. Look also for "Does Love Mean More to a Man Than a Woman?" . . . "Up in the Air With the Stars". . . countless personality stories of famous stars . . . intelligent, up-to-the-minute screen reviews, So This Is Hollywood and many other entertaining features. Be sure to obtain your copy.

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October

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On Sale Sept. 5th

EXTRA SCREEN TABLOID ALL THE NEWS

SEPTEMBER, 1931

POWELL, CAROLE FLEE TO LOVE NEST!

Carole Lombard

—*Wide World Photo*

LOVERS ESCAPE—

William Powell and Carole Lombard as they appeared on deck the *S. S. Malolo*, bound for Hawaii on their honeymoon, following a secret marriage that kept reporters running around in circles in an effort to find out what was happening. Everyone knew that they had been engaged for months, and suspected that a dash to the altar was planned, but Carole and Bill fired a barrage of little white lies about the real date (June 26), and were safe aboard ship before captured by baying newspaper hounds

—*Acme-P. & A. Photo*

PARIS AHOY!

Maurice Chevalier and his wife scurried aboard an outgoing liner after the New York première of *The Smiling Lieutenant*—bound for their native France. Maurice crosses the ocean so often that he's worried about developing sea legs

Million Hearts Break As Rudy Weds

Dark-eyed Fay Webb won't mind the loud thumping of feminine hearts as Rudy croons now, for she is triumphantly enthroned in his fourteen-room honeymoon apartment

Rudy's army of feminine admirers are still slightly injured as the result of his surprise marriage to Fay Webb, whom he met in Hollywood while filming *The Vagabond Lover*. They were wed on July 8, in West Orange, N. J.

HOLLYWOOD ROMANCE FADES

—*Preston Duncan*

Jimmie Fidler, prominent movie publicity man, and Dorothy Lee have decided to go separate ways, after being married about eight months. They're still the best of friends, however

CLARA SCORNS VANITIES OFFER

That Clara Bow is determined to remain in pictures, is seen by her recent nonchalant refusal of $10,000 a week to appear in *The Vanities*. The offer included an extra $1,000 a week for Rex Bell, her constant boy friend

Husband Finds Wife Vamping Soldier

Ben Lyon is a bit disconcerted on coming to work to find a handsome soldier making no effort at all to resist the advances of Bebe Daniels. But he recovered on seeing the cameras, which proved that it was all for *The Honor of the Family*

ACTRESS CHEATS GRIM REAPER

Evalyn Knapp fell backward over a thirty foot cliff, and lives to tell the tale! The accident occurred while on a hiking trip. Evalyn was rushed to a hospital, where it was feared she might not recover. However she is on the way to recovery

SKIPPY ARRIVES FOR NEW JOB

The stern gate-keeper at M-G-M had a spirited argument with Jackie Cooper before being convinced that "Skippy" had a brand new contract, and wasn't just gate-crashing

Reformers Blame Movies for Killing

The above picture from *The Secret Six* shows Wallace Beery being photographed as the murderer, just following a killing scene which reformers declare is responsible for a New Jersey murder. A sixteen-year-old boy shot and killed his companion, later to claim that he had only been demonstrating a scene from the movie. Facts, however, showed that he possessed two guns and had been arrested a month before for shooting firearms, thus refuting reformers' fantastic conclusions

MOVIE STAR FOR WHOLE YEAR; NEVER IN FILMS

Carman Barnes, who wrote *School Girl* and *Confessions of a Co-ed* was signed many months ago to a starring contract. Although drawing a substantial salary, she has not yet been seen on the screen, and Hollywood wonders why

NANCY CARROLL IN RAPID FIRE ROMANCE

Nancy Carroll established a new record for changing husbands, when only a short time ago she wed the journalist, Bolton Mallory, just a few days after her divorce from Jack Kirkland, to whom she had been married for several years. The bride refused all interviewers, maintaining that it was her private affair

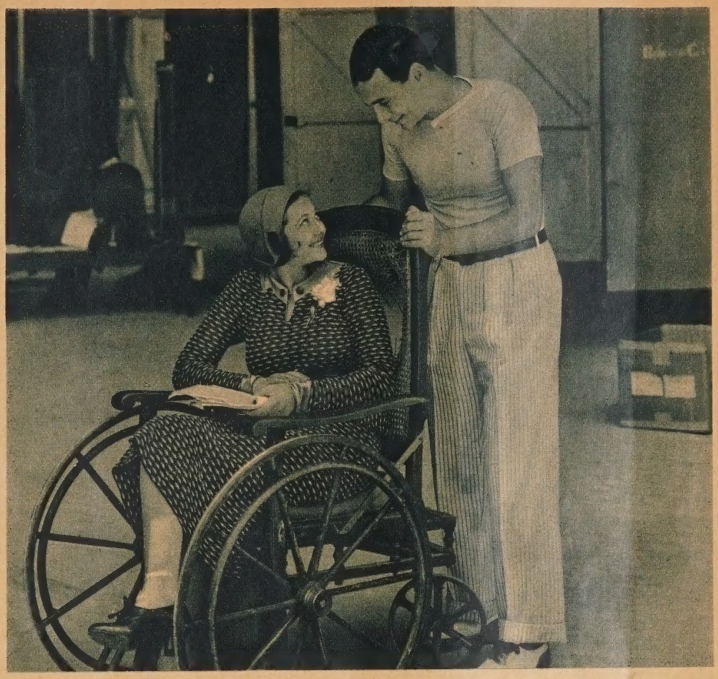
NOBODY WANTS THIS MOVIE JOB

With thousands out of work, producer Howard Hughes is having difficulty in finding players to appear in "Queer People", the screen version of the book that gave Hollywood the royal "raspberry". Free-lancers seem afraid to accept parts, fearing it may jeopardize future work, and studios won't loan their stars. But Hughes is a recourseful gentleman and probably will shoot the picture if he has to appear in it himself

SHE STEALS SCENE FROM BARRYMORE

Mae Madison can't be convicted for stealing a scene from John Barrymore in *The Mad Genius*, but everybody declares it was "grand" larceny

BROKEN BONES MEAN NOTHING TO SYLVIA; SHE KEEPS ON WORKING



Sylvia Sidney shattered several bones in her ankle, but insisted on going ahead with rehearsals for *Street Scene*. Buster Collier —lucky fellow—was consigned to manipulate the wheel chair

GAMBLING FEVER CAPTURES HOLLYWOOD

Joan Blondell and Polly Walters spurn Reno and take their chances with dice on the beach at Malibu

MAE MURRAY SAYS "SEX IS SACRED"

"People today have no realization of the thing they are doing," Mae Murray told friends at luncheon recently. "The thoughtless women who use sex blindly to attract . . . what are they really gaining? Not much. Music and dancing have always been my two avenues of surcease. When I dance, all my troubles disappear. Life becomes a rhythmic thing. I have always shown a great deal of my body when I danced. I do not feel that in any way I degraded the thing I was attempting to create. I was not baring my body in a cheap, physical sense. It was done in a sincere, spiritual fashion. You recall any of the dances I have appeared in . . . are they cheap, sexy? Oh, no! Far from it! Sex is dragged through the path of dirt—of sensational realism—too often. We take this divine gift which is ours and throw it away. It is a great tragedy."

Are Jungle

At last! The real lowdown on these African thrillers. Where and how they are filmed; which scenes are real and which are not

A mother monkey and her little one seen in *Rango*. No part of this entertaining picture was actually taken in Hollywood, although interest was added to some of the scenes by trick photography

ARE wild animal pictures real, or are they faked? Did the tiger really kill the little ape, *Rango,* or was it only a camera trick? Was *Trader Horn* made in Africa or in Hollywood? Was a native bearer actually killed by a lion in the making of *Africa Speaks* and, if these thrillers are faked, how do they do it so cleverly?

Hollywood has turned the spot-light on the Dark Continent. We fans have listened to the beat of the tom-toms, faced *Simba* the lion as he charged, crossed crocodile infested rivers and gone on *safari* across parched veldt and through steaming jungle, until we begin to feel like old voortrekkers. We admit that we've had a good time, but what we want to know is—are we being kidded? Did these intrepid movie-makers actually risk life and limb to give us a Roman holiday, or was it all make-believe?

When approached on this dangerous and delicate subject, the powers-that-be looked both pained and alarmed.

"Sh-h-h-h," they whispered, "You'll spoil the illusion."

Illusion, my Aunt Emma! Morons though we are, puh-lease give us credit for having outgrown the Easter rabbit and the stork. Do we enjoy *Pineapple Sundae,* the latest gang epic, any the less because we have been let in on the secret that the machine-gun was loaded with blanks? Do we get less kick out of the attack on the wagon-train because we know that the painted demons who lash their war ponies probably belong to the B. P. O. E. and bid a mean hand at contract?

If those things are permissible, why not the interpolation of a few home-made thrills in an animal picture—providing, of course, that it *is* a motion picture and not what is supposed to be an authentic nature study or the record of an African exploration trip! When pictures like *Ingagi,* much of which was made on the back lot, are presented as the genuine article, that isn't cricket! *Trader Horn,* on the other hand, is a *motion picture* containing a plot, a hero, a beautiful maiden in distress and all the other time-honored ingredients. If they want to jazz it up a bit to provide a few more thrills—well why not?

BUT whether we like it or not, all of our wild animal pictures, with the exception of such authentic travelogues as the Martin Johnson offerings, etc., are a combination of realism and either faked or staged thrills. Ernest Schodsack, maker of *Grass, Chang* and *Rango,* frankly admits the use of trapped animals and other "staged" shots, but has never resorted to Hollywood-made effects or processed film. The marvel of these trick thrills lies in the fact that with the aid of the Dunning process, well-stocked zoos, camera technique and cutting adroitness, the movie-makers have been able to insert them into the actual background with such skill as to defy detection, even by experts. *Ingagi,* super-hoax of them all, in which Charles Gemora, a Hollywood actor, played the part of the lustful gorilla, was so cleverly done that a prominent director in the audience offered to wager a thousand dollars that it was authentic! Not one in a thousand of the

Pictures Faked?

By J. Eugene Chrisman

Remember the brief, exciting moment from *Trader Horn*, in which Harry Carey swings across a crocodile infected pool? The accompanying article tells how this episode was filmed

When it was discovered that the ferocious *Ingagi* was not a dangerous beast, but a well-disguised actor, critics descended on the picture in a storm of indignant and justifiable censure

fans who saw *Africa Speaks* realized that local negroes, tame animals and the Dunning Process were responsible for such hair-raisers as the killing of the native bearer by the lion and the seizure of the wart-hog by the great cat.

Of all recent animal pictures, *Trader Horn*, the latest, has probably come in for more speculation than any of its predecessors. This is probably due to the common knowledge that after spending more than a year in Africa, the company put in another twelve months in Hollywood and Mexico on re-takes. It is admitted that some of the most spectacular animal shots *were* made in Mexico and that many of the native village scenes were re-made in the M-G-M lot with Los Angeles negroes and that the Dunning process was freely used. But—*Trader Horn as eventually assembled and shown to the public was at least ninety-five per cent African!* M-G-M even went so far as to re-make in its entirety, the part of *The Missionary Lady* with Marjorie Rambeau only to discard it and use the rôle as played by Olive Golden, (Mrs. Harry Carey), in Africa. The reason for the discarding of *almost all* of the Hollywood material was that it utterly failed to match up with the African stuff and it became a question of *all* Hollywood or *all* African and the authentic film won.

Strangely enough, and as a tribute to movie ingenuity, critics who have attempted to point out the parts of the film which were faked have in most cases laid their finger on that which was real. One leading moving picture publication reproduced a "still" of the scene where the starving travelers, Harry Carey, Edwina Booth, Duncan Renaldo and Mutia drive a group of lions from their kill and feast on the leftovers. This picture was captioned as having been from a sequence made in Mexico. As a matter of fact this entire sequence was *made in Africa*, at great risk to the players who enacted it.

"WE DID plant the kill," admits Harry Carey, "but those were real, live, wild and hungry lions. After we had driven them away five or six times, they began to get peeved. If you will watch that scene you will see that the old fellow who is the last to leave, can't make up his mind whether to retreat or charge. Of course we were protected by white hunters but in one 'take' we were within ten paces of those lions and if they had decided to charge, all the rifles in the world couldn't have saved us. That shot was discarded, for we were so close that it would have looked faked."

Of course, the business of making "faked" wild animal pictures is not new to the motion picture industry. The first one goes back to 1908 when "Teddy" Roosevelt went to Africa for the Smithsonian Institute. Selig, then producing "one-reelers" in Chicago, gained Roosevelt's permission to have a cameraman accompany him, but the Institute interfered

and sent an English cameraman instead. Nothing daunted, Selig returned to Chicago, built an "African" set on his lot, and for the sum of $400 purchased a mangy, toothless old lion from a Milwaukee zoo. A vaudeville actor who was in Chicago at that time doing impersonations of "Teddy" was hired. Into the cage which surrounded the set, went the actor and the lion. "Leo," goaded beyond endurance, so far forgot himself as to lose his temper. The cameras got the charge, but the riflemen missed, and the pseudo "Teddy" sought safety in the top of the cage. The lion quieted down, the camera was moved to a close-up and the big cat killed. When the papers told of Roosevelt killing a lion in Africa, Selig released his film under the title of, *Killing Big Game In Africa*. The resemblance of the actor to "Teddy" lead many to believe they were witnessing the ex-President in action and of course the astute Selig did nothing to correct this impression. When Roosevelt returned and learned of the deception, he threatened to swing his "Big Stick," but nothing came of it.

ADMITTED that the majority of the thrills in our animal pictures are manufactured, what magic do the movie-makers employ to secure effects so realistic as to send the pulses leaping? Which of the spine-tingling adventures that we have vicariously enjoyed were faked and which were actual?

All of these African pictures, even the infamous *Ingagi*, have as a basis, actual background scenes and some action honestly filmed by an African expedition. Into this, by means of the Dunning process, double exposure or the use of Hollywood animals and players, thrilling shots impossible to secure in reality, are introduced to add spice to the program. This, we insist, is perfectly legitimate. Providing the picture is not billed as an authentic nature study, but merely as an entertainment feature, for the same reason that it is ethical to make a Foreign Legion picture on the Arizona desert.

The Dunning process is one of the most used methods of obtaining spectacular and otherwise impossible effects on the screen. By this process, a figure photographed in Hollywood, can be inserted with complete realism into a scene taken in Africa. This process is responsible for the spectacular scene of the native pursued and mauled by the lion in *Africa Speaks* and the equally thrilling tossing of the bearer by the rhino in *Trader Horn*. In making these shots, a strip of film, showing a charging lion, actually taken in Africa, is used, and from this a "transparency" is made. An actor, in this case a negro, is then placed against a blue background built upon a studio stage. There he goes through the action of being pursued and overtaken by the charging lion. This is photographed *through* the original film upon which the lion appears. So cleverly is the action timed that when the finished film is shown, not even an expert can catch the deception. Other strips of a charging lion and the running native are expertly "cut" into the processed shot, and so a blood-thirsty audience is satisfied, all without a drop of blood having been shed. In the case of the rhino charge and subsequent tossing of the bearer, the rhino charge was real enough, but the native supplied by the Dunning process was never nearer Africa than Central Avenue in Los Angeles.

ANOTHER Dunning shot in *Trader Horn* was in the sequence in which the adventurers, Harry Carey and Duncan Renaldo, are shown in a native canoe, navigating a river aswarm with huge hippos. A part of this scene was taken in Africa, on the Nile. Taken on silent film, a motor boat closely flanked the canoe, the "put-put" of its engine being sufficient to keep the monsters at their distance. The Dunning shot was made only to make possible the insertion of a few words of dialog spoken by Renaldo and Carey.

Far more lavish use of the Dunning process was made in the production of *Africa Speaks*. The African background and many of the less spectacular animal scenes used in this picture were made by Paul L. Hoefler on an expedition to the Dark Continent. Photographed as a "silent" by Mr. Hoefler, all dialog and sound heard in *Africa Speaks* was "dubbed in" by the studio. So cleverly was this dialog inserted that in many scenes, the lip movements of the characters synchronize perfectly with the spoken words.

Watching this film, you noticed the unusual fact that a cameraman with his machine, busily cranking away, always appeared in the foreground. Obviously it is impossible for a cameraman to take his own picture as he operates another machine. The explanation is simple. By means of the Dunning process, the camera and cameraman you saw, were deftly inserted into the picture. Many of the thrilling shots were also produced by this method, enacted by local negroes posing as African natives and by animals secured from the Selig Zoo in Lincoln Park. Real wild lions can be distinguished by the fact that their manes are always ragged and worn short by constant contact with the thorn bush, while Hollywood lions, raised in captivity, are always seen with full, luxuriant manes. From the shrieks of the audience, it was evident that when the lion dragged the wart-hog from his lair, they thought they were actually witnessing a [*Continued on page* 56]

You may have had your suspicions about this scene in *Trader Horn*, since the discovery that some African pictures were shown with an obvious attempt to deceive. It is, however, an actual native village. With few exceptions, the thrills in this outstanding production are genuine

Garbo's New Lover

Clark Gable, Greta's leading man in Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise, is Hollywood's newest sensation

By Walter A. Raschick

Gable, once a lumberjack, is the world's luckiest leading man

CLARK GABLE'S boyish face ornaments a rather small, round head which rests somewhat awkwardly atop a rather tall, graceful body, so that his whole outward aspect is a strange combination of youth and maturity. He walks and talks with pent up energy, like a dynamo that has been throttled down to avoid waste of power. He has gay, gray eyes, with a touch of something sober and serious behind them, as though nothing in the world could ever prevent him from accomplishing whatever he set out to do. His hair is stubborn and dark brown and grows in violent profusion, his eyebrows are bushy, and his beard so coarse and heavy that he looks a trifle ungroomed even when he's close-shaven.

Make no mistake about it: Hollywood's latest screen hero is a virile young man. His mouth bespeaks many experiences over a rough and hard road—the determined line of his lips when he talks seriously, indicates that he has traveled a road which has included most of life's detours. Here is no coddled product of a sheltered childhood. Clark Gable has come up from the rough, and shouldered his way to a place very near the top of his profession. And yet he is only thirty years old.

You can get a pretty fair slant on the man when I tell you that we sat down at a luncheon table and ordered corned beef and cabbage and beer for two. Here is one actor who doesn't subsist upon non-fattening, fancy salads. He eats with all the gusto of a Wallace Beery—and enjoys the process fully as much as Wally.

"I'M A HARD specimen," Clark assured me, as if I didn't think so already. "I've never seen a gangster in my life, and I don't care if I never do, but I like to portray hoodlums on the screen. Those types can be made to look very real. I rubbed elbows with some mighty tough characters when I was roughing it, years ago, and I can handle myself with the best of 'em."

"Whether you've ever seen a [*Continued on page* 57]

Greta Garbo in the arms of Clark Gable, whose fascinating personality is at its best in *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*. It is predicted that Gable may exceed the popularity once enjoyed by Valentino

Precious Jewels

Checking up on the costly array of sparklers adorning our screen favorites

—*Bachrach*

Here you see Betty Compson wearing a mere $83,000 worth of jewelry. Diamonds are her favorite stone

—*Bachrach*

Evelyn Brent is conservative in her jewels; yet she paid $3,000 for the pearl choker which she believes matches her personality

—*Autrey*

Myrna Loy has a passion for bracelets, and paid a steep figure for this set fashioned in gold and studded with sapphires

WOMEN the world over always have been tremendously interested in fine jewelry. Hollywood women are no exception. In fact, the majority of the feminine stars boast some of the most remarkable and awe-inspiring jewel adornments ever seen. It is true that some swear by simple costume jewelry. It is equally true that others have jewels as fine as those possessed by noblewomen of the old regime in France.

Norma Talmadge, Lilyan Tashman and Marion Davies belong to this latter class. These three stars are generally conceded to have the finest jewels in the motion picture colony. Norma rarely wears her expensive jewelry, but has it all safely tucked away in a safe deposit vault, ready for her whenever she wishes. The collection consists mostly of magnificent diamond rings, bracelets, necklaces and earrings. She does not like any kind of fancy pins or brooches and has not a single one in her collection.

Lilyan Tashman owns several hundred thousand dollars' worth of wonderful jewelry. One bracelet in particular is gorgeous. It consists of three strands of sapphires, three of rubies and three of emeralds, and each strand has a large diamond clasp. This unique creation is valued at $50,000. A huge star sapphire ring cost a mere $25,000! An inspection of a "pet" wrist watch brought forth the fact it was worth $25,000.

"I adore my wrist watch," commented Lilyan. "It is platinum, set with a lot of tiny diamonds."

MARION DAVIES' collection is quite famous and contains some beautiful diamond bracelets and choker necklaces. She is one star who will have little or nothing to do with costume jewelry. She doesn't think it suits her type at all. However, opals fascinate her and she has several fine strings of them. Her two other favorites are rubies and pearls. There's a pearl necklace interspersed with richly carved jade stones, and with a long tassel of jade and diamonds. There's a rare and beautifully designed choker of fiery rubies, each ruby being set in a circlet of tiny pearl. There's almost everything you could think of—and a lot you couldn't! Certainly, the Davies' collection of fine jewels is one of the most elaborate of them all.

Betty Compson goes in for diamonds on a large scale and has some that cost her a fortune. One necklace is of rare beauty. It is fashioned in the shape of many flowers, each flower having a large center diamond, circled by twelve smaller ones. This set, consisting of the necklace and

of the Stars

By Grace Simpson

Constance Bennett can spend a fortune on one trinket if she wishes, but a simple pearl necklace of moderate price is her favorite

—*Bachrach*

Dolores Del Rio's penchant for beautiful earrings has cost her approximately $15,000

—*Powolny*

Jeanette MacDonald wears little jewelry, but she cherishes especially the huge diamond engagement ring presented to her by Bob Ritchie, a New York broker

earrings to match, cost Miss Compson an even $83,000!

The many-sided nature of pearls make them the favorite jewels of Constance Bennett, who possesses several strings of them in varied sizes. Pearls, Miss Bennett thinks, are the zenith of sophistication as well as the essence of simplicity. A suitably strung and sized strand is a fitting accompaniment to the loveliest evening gown, while a small string gives charm to simple costumes. Also, this star loves the warmth of pearls. To her they seem more alive than other jewels. Rubies and diamonds come next to pearls in Miss Bennett's favor.

Incidentally, her advice to the girl who can afford to spend a little on jewelry is to purchase a modest string of the best pearls she can afford as the most suitable accessory for the greatest number of occasions and one that is almost always in good taste.

OF COURSE, Ann Harding's favorite piece of jewelry is her diamond-studded wedding ring, and next to this in favor comes the huge square-cut diamond, mounted in a nest of baguette diamonds and emeralds that was the pledge of her engagement to Harry Bannister. The two rings are always on her fingers and are usually the only jewelry Ann wears, except, perhaps, for a necklace, or in the evening, a bracelet or two. She has a fondness for yellow stones—amber, topaz or yellow diamonds. Whatever jewelry she wears, in addition to her wedding and engagement rings, usually carries out this fancy. She has a nice string of topaz, cut in smooth rounds instead of the usual faceted effect. She has also some lovely carved amber, as well as a bracelet of yellow zircons, a shade particularly rare in this semi-precious stone which usually comes in white or pale blue.

Dolores Del Rio is fond of all sorts of jewels, but earrings are her very special favorites. She has a marvelous collection of these, some set with diamonds, others with emeralds, sapphires and rubies and also amethysts.

"I love beautiful earrings best of all," Dolores told me, "And I never feel completely dressed without them. I have some lovely new ones. One pair is very, very long and set with diamonds. Another pair is over 250 years old and priceless—they are gold set with pearls. I probably have about $15,000 worth of nothing but earrings! Emeralds and diamonds are my two favorite stones, but I really adore all jewels and I never tire of admiring them."

Evelyn Brent, on the other hand, doesn't care much for earrings, but does crave small necklaces or chokers. Her favorite is a small choker of several strands of seed pearls joined together and fastened with large white-gold diamond clasp. Believing that this set off her personality to the best possible advantage, she paid $3,000 for it.

BEBE DANIELS has some splendid diamond lavallieres in her valuable array of jewelry, but the pieces she is most enthused over are the rare and priceless heirlooms which have descended to her from her grandmother—rare old gems that are unique in themselves and just suitable to Bebe's dark type of beauty. She has one mammoth watch-ring, which was presented to her great-great-grandfather by Lafayette. She also owns a pair of beaten gold bracelets and many odd pieces of old Spanish and Mexican jewelry. [*Continued on page* 61]

Keep It Under Your Hat

GOBS OF GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

by Beverly Hill

The Depression!

HOLLYWOOD, city of contrasts—and home of hokum. It's cut-cut-cut all along the line, until the town sounds like an egg ranch.

Yet . . . .

Receipts at Agua Caliente's casino and the tables at Reno never jingled so merrily.

At the slightest excuse—or for none at all—Hollywood wends its way either North or South to its choice of whoopee spots.

Any holiday is a flop if the picture people fail to flock in with their shekels, and a week-end is good for half a million bucks—not movie money, but coin of the realm.

Yet . . . .

An important conference was called recently, and attended by all administration executives of a certain film company, and long-winded arguments given pro and con before a vote of the Big Shots finally decided to discharge a theatre doorman and save expenses!

The Noonans, O'Neils and O'Days

Breaks good and bad come to the Noonan Sisters, Molly O'Day and Sally O'Neil to you. Both girls recently signed film contracts after a protracted lay-off. Almost the same day, their brother got pinched for arguing with the Sheriff about how the Law should drive its car.

Connie's Baby

Constance Bennett is experiencing difficulty in establishing American citizenship for her little son, Peter, (adopted of course) whom she brought over from England. But Connie usually accomplishes what she sets out to do—and when Pete is a real, live nephew of his Uncle Sam, he'll tarry a while with Morton Downey and sister Barbara, while Constance takes her European vacation. The Marquis is taking one, too.

The Kids Grow Up

Most recent among yesterday's babes who are now on the way to adult stardom are Anita Louise and little Mary Kornman, formerly of *Our Gang*. Mary makes her grown-up début in *Are These Our Children?* Good luck, kids!

Some Fun

Bert (gong-gong) Lahr, in Hollywood to star in *Flying High*, finds that the folks don't want to shoot the film yet awhile. Bert says: "What I care, but don't forget the weekly ough-day!"

Bert burned up last season when Joe E. Brown appeared in the film version of a Lahr stage play and used all the business which Bert declares is his by right of invention. When he makes his movie he'll probably be accused of imitating Joey.

Rah-Rahs Out

According to *Variety*, the bible of show business, six hundred collegers were interviewed by movie execs for jobs. P. S.—Sixteen got 'em—and nine held 'em. The rest were aired because: 1. Flat personality. 2. Lack of aggression. 3. Just want a job. 4. Lack of interest in everything in general. 5. No perspective. 6. Inability to think.

What price "higher education?"

Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer awarded Clark Gable a leading rôle in the race-track thriller, *Sporting Blood*

No Arguments

An actor-director summoned by a film executive cooled his heels for an hour in an outer office before the "Little Napoleon" stuck his head out and hollered: "Whatever your salary is, I won't pay it!". Then he ducked back again "in conference."

Cinderella Story

The impossible always happens in Hollywood. An actor, unable to get work, retired to a shack in the hills for economic reasons. Foolin' around he discovered—a gold mine!

No Kiddin'

The latest to kick at kidding in the kinema is the U. S. Navy. That is, the officers of the Navy. It's okay to kid the gobs! But lay off the gold braid guys!

Unsolved

One of Hollywood's greatest mysteries is fifteen years old and still unsolved—it is the murder of Director William Desmond Taylor. The story tops any fictional yarn ever written about Hollywood and it's "Queer People."

Wrong Number

A midnight East-West 'phone call ended suddenly, when the new girl friend seized the receiver from the lad in Hollywood and told his New York sweetie just where she got off.

—*Emmett Schoenbaum*

Does Hollywood have wild parties? Yes! Yes! Witness this orgy—and do you see Joel McCrea at the table being offered a drink by a young hussy? But it's all for the sake of *The Common Law*, Constance Bennett's new picture

Helping Family Average

Tallulah Bankhead's sister, Eugenia, has just been married for the sixth time—which makes some amends for Tallu's celebacy.

Hollywood Influence

The wise-cracking influence of the studios enters into every phase of business in Hollywood. If a sandwich shop in your home town closed for a vacation period—though in the first place it would not be likely to close merely for a few weeks' holiday—it would post a sedate notice.

When the restaurant known as "Harry-at-the-Broiler" just across the way from Paramount Studios was confronted with the same problem, Harry scribbled this across the windows:

VOTE FOR RIB STEAK FOR PRESIDENT

Open in a couple of weeks—
Catchin Up On
Huntin'
Fishin'
Drinkin'

Our Platform Pledge—
Free Whisky
No Beer Under 8%
4 Hour Workin' Day
Let Women Do the Work
No guns or clubs for cops
All producers furnish bait and fishin' poles to studio employees 6 days every week.

The sign made such a hit that Hollywoodites drove miles out of their way to show it to friends. Many people stopped and copied it.

Try It At Your Office

William Bakewell has found a means of combining the sport of a field day with office work. I found him the other day doing some running jumps over desks in the M-G-M publicity department.

"It's great exercise," says William. "As for hazards—you never know when you might jump into an unseen wastebasket on the other side of a desk. Or when Mr. Mayer might suddenly come in."

Information Bureau

The Warner Brothers publicity department is beginning to feel like the office of a maternity hospital. With Guy Kibbee and Allan Mowbray expecting to become fathers any day, the department has been kept busy answering calls about them. At that, these oncoming births don't elicit as many queries as the mere rumor that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford are to become proud parents.

The tense time was at the M-G-M publicity department over a year ago. "Norma Shearer was about to have a baby," explained Eleanor Packer. "And Lon Chaney was dying. We sat by our phones wondering which message would come in first. On the one hand was life, and on the other, death. We were all crazy about Lon and Norma, and worried about both of them."

Theatre On The Job

The Los Angeles Theatre has inaugurated a policy of free dancing in its salon. You might sound out your local theatre manager about the idea.

The new Hughes-Franklin automatic theatre on Hollywood Boulevard has installed glass sidewalks. Through the glass you can see the air-cooling machinery in operation. The refrigerating system is an expensive one, costing $700 per seat for the installation. Don't get excited—it's a small theatre, with 300 seats.

In the *Hell's Half-Acre* section of Los Angeles there is a little ten-cent theatre which shows the Hollywood influence. Blazoned across the front of it is a sign reading: FINEST SOUND ON EARTH. Wonder what the finest sound on earth *would* be? The clink of coins for some people, the smack of a kiss for others and the whistling of machine gun bullets for still others.

The New Burbank

Charles Butterworth, dead-pan comedian, says that he will soon turn out a hybrid product which will show up Luther Burbank as a rank amateur. He has been devoting all his spare hours to an effort to combine the lovely hen's egg with the pompous grapefruit.

He lists the advantages as follows:

The egg will overcome the grapefruit's squirting.

The combination will become a California monopoly and squeeze Florida out of the field.

You can eat your entire breakfast from one fruit—for, and here's the really startling news, Charlie expects to make the coffee bean also part of the Butterworth Grapeggoffee.

All Too True

It's amusing how life steps in and makes a movie or a title the real thing. For instance, consider *Too Young to Marry*, co-starring Loretta Young and Grant Withers. While they were working together in the picture, their impetuous romance was showing visible cracks. And it was scarcely finished before they were separated. Now Loretta has started divorce action! Too young to marry!

—*Wm. E. Thomas*

Harry Bannister thinks flying is great sport because of the "contacts" a fellow can make. Ann Harding is in the cockpit, watching hubby enjoy his spin

Another Griffith

E. H. Griffith is giving D. W. a hard run for film fame. Hit after hit is being scored by the *Holiday, Rebound* director who seems to have hit an unbeatable stride. At present E. H. is Hollywood's white-haired boy — and seems destined to remain so for some time to come.

Ups And Downs

Is the public fickle? Are the producers to blame?

Whichever it may be, it is the star who pays, and pays, and pays. As well as the dear old public.

Buddy Rogers told the writer of this high-hat column that he left on his vacation a big star and came back a fallen idol. And now Jack Oakie, once ace high at the box office, finds himself in a position where he has to be "rebuilt."

Just the other day John Gilbert was an ace. Now it seems that his popularity is somewhere between deuce and six-spot. No one seems to know why, for, of course, no one admits bad pictures. But what I started to whisper is that Jack will be co-featured in a yarn called *Come On, Marines,* with Bill Boyd, Buddy, Stew Irwin and Regis Toomey.

Well, here's hoping the Marines land and have the situation well in hand!

Just A Jersey Boy

Now, surely, you'd think all sorts of romantic things about Duncan Renaldo. A lad with a name lika thata must assuredly be glamorous. Yet, alas, when friend wife, known variously as Suzette Gordon and Beth Varden, got a mad on because of Edwina Booth and *Trader Horn,* she told Uncle Sam that Duncan was lots of things. Among them, a Chinese prince.

So truth presently hopped out of the well, and it develops that the good Senor Renaldo was born in Camden, New Jersey, back yonder in 1904. It also developed that his wife (now ex) was seventeen years his senior when he married her five years ago. And, for that matter, still is.

But, there's still romance. For after all, Duncan is the son of a Russian gypsy mother and a braw Scot father. And the fact that his accent isn't pure "Joisey" is accounted for by the fact that his fourth to seventeenth years were spent in Queen Marie's homeland.

Although Duncan himself is a daddy, one of the surprises he received after marriage was that friend wife had another son, now nineteen. Surprise! Surprise!

Son And Heir

The old favorite, Carlyle Blackwell, has inherited an estate from his Dad, recently deceased. Carlyle, idol of London, proves to be Carl G. Blackwell of Syracuse, New York. At present he is abroad and married to Leah Barnato, daughter of the tragic Diamond King, the multi-millionaire, Barney Barnato.

Polly Got A Cracker

Polly Moran declares that the cracked schnoozle which required remolding hasn't affected her nice, fat five-year movie contract. Polly and Marie Dressler are scheduled to appear together in a series of *Tish* films based upon the stories featuring that lady, written by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Treasure Hunt

Remember the story about the man who searched the world for treasure and found it in his own back-yard? Well, now that the producers have signed all the costly flops in Europe, the home-town gals and boys are getting a break.

Note these names. They belong to extras and bit-players who may be tomorrow's stars. Irene Thompson, Patricia Farr, Ruth Hall, Mae Madison, Lita Chevret, Rochelle Hudson, Cecelia Parker, Peggy Ross, ...

—*Hurrell*

Janet Currie, who makes her debut in *The Sidewalks of New York,* bears a marked resemblance to Esther Ralston

—*Stagg*

Natalie Moorhead, who is mighty particular about her diet, visits the kitchen of Hollywood's famous Brown Derby café to supervise the making of a salad

there's still opportunity in Hollywood, the final frontier of romance.

Bang Goes Sixpence

Why bankers go grey is further indicated by the balance sheets which show that John Murray Anderson received $250,000 during his Hollywood stay, and during that time did one film, a flop called *The King of Jazz*.

Colleen's Come-Back

Colleen Moore, whose last film salary was announced as ten grand each seven days, hasn't yet attached herself to another pay envelope. The Colleen, nee Kathleen Morrison, looked okay in tests she made for a rôle in Jack Gilbert's new one, *West of Broadway*. But—P. S.—she didn't get the job. Lois Moran did.

Vacations

Now that we're all ending our vacations, Lois Moran is beginning hers. The lovely little Lois has one of the sweetest contracts in Hollywood. It calls for four months holiday in every twelve. Incidentally, Lois' stage show, *So This is Broadway*, is to be a movie soon.

Henry Goes To Reno

Yes, folks, Henry of Hollywood, proprietor of the one and only "Henry's," is going to Reno, the latest suburb of the cinema city. But Henry isn't going for the usual reason. Only to open a branch of his restaurant where liberty-seeking spouses may eat, drink (if they bring their own) and be merry (if the judge says "free.")

Wild and Woolly

Somehow we're kind o' glad that Johnny Mack Brown didn't get the rôle of *Buffalo Bill* to be filmed as a serial. We don't want Johnny to get into "chapter-plays" yet awhile, for with proper stories he's still a feature star. Tom Tyler got the job. William Desmond will play a part, and Rex Bell will be the young love interest.

—*Hurrell*

Groucho Marx, dressed as Kaiser Bill, demands that Marie Dressler surrender the bottle unconditionally —just another riotous Hollywood costume party

—*Elmer Fryer*

Marian Marsh declares that since golf is a Scotch game, one should be dressed accordingly. Cute outfit, isn't it?

East Goes West

One of those periodic shake-ups closes the Paramount Eastern studios and concentrates production in Hollywood. Claudette Colbert, Tallulah Bankhead, and Nancy Carroll are scheduled to star in the last three films to be made on the Long Island lot. But D. W. Griffith is making a picture of his own in New York, and will star Zita Johann, one of the most beautiful and seductive of Broadway's stage players. Talented, too.

—*Bachrach*

Betty Compson plays hostess for a gang of youngsters on the set of *Three Who Loved*, and the kiddies get paid for having a good time. The party is a part of the picture

Safety First

Verbatim report of conversation between two movie big shots returning from vacation. First B. S.: "Well, back at our desks in the studio tomorrow, eh?" Second B. S.: "Oh yeah? Well, better open your mail first. Maybe you're not working there!"

Sob Story

When the new *Follies* had it's premiére with Helen Morgan as star, Gilda Gray, brightest luminary of past *Follies* shows, lay dying in a hotel just across the street. Write the sobs yourself. Helen sent Gilda all her flowers, although the girls never met. The devotion of friends who rallied around the stricken star helped her to regain health and strength.

Tooth In—Or—Too Thin

Which ever way you spell it, John Boles got a tough break when he was jerked from the leading rôle in *Strictly Dishonorable* and Paul Lukas substituted. John had set his heart on playing

the part, and seemed all set to do so. Then came the double X, and John was on the spot instead of in the spotlight. The published alibi was that John had a bad tooth. But he'd have played that rôle if he had to do so with an upper and lower set.

Believe In Signs?

Then there's the one ornamenting the marquee of a movie theatre which spelled:

"THE ROAD TO HELL"
For Women Only.

Zukor Tops 'Em

We have "General" Hays, the Majors Warner, Rothafel, and Bowes, Colonels Warner and Levy, and the Captains among the movie theatre ushers, but it remained for Adolph Zukor, real "Little Napoleon" of the industry to make all these titles look like a lot of deuces in a jack pot.

Twice recently, Mr. Z. has been accorded high honors by foreign potentates. First he was decorated with the insignia of Commander in the Hungarian Order of Merit, by Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary. Then Portugal officially presented him with the Grand Cross of the Order of Santiago, one of the highest at the government's disposal. So now the Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains and Buck Privates of the movies have another cause for genuflection before little Adolph.

The Drammer

William Fox has been dramatized in a real play which is being presented abroad as *The Tragedy of William Fox*. It tells of the rise and fall of the movie magnate who started with a few measly dollars, built it to millions and was caught in the crash. Mr. Fox, himself, should be immensely interested, for, believe it or not, he was vastly concerned with the romance in his own life. And indeed, it was a "Rags to Riches" story. Adolph Zukor is another who will actually break down and cry in recalling his early struggles toward the pinnacle of fame which he now occupies. Funny how the hardest boiled business eggs will weep at card tricks. Perhaps it is this quality that helps them toward the top.

—Wm. Grimes

Leila Hyams wields a mean trowel, while the bricklayers go back after more bricks and the plumbers after their tools

—Schoenbaum

Pola Negri, in her new studio dressing room, prepares for her comeback in *The Woman Who Commands*. Hollywoodians say that the old-time star is more confident, beautiful and tempestuous than ever

Hot Stuff

Another one of those movie signs reads:

MACISTE IN HELL
Based on "Dante's Inferno"
Smoking in the Balcony

Mother And Child

Marlene Dietrich has stolen one of Leatrice Joy's little conceits. For many a moon Leatrice has had her gowns copied in miniature for that little daughter of hers and Jack Gilbert's, and mother and baby make the cutest photographs! Now Marlene is doing the same stunt with her daughter, and the effect is just as pretty.

Prosperity Note

Things are so tough in Hollywood that they're trading their equities in motor cars for the down payments on bicycles.

R-R-Revenge

There's a Hollywood comedian (on and off) who just loves practical jokes. At a swanky week-end not long back he made everyone miserable by being the life of the party. It was an important party, too, and the comedian had set himself back several hundred bucks for appropriate scenery—a $165 suit and the whole outfit to match.

Imagine his chagrin, therefore, when one of the damsels he'd been pesting with his idea of humor, appeared at the swimming pool attired in his entire suit of armour and—horrors—posing herself on the end of the spring-board, executed a neat swan dive. The comic didn't laugh.

Hollywood Appendicitis

Hollywood appendicitis doesn't always mean what you think—that is appendicitis, of course. In the case of a Class A star recently sanitariumed under the surgical alibi the ailment might have been spelled B-o-o-z-e. And that's something the doctors can't cut out for you—and who wants to cut it out anyway?

The Breaks

One beautiful leading lady is on the spot. Despite her looks, talents, brains and general desirability, efforts to slam her across to the public as a star have failed miserably. Yet, she's too good to be a lead, because she swipes the stars' pictures. So the chances are she'll be relegated to domesticity.

Fast Worker

"He's the kind o' guy," says director Bill Howard describing a lady's man, "whose car goes two miles to the gal." While Bill's wife, Nan, describes a feminine star as one who would use the guest towels!

Greta "Tanks" Again

The latest Greta (I tank I go home) Garbo tale has the great star summoned to a story conference with the Great Minds of the studio. After months of intensive study the Maestros had selected a story for the Big Star—and now it was to be enthusiastically submitted for Greta's approval. Twenty-two writers had worked on the yarn.

The story was outlined, each in turn raved about this angle or that, and, finally satisfied that the star had been "sold," the Head Man turned to her and said:

"Well, Miss Garbo, what do you think?"

And Greta answered:

[*Continued on page* 45]

Hollywood's Expert Fibbers

What their fibs were and why

Frances Dee fibbed her way out of traffic court by informing the judge that she never turned around when total strangers whistled at her

Who can blame Nancy Carroll, seen above with her parents, for telling a few fibs to win her chance on the stage?

Kay Francis captured her first stage rôle by saying that she had experience, which—shame on you, young lady—was not exactly true

By Grace Mack

IF GEORGE WASHINGTON had been an actor and had lived in Hollywood would he, we wonder, have been so truthful about that little matter of the cherry tree?

If he had been trying to land a job in pictures and had been handed a studio questionnaire which asked: Do you own a dress suit? Do you roller skate? Swim? Fence? Tap dance? *Parlez vous Francais?* Would he have told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? Or would he have felt justified in doing a little fancy lying—for his career's sake?

Not that I'm insinuating that all actors are liars. No, indeed. But just as there are two kinds of marriages, happy and unhappy, and two kinds of girls, good and bad, so there are two kinds of lies—*black and white*. The black lie is the variety that gets you in wrong with the judge. But the white—ah, that's something different. It's the kind that you serve with a grain of salt and a prayer that it will be swallowed. As a rule, white lies are perfectly harmless. They open doors which might otherwise remain closed to you and, in most cases, they're excusable.

Who, for instance, would ever think of censuring Gary Cooper for saying that he was an expert fencer and boxer and that he could pilot a plane, when he filled in the registration blank at Central Casting office?

And who would hold it against Clara Bow for telling the director that she could swim when she was being considered for her first picture job—*Down to the Sea in Ships?* The truth of the matter was that the now famous redhead couldn't swim a stroke, but she wanted that job more than anything else in the world, and she figured that if she got it, she could *learn* to swim.

The day before the big water scene, Clara took a lesson in swimming. At the conclusion of the lesson she had no illusions about being mistaken for Gertrude Ederle, but she was optimistic enough to believe that she had learned enough to "get by." When the scene was shot, however, she was so frightened that she promptly forgot all the swimming instructor had taught her, and for a few moments it looked as though she might land in Davey Jones' locker.

But Clara was game and, in spite of the fact that she seemed to be swallowing the entire Atlantic Ocean, she managed somehow to flounder through the scene without drowning.

Clara Bow declared she could swim on applying for her first job: but she couldn't. and almost drowned

Bette Davis' alibi for defying a traffic signal beats them all. She innocently pretended to be deaf and dumb

Barbara Stanwyck crashed a Broadway chorus by telling a little white lie, and made good in a big way

"But it cured me of ever saying I can do something which I know I can't do," says Clara in recalling the experience.

LITTLE white lies played their part in launching Barbara Stanwyck on a Broadway career.

In applying for a job as a telephone operator at the Strand Roof cabaret, she said that she could operate a typewriter as well as a switchboard. Her employer soon found out that this was an error and she was fired. Later, she was fired from the Vogue Pattern shop for giving imitations of the customers, after they had gone out. In order to hide her chagrin over losing the job, she confided to the office manager with Muradic nonchalance that she was really a dancer, and that she only had been working as a sales girl temporarily. When he expressed his surprise and interest, she added to her story by telling him that she had appeared in the *Follies* and in George White's *Scandals*.

"They're rehearsing a big chorus just around the corner," he told her. "Why don't you see the director? Maybe he'll give you a job."

A few moments later Barbara was interviewing the stage director.

"Any experience?" he asked.

"Plenty!" Barbara assured him. The truth of the matter was that the sum total of her experience consisted of dancing on the sidewalks of New York and in neighborhood dance halls; but she did not feel called upon to give him these details.

"Take off your hat and get into the line," he ordered. "Let me see what you can do."

At the end of an hour's rehearsal, Barbara had a job as a chorus girl. The little white lie had done the work.

Kay Francis, too, drew upon her imagination when she said that she had experience with a stock company in the *hinterland*. It netted her her first Broadway job—a small rôle in *Hamlet in Modern Dress*. If she had been absolutely truthful and confessed that she had had no experience, the chances are she would not have been given the job.

Several years ago a lovely blonde girl appeared at the Provincetown Theatre and asked the director for a job. In her eyes there was no guile—but she lied when she said her name was Ann Harding. She was really Dorothy Gatley, but she had an idea that the name of Harding would look much nicer on a theatre program and so she gave it as her own.

THE little lie that Nancy Carroll told her parents when she was attempting to get a foothold on the stage comes under the heading of the lie diplomatic. Nancy and her sister, Terry, explained their absence from home in the evenings by saying that they were working overtime at their respective jobs. They were really going to rehearsals for the *Passing Show*, but Nancy's psychic sense told her that her parents would quickly put a stop to her going on the stage if they knew about it. On the Sunday before the show opened, however, a large picture of Nancy appeared in the rotogravure section of the paper. Her parents were so delighted to see Nancy's picture in the paper that they permitted the girls to continue with the show.

Florence Britton, the young lady who gave such a good account of herself in *Devil to Pay*, is another who is guilty of slightly twisting the truth. Florence lived with her parents in San Francisco and she yearned to play in pictures. She knew that it was useless to confide her yearnings to her parents. Instead, she persuaded them to let her come to Los Angeles to take a course at the University of Southern California. She never even attempted to enter the halls of learning, but she did enter the studio gates as an extra. She did not tell her parents the truth about what she was doing until she had graduated from the extra girl ranks and had been given small rôles. By that time she was able to convince them that she could actually earn her living in pictures, and they gave their consent to let her go on with her work.

That lying has become something [*Continued on page* 65]

SCREEN BOOK'S PORTRAIT ALBUM

No screen star is more typical of modern sophisticated womanhood than Norma Shearer, who has captured the lion's share of public applause during the last two years. Her triumph is the result of long years of effort, beginning when she first sought work as a bit player in New York studios after her family's fortune had faded away

NORMA SHEARER

—Hurrell

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

—Apeda

Boyish, yet manly, this Robert Montgomery has a fast hold on the affections of his huge fan following, and gives promise of becoming one of the screen's greatest stars by virtue of his performances opposite such celebrated actresses as Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. "Man in Possession" is his most recent picture

The secret of success in Hollywood is in the possession of a degree of personality and talent that cannot be duplicated. Such is the case with Laura La Plante, whose unique gift for comedy has kept her a heavy favorite for nearly ten years. She is currently to be seen on the screen in "God's Gift to Women" and "Arizona"

LAURA LA PLANTE

—Elmer Fryer

ADRIENNE AMES

—Eugene Robert Richee

Despite a remarkable resemblance to Joan Crawford, Adrienne Ames, Paramount's new dramatic recruit, has a personality all her own. She is a Fort Worth, Texas, girl, well-known in New York as a fashion designer and social light. SCREEN BOOK predicts that she will soon become one of the screen's outstanding favorites

The camera does not do justice to the personality of Pat O'Brien, who made his cinema debut in "The Front Page." Since his appearance as the incomparable newspaper reporter, studios have competed eagerly for his services, with Paramount winning the skirmish, and signing him for a role opposite Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid"

PAT O'BRIEN

—Shallit

Larceny

The story of a girl who thought a crook had no heart--and a love that was born in the shadow of prison bars

By Elizabeth Wilson

BERT HARRIS kept a scrap book. But not the kind of a scrap book that you'd ever be likely to keep. Ever since Bert was old enough to spell out words in the newspapers and handle a large pair of scissors, he had added a clipping to his book every day. Now that Bert was a bright young bell-hop in his early twenties, his scrap book was taking on amazing proportions. It was probably the most complete thing of its kind in the world. Bert Harris was a collector of "rackets"—easy ways to make money. He knew them by heart. They were all there in his scrap book. Note laying . . . Puff peddling . . . Tat . . . Dropping the hoop . . . Bunko . . . Sheet passing . . . Fire proofing . . . Map dropping . . . Old Pete Game . . . Radium racket . . . Bucket shop . . . and every form of the old badger game.

Bert had always been teased about that scrap book. First by the neighborhood kids, and then by the other bell-hops in the hotel where he worked. They told him that he would end up by cutting out paper dolls in jail some day, but Bert assured them that the only clipping he would do in his old age would be on stocks and bonds. That book had become his bible, his text; his head whirled with the schemes for making easy money that were in it.

In the small middle western hotel where he worked, there wasn't much chance for fat pickings, but he had managed to save a thousand dollars from tips and from a little bootlegging on the side. His first thousand dollars! He was now ready to go into business in a big way and capitalize on his knowledge. But he needed a girl—every big time gambler had a girl. A good looking, smart dame was essential in his racket.

So, when Anne Roberts, who it was evident had seen better days, came to his hotel and applied for the job of linen girl, he spotted her at once as the girl he needed. He manipulated things so she'd get the job—and Anne was naturally grateful—but not too grateful, as Bert discovered when he tried to kiss her in a deserted room one night. It was the first time a woman had ever slapped his face. He rather liked the sensation.

But since that episode, he and Anne had become first-rate friends. Bert realized that now was the time to take her into his confidence and start the partnership that would make millionaires of both of them.

"What are you always cutting and pasting in that book?" Anne asked curiously as she watched him one night when they had the evening off.

"This," said Bert affectionately, "is my sample book, and it's going to make me a lot of money."

"When are you going on the road, mister?" banteringly.

"Won't be long now—and I'm going to take you with me, baby," Bert gave her one of his cocky smiles that always had a way of disarming a woman.

"Not as a side line, you won't," she snapped.

Lane

ADAPTED
from the
FIRST
NATIONAL
PICTURE

Original
Story
by
KUBEC
GLASMON
and
JOHN
BRIGHT

THE CAST

Bert Harris—
JAMES CAGNEY
Anne Roberts—
JOAN BLONDELL
Rupert Johnston—
GUY KIBBEE
Dan Barker—
LOUIS CALHERN
Helen—
NOEL FRANCIS
Reynolds—
RAY MILLAND

Directed by
ROY DEL
RUTH

Bert laughed. "Listen, Anne," he said, getting down to business, "how about that stupe in 334? You can see with half an eye that he's loaded with dough. How about helping ourselves to some. Then we could make a break for the big city—just you and me."

"You talk like Santa Claus in wolf's clothing," Anne sneered.

"Baby, I'm Santa Claus, Robin Hood, the goose that laid the golden egg—and the answer to a maiden's prayer."

Anne smiled at his conceit. "Why direct your affection *my* way?" Her tone was light enough but deep down in her heart she wasn't jesting. She liked Bert more than she wanted to admit.

"Affection?" Bert said casually. "You got me all wrong, pal. I just figured you a good investment."

Anne's face fell. That was it. Money, always money. It seemed to be the only thing that Bert really cared about.

"I think you and me can make plenty of money together," Bert continued. "There's plenty of loose money if you only know where to look for it. The world owes me a living and I'm out to collect it, see? I ain't intended for work. . . . that's

"What are you always cutting and pasting in that book?" Anne asked curiously. "This," said Bert affectionately, "is my sample book, and it's going to make me a lot of money."

for horses—and smack-offs like that four-eyed room clerk. You got beauty, a swell figure, and you got good sense, too—we're a perfect combination. With my ideas and your looks—we could trim the world."

"Yeah? And end up in the penitentiary," Anne said cynically.

"Not with what I got on the ball, gal. Don't go yet, Anne, I got things to tell you," he begged petulantly as Anne put on her hat and started for the door.

"Business is a racket," Bert continued with boyish earnestness. "Everything is a racket. Try and get set in a so-called legitimate thing and see how far you get . . . there is an angle to everything . . . you got to out-scheme and out-maneuver in anything you do nowadays. The age of chivalry has passed, baby. This is the age of *chiselry!* Everyone's got larceny in him—everybody's looking for something for nothing. Honest men are as scarce as feathers on a frog."

"Say—how do you know I won't double-cross you?" Anne asked. She felt herself weakening. Bert's sales talk had not worn her resistance down—but—but—she could be near him.

"I'm not afraid. And besides I figure I can out-smart you—if I have to." He grinned at her.

"You sure think Bert Harris is all right, don't you?"

Bert went toward her. "Get serious, baby. This is our one big chance to get out of this rut—we're not made for this hick town—we're class!"

"I don't know, Bert," Anne said slowly, thinking painfully of an experience she had had not so long ago, "I've been taken, made a monkey of and thrown over. That's why I'm working in this hotel. And how do I know you won't do me the same way?"

"Because I gotta have you in my business, and you don't double-cross anyone you gotta have." He patted Anne's hand awkwardly. "Come on, baby, say you'll play ball."

"I just don't know, Bert. I've always been straight . . . I'm not built the other way. And there are two things I haven't any use for—jail is both of them."

"Aw, I wouldn't let you take a fall, hon." Bert laughed loudly. "You can trust me. Now if you'll play ball with me, we'll give this jag-off in 334 a runaround for all he's got, and blow. What say?"

"I don't know, Bert . . . . I'm afraid. . . ."

BUT Bert had a way about him when it came to handling dames. He frankly admitted it and two nights later, Anne found herself parked in a small coupe behind a clump of trees and bushes with Rupert Johnston, a jewelry salesman from Chicago. Rupert, despite his bulk considered himself one of the great lovers of the world, and Anne was wondering how long this pawing should be allowed to go on. If Hank, an accomplice for the night's work, didn't come soon, she'd simply walk out on the frame-up. And then wouldn't Bert be sore!

A motorcycle drew up beside the car and a light was flashed in her face.

"Sorry to disturb your little party," said Hank in his best policeman manner, "but it's against the law to park without lights. Un-huh, liquor too. Well, come along with me buddy, and bring your lady-friend. We'll all get together and go to the hoosegow."

Anne began to weep and cling to the startled Rupert.

"I—I—can't go to headquarters," Rupert stammered. "I—I got a wife. It'll get in the newspapers."

"Sure it will," Hank assured him. "And if my eyes don't deceive me that's Mrs. Lawlor you got with you. Wait till your husband hears about this, Mrs. Lawlor."

Anne began to wail all the louder. "I can't go to jail," she moaned. "My husband will kill you and me too. Oh, Mr. Johnston, do something."

It just so happened that Bert Harris, on his night off, was cruising along that lonely road and arrived in time to see the sad predicament of the bewildered Rupert and his wailing girl friend.

"What's the matter, old top," he called genially to Rupert, "—pinched for speeding?"

"No, for parking," said Rupert dismally.

"Say, Officer, Mr. Johnston here is a friend of mine, stopping at my hotel, don't be too hard on him. Let him go this time."

But Officer Hank was adamant. "Got him on too many charges," he grunted. "Parking without lights on a county highway—possession and transportation of liquor—and an alienation of affection suit, Jim Lawlor versus Mr. Big-Shot-Wise-Guy-Know-It-All."

"Gee, it looks bad, Johnston," Bert shook his head sadly. "But he's a friend of mine, and might listen to reason. Do you want me to see what I can do with him?"

"Sure," Rupert quavered. "Stop at nothing. I'll be ruined if this ever gets out."

That night Rupert Johnston cashed a check at the hotel for five thousand dollars, gave the greenbacks to Bert to give to the officer, and took the next train out of town. Bert and Anne had pulled their first deal—the new partnership worked perfectly—and with five thousand dollars, they could march on to Chicago—and Big Money. . . . .

IN CHICAGO, Bert stopped at the Hotel Senate where is found the famous *Larceny Lane*, where race track touts, sports, gamblers, tipsters, and all kinds of racketeers gather, where money is made easily and lost quickly. Millionaires today—paupers tomorrow. Bert was tremendously impressed by the luxuriance of *Larceny Lane*, the expensive rugs, lounges, palms, paintings, and gilded chandeliers. He was impressed with the great celebrities of the high-powered rackets who gathered there to talk shop. He had dreamed some day of rubbing shoulders with these men. Soon—he would be doing business with them.

"Anybody who doesn't like this life should have his head examined," Bert said boyishly to Anne. They were in the dance room of the hotel, directly off *Larceny Lane*, and were in high good humor.

"All we gotta do now is tie up with the right party," Bert said seriously. "See that guy over there? He's the man we want. And look at what he's walking around with." Bert's eyes opened wide. He'd never before seen such a dazzling creature. Earl Carroll or Ziegfeld couldn't find anything so gorgeous!

"She *is* attractive," Anne admitted grudgingly.

"You know—that's the best part of getting in the big dough. You can canvass the field—have all the dames you can use." Bert leaned back expansively and took a long drag at his cigarette.

"Is that your ambition?" Anne asked pensively. Bert was becoming more and more of a disappointment to her. But somehow she couldn't leave him.

"Don't get me wrong. I only want the pick of the field. Women of class are a cinch when you are loaded with dough."

His eyes followed the beautiful blonde lasciviously. Anne saw that look in his eyes and became depressed.

"It isn't class you're talking about, Bert—it's flash," she said casually. "Women of real class aren't attracted to a man because he has money."

"Well you can't blame me for looking around, honey," Bert beamed at her. "*You* won't give me a tumble."

"You know why?" answered Anne. "Well, I'll tell you. I could fall for you—I might have easily—sometimes I think I even want to . . . you're nice—you're not a collar ad, but you're not bad either . . . but just when I get all set to fall, you spoil everything."

"What do you mean?" Bert asked in surprise.

"Just this," Anne replied slowly, a mist overshadowing her lovely eyes. "You take me for granted. Love doesn't mean anything in your life. You think you can turn it on and off by pushing a button, like you do a light—you worship nothing but money. . . . Why if it came to a show-down, you'd kick me in the gutter, if it would help you get ahead." She lit a cigarette and sat back in her chair with an air of finality. "Nope—you're not my type, Bert—you got off on the wrong foot and Little Nell is not going to be *just another* in your life."

"No?" Bert's lip curled in contempt. "Well, someday, my girl, you'll find out how all wet you are. Maybe someday you'll be sorry for passing me up. I may not know much about love but I do know a lot about what I want. And I want you, but if I can't have you, I'll have somebody else, see?" His face brightened perceptibly and Anne followed his gaze. The man with the dazzling girl was smiling at Bert. It seemed that he wanted to get acquainted just as much as Bert did.

Introductions are arranged very simply in *Larceny Lane*—where Emily Post has never been heard of. The man, Dan Barker, and his beautiful blonde, Helen Wilson, were soon sitting at Bert's table and making plans to spend the next day at the races. If Bert had gone ga-ga over Helen, Dan was practically in the same condition over Anne. But Anne had her own private suspicions.

"You know, Bert," Anne said slowly the following evening after they had returned to Anne's hotel after an evening at the theatre with Dan and Helen, "I don't like the looks of this fellow."

"Well, you'll have to get used to him, baby, because you're going to see a lot of him in the next few months . . . Dan and I talked things over today and we're going to do a little work together. That racket of his looks like a darb."

"I didn't see any racket."

"Dumbbell! Didn't you notice that every time he paid for anything, he did it with a twenty-dollar bill? Just a little counterfeiting, honey, that's all."

"I don't like it," Anne said with conviction. "And I don't like him. Let's make a break."

"Aw, I know what's bothering you," Bert said sarcastically, with a coarse laugh. "You're burned up by that blonde dame."

"Why should I be jealous of a bleached out hag like that," cried Anne indignantly. "When will you get it out of your thick skull that I'm not at all concerned over your lady friends?"

Bert grinned—knowing full well that Anne was full of concern.

"Well, we're going in with Dan and Helen whether you like it or not. This is *business*—not a *beauty contest*."

With a shriek of rage Anne slammed the door in his face.

BERT slowly undressed and went to bed. He was just ready for sleep when he heard a knock at his door. It was Dan.

"I hate to break in on you like this," he apologized. "But

"What do you mean?" Bert asked in surprise. "Just this," Anne replied. "Love doesn't mean anything in your life. If it came to a show-down, you'd kick me in the gutter, if it would help you get ahead"

something's happened I thought you might like to know about. You said you had five grand to put in on this little investment. Have you got the money with you? Kansas City Dutch, the guy who makes these twenties, is blowing town tonight. The cops are on his tail. Now if you go to Dutch right away with your five grand, I think you can get three for one instead of two—and don't take no for an answer."

BERT hastily put on his clothes while Dan rattled on. Then he reached under his pillow and brought out the five thousand dollars that he and Anne had taken from Rupert Johnston and which was still intact. Dan's eyes glittered.

An hour later Bert and Dan returned to Bert's hotel room. Bert now had fifteen thousand dollars in twenty dollar bills in his pocket.

"It sure looks good. I can't tell it from the McCoy," he said with boyish enthusiasm.

"Nobody else can either," Dan commented drily. "You keep it well-hidden tonight, and tomorrow I'll show you a way to more than triple it again. Then when you get a real wad, we can go in for big business.

There was a knock at the door, and Bert hastily slipped the money in a drawer.

"Who's there?" he whispered.

"It's me—Helen."

Bert opened the door and Helen, still in evening clothes, entered. "What's been keeping you?" she said petulantly to Dan. "I can't sit around in a hotel lobby this time in the morning waiting for a man."

"I was just leaving, sweetheart," Dan said lightly, "as soon as I finish my night-cap. Bert, pour Helen a snifter. It might bring back the smile to her face."

Bert went in the next room for a glass and the three of them had a quick drink.

"Where's Anne?" Helen asked.

"Oh, I left her at her hotel long ago," Bert said. "We're just partners. I'm very much in circulation," he added.

"That's good news," Helen said kiddingly as she opened the door. "Maybe I can get rid of Dan some night and we can go out together—alone."

"Well, don't get caught," Dan laughed, as Helen gave Bert's hand a meaning squeeze. "Lock the door and sleep tight, old man, I'll see you in the A. M."

Bert locked the door and once again began to undress, grinning at himself in the mirror. A good evening's work—and the promise of a date with Helen—alone. He hung up his coat and vest and turned to the drawer where he had left his money. It was empty! Frantically he jerked open all the other drawers, threw his shirts and clothes on the floor; then he dropped down on the carpet and looked under the dresser. Nothing. He tore around the room like an enraged bull, throwing things here and there. He was positive he had put that money in the top drawer. Where could it have gone? Then he saw a note on the table by the whisky bottle—a note written in a woman's hand. It read: "Paste this in your scrap book. . . . With love and kisses, Helen."

Sweat oozed from Bert's forehead. He stared glassily at the note. He had been a sucker. He, who knew everything about rackets, had been out-smarted by a couple of smooth crooks. His rage suddenly left him. Sick and defeated, he sank into a chair and buried his face in his arms.

BUT the next morning Bert was his old cocky, conceited self again. He must not let Anne know about that money. He couldn't bear her kidding. And he must get together enough coin to get her and himself to New York—he had learned that New York was where Dan Barker had headed, and if it was the last thing he did, he was going to even matters with that smooth worker.

The morning paper gave him a clue. By representing himself to be the secretary to a local wealthy man, he secured a costly bracelet from one of the best jewelry shops and peddled it to a fence for five thousand dollars. His self-esteem returned with the satisfactory completion of the little deal, and he and Helen caught the midnight train to New York.

On the train the next morning, Anne met a personable young man named Joseph Reynolds, a bond salesman with a Wall Street firm. Anne liked him immediately and they had breakfast together. Leaving the [*Continued on page* 58]

"Maybe I can get rid of Dan some night and we can go out together—alone." "Well, don't get caught," Dan laughed lightly, as Helen gave Bert's hand a meaning squeeze.

Her Heart's Desire

Joan Blondell confesses to a number of astonishing ambitions

By Ted Le Berthon

"If I ever get to be a star," Joan declares, "one of the first things I'll do is buy a mountain"

READER, how would you like to take lunch with Miss Blondell and me?

You would! Very well, it's done. The three of us are sitting in the café at the First National Studio at Burbank.

Do you find yourself, even before Joan talks, repressing an impulse to laugh at her, because there is something so droll in the perpetual question that hovers on her face? And do you find yourself instantly sympathetic, so that whatever she says about her life is going to make you feel for her?

She sits very erect, you see, like any little girl with good table manners. She glows healthily. Her gray eyes look at you with a funny, disarming candor. Her blonde hair is thrust back carelessly, and one senses that here is no candy-box, hot-house beauty, primping for hours before a mirror, but a hardy, reckless, humorous young woman. Don't you think so, reader, as you look at her? And don't you think that, like some scalawag kid, she would like to climb trees or run a foot race, but that she would laugh to scorn any amorous sighs or sweet compliments? Yes, I see you understand her. Or maybe we just think we understand her.

She looks at us questioningly and says in a quiet, unmodulated voice:

"It's awful to be under one year of age, and restless, isn't it?"

A little bewildered, I grin and reply, "Of course."

"I'm not a year old yet," she nods, talking in the same melancholy monotone, "And I'm a gold-digger and a wise-cracker in pictures. Maybe when I get older I'll develop some other characteristics. Don't you think a girl should?"

"Why, yes," I answer hesitantly.

You reader, are saying nothing, and this is a good policy on your part.

"When I was just a few weeks old," she smiles, "I played my first smart-cracking rôle for the Warner Brothers. I had played it on the stage, only then it was in a play called *Penny Arcade*. *Penny Arcade* became *Sinners' Holiday* on the screen. I came out here to Hollywood to play it. Since then, I've wise-cracked my way through [*Continued on page 62*]

Joan Blondell a demure bride? It's hard to believe—yet, she confesses that she is toying with the idea. Will suitors please form a line at the right?

The Way to

Lilyan Tashman tells how to attain perpetual charm

"Early morning," Lilyan Tashman declares, "is the time for pepping up your body. Don't be sluggish—it is a pampered woman who needs a masseuse"

DAINTINESS!

Most essential key-note to a woman's appearance. A gown, or anything you have worn once, should be taken off and carefully gone over. Inspected for spots. Then if possible, hung in a sheltered place, preferably a porch.

Nothing should be worn the second time without the garment being pressed. Clothes, gloves—in fact, each and every bit of a woman's costume must be immaculate. If the heel on your shoe is run over—or the tip of the toes scuffed, you will be self-conscious.

If you are shabby in the smallest detail, you lose your self-confidence. You lack *force*.

Dust—frayed edges—unmanicured nails can keep a woman from being successful either in the professional or social world.

Such things are sign posts to the individual. The poorest girl can have the appearance of daintiness if she emphasizes personal immaculateness.

Perhaps that is why the charming, chic little French *midinettes,* trotting gayly down the boulevard, hurrying to work, possess so much charm. They may have only a handful of centimes a month—yet they always look crisp and dainty.

It may be due to the fragment of white at their throats and their wrists—but there it is!

A WOMAN should be so perfect in her grooming that after she leaves her dressing table, she should never have a moment of self-consciousness.

The place to be self-conscious is in the privacy of your dressing room—in front of your mirror.

It is the immaculate woman who gets ahead in this world. If her outward appearance is crisp, her mentality is undoubtedly the same. She is an expert in efficiency.

It means indefatigability—this business of being well-groomed.

Lilyan employs the best of hair-dressers to take meticulous care of her crowning glory. "The immaculate woman gets ahead in this world," is her motto

Beauty

By Lilyan Tashman

"Be lovely every moment of your life," Lilyan advises. "You must keep the body invigorated. With exercise—diet—lots of sunlight—fresh air"

The way she *keeps* her things is another keynote to her personality. Every closet and drawer should exude a beautiful scent. *Sachet* is not an expensive luxury. It is an important necessity. It is also a subtle stimulant.

Clothes should be hung cleverly.

It is not necessary to say that white things should not be put next to dark ones. They have excellent cases for dresses now in the shops. They are dust-proof and wrinkle-proof. They are transparent and come in delicate shades to match the boudoir and dressing rooms.

If you cannot afford a maid to keep your clothes pressed, get up fifteen minutes earlier and press them yourself. Be extravagant when it comes to cleaning bills.

I have a girl who comes in every day. There is a room set aside—a work room in which all of my clothes are gone over.

She is an expert cleaner, presser, and heaven be praised—*mender.*

Marie keeps my furs brushed and shaken out. She also cleans my jewelry. After everything has been gone over thoroughly she puts these garments away.

People have said to me, "What did you do before you could have a girl to do all this for you?"

It was simple—not exactly *easy,* however. I did it myself.

I wanted to be smart—chic. Being a woman, I could *use my eyes.* In this age, it isn't a dark secret—the market is filled with every known device to help one.

IT GOES without saying that fresh clothes accompany a fresh lady. You must keep the body invigorated. With exercise—lots of it.

With diet! Lots of sunlight—fresh air.

Early morning is the time for pepping up your body. Don't be sluggish—it is a pampered woman who needs a *masseuse.*

[*Continued on page* 49]

The proper selection of distinctive gowns and the practice of abiding by basic laws of health play no small part in Lilyan's successful screen career

Spain's Darling Daughter

As a dancer and foreign movie star, Conchita Montenegro captivated all of Europe with her vivacious charm

Conchita finds American movie methods startling, but in *Never the Twain Shall Meet* she proves to be one of the year's greatest discoveries

By Walter A. Raschick

Conchita Montenegro, a genuine senorita, tells of her amusing experiences in Hollywood

CONCHITA MONTENEGRO is a startling little Spanish senorita, eighteen years old, with flashing black eyes, a dancing heart, and a slender figure (five feet three) which tingles at the sound of peppy music. She is a nervous young lady—with the natural eager nervousness of a vibrant young animal—talking a bit too rapidly for one who has not yet mastered a new language. Her hands move fast as she punctuates each rippling sentence with flashing smiles and pert nods of a smart little head.

When I met her, she was attired all in black, with her costume topped off by a trim black hat and a tantalizing short black veil. Madrid's gift to the movies is a vision of loveliness that amazes, even in this movie colony surfeited with beautiful girls. I complimented her on her stunning ensemble.

"Do you like it?" Conchita smiled proudly. "My mother sent it to me from Paris. She knows I like pretty clotheses."

I heard "clotheses" all right, but I let it go at that, for Conchita has been in these United States less than a year and is doing a mighty good job, despite an occasional slip, of mastering our tricky English language.

Andres Conchita Picardo was born in San Sebastian, Spain, in 1913. Shortly before her eighth birthday, her family moved to Madrid, where, at fourteen, she enrolled in the Dancing Academy, with her older sister, Juanita. "But I danced long before that," Conchita hastened to explain. "I would go to picture shows whenever my parents would give me permission. Mae Murray was my favorite. I would watch her dance and then hurry home and get out old costumes my mother had saved since childhood—dressy, lacey things—and put them on and try to dance as I had many times seen Mae Murray dance.

"By the time I enrolled in the Academy, Juanita and I had developed several original dances and so closely had we worked together in our technique that we found it difficult to dance alone. So we danced as a team. We didn't like our own name, Picardo, for a stage name, so we chose the name of a good friend of the family—Montenegro," Conchita explained.

"When I was fifteen and Juanita seventeen, we appeared on the stages of Hamburg and Berlin, thence to Liverpool and London, and from there to France and Italy. Our mother and two sisters always accompanied Juanita and me, and we had lots of fun visiting odd little out-of-the-way places of interest in these foreign countries. Once, in Paris, I became ill and Juanita danced for fifteen days alone, with greater success, I am afraid, than when we danced together.

"Two years ago, when I was sixteen, I was chosen from off the Paris stage to play the leading lady in a French motion picture, *The Woman and the Doll.* That was a lot of fun and it was working in that picture that decided me to become a movie star."

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Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page* 28]

"Maybe yes, maybe no. I tank no."

And with that she left the conference looking in its own face.

However, it is definite that her next will be *Mata Hari.*

Down South In Dixski

A successful Jewish picture giant is noted for taking care of relatives—close or distant—and among others is an old Uncle, who, despite long residence in the South where he operates a movie theatre, still has traces of Russia in his speech. The nephew delights to tell how the old man comes North on buying trips and asks:

"Vell, you all gwine geevem sam gude peechures?"

The Moore The Merrier

A short subject outfit on location in Bermuda took a day off to tour the island, and, among other spots, visited the ertswhile home of Sir Thomas Moore, the Irish poet.

"This," said the director, "is Tom Moore's house."

And the curly-haired ingenue replied: "Oh yeah, but you oughta see the ones Owen and Matt have in Beverly Hills."

Buddy, The Bandmaster

The way young Master Rogers talks, he seems fairly well fed up on films and filmdom, and it wouldn't be a bit surprising to see him leave pictures at the expiration of his present contract—and that won't be long now.

Buddy has always had great ambition to be an orchestra leader, and has gone so far as to line up a bunch of boys to be musicians in his band—if and when. The very latest has it that Buddy is interested in a transaction which will establish him as the musical maestro of the Hotel New Yorker. But the chances are that even if this is true, the engagement will be but an interlude—a strange interlude—between movie contracts. Even though he'll make $3,500 weekly.

Straight Scotch

About a famous Hollywood star it is said that he never breaks the Ten Commandments—or a ten dollar bill.

But She's Beautiful

"There," said Jeanette MacDonald to a girl friend, "goes a man who lost all his money in the War."

"What did he do," the G. F. inquired, "bet on the Germans?"

No License—Liberty

And there's the actor who wanted his marriage annulled.

"It's not legal," he explained. "My father-in-law had no license to carry a shot-gun."

Hollywood Poem

He Who Yesses and Won't Say Nay
Stays On The Lot And Draws His Pay;
But He Who Dares a Single No
Gets The Signal—Stop!—Then—Go!

The Pathe Rooster, Too

And have you heard Arthur Caesar's

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Trust no substitute

because "it looks like Kotex"

Kotex protects safely . . . it is adjustable, and shaped to fit.

THE great value of Kotex . . . to women with high standards . . . is its absolute cleanliness. It's so much more than surface-clean. Kotex is made clean . . . by modern, sanitary methods, which eliminate any possibility of careless handling. Kotex is really, hygienically clean. Unfortunately, this care in making cannot be shown in any outward way. So thoughtless shoppers may be deceived, when offered a substitute that looks like Kotex. This resemblance proves nothing. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex.

When offered a substitute, demand more than surface likeness to Kotex. Ask how this substitute was made . . . where . . . by whom. Ask who guarantees its hygienic safety . . . its health protection.

Hospitals use Kotex

Why should you take chances? You might save a few pennies . . . but the risk is not worth while. You know Kotex is safe. Hospitals use it—they bought over 10,000,000 pads last year—what stronger proof of superiority could you have?

Kotex protects comfort, as well as your health. It is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, a wonderful substance that absorbs moisture laterally away from the surface.

Kotex is adjustable. Shaped to fit. Treated to deodorize. It is so easily disposed of.

Buy it at any drug, dry goods or department store. Sold singly in vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX IS SAFE . . .

1 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort.

2 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

4 *The Kotex Filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

5 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

Hollywood Briefs

Short cuts to the latest interesting facts about Movieland

Retort Perfect

A TRAVELER was looking at some rugs in a Turkish shop in Los Angeles when a woman brushed by her and started pulling at the carpets. The traveler was annoyed and looked up.

Whereupon the new arrival turned to the manager and said indignantly, "Can't I go anywhere without being stared at? Must people look at me just because I am Greta Garbo?"

"I don't know who Greta Garbo is," the traveler told her. "I was looking at you merely because I wanted to get a look at anyone who could be so rude."

Mean Trick

RECENTLY an anonymous scalawag sold a producer the screen rights to *Roget's Thesaurus*, and pocketed a nice fat check. Some days later the producer discovered that his new movie story was a book of synonyms and antonyms—and was he peeved! The poor fellow had to bribe the scenario editor who told him the bad news to keep the awful boner a secret.

"Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil,"—Jackie Searl, a movie monk and Mitzi Green demonstrate the best policy for youngsters who want to be a success in Hollywood. "But," Mitzi says under her breath, "you won't have any fun, either"

Loretta Young wasn't fooling when she shut the door on Granville Gustavus Withers (that's really his name) just a few months back. Her divorce suit charged non-support

Beauty Business

ESTHER RALSTON, who returned to the screen opposite Lawrence Tibbett in *The Southerner*, after a long retirement, recently opened a *deluxe* beauty parlor and reducing salon on one of Hollywood's busiest arteries. Formerly known as *The Hollywood Baths*, the new proprietress has renamed her investment, *Esther's*, and is cleaning up the cash in a big way.

No Laughing Matter

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor sailed for Europe recently, so that Eddie could make personal appearances in connection with the showing of *Palmy Days*, his riotous screen musicomedy, friends wondered why the five little Cantor daughters didn't go along.

"That's simple," Eddie explained. "They don't think I'm funny, and won't laugh at my best jokes. So I'm punishing them by making them stay home. Mrs. Cantor can go along because she laughs at me all the time, even when I'm serious. She has never recovered from the joke I played on her by marrying her."

Champion Garbo Fan

WE HAVE just learned of an adoration for Greta Garbo that has no equal among her legion of admirers. When Greta pays her check in a little café she visits frequently, the young lady cashier stows the coins away in her pocket and places in the cash register common silver that has never known the caress of the glamorous one's hands.

She might open a shop of her own, we suggest, with placards of this sort tacked up around the place: "THIS FIFTY CENT PIECE ONCE OWNED BY GRETA GARBO—A BARGAIN AT $13.95."

When Lupé's Away

REPORTS are drifting back to Hollywood about the astonishing things that Lupe Velez has been saying to reporters while on a personal appearance tour. She claims, they say, that her heart has never been won, and that she is still immune from the grand passion.

All of which must amaze Gary Cooper. If her adoration for Gary hasn't been the real thing, then the genuine article must be something the like of which the world has never seen.

June Weds

THE ranks of Hollywood bachelor girls are thinning down, June Collyer being the latest to desert through her surprise wedding to Stuart Erwin on July 22.

Star's Ordeal

TO HEAR the stars talk, you'd think they hated to be asked for autographs at Hollywood premières. As a matter of fact, they do like it, because it's good business and a barometer that indicates the strength of their popularity.

A star's nightmare is to walk through long lines of staring people and not be asked for a single autograph. It happens sometimes.

Bright Idea

THE producers have thought up a new wrinkle in the Hollywood name-changing sport. It is said that they intend to change Thelma Todd's name to Alison Lloyd for her rôle opposite Chester Morris in *Corsaire*. That means that she may appear in dramatic pictures with the ritzy name, and remain just

plain Thelma Todd in comedies. In that case she ought to draw a double salary—she ought to in any case, because there just isn't a lovelier blonde in all of Hollywood.

More Fun!

THE game of title changing still goes merrily on. The studio purchased screen rights to *The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox,* changed the name to *Susan Lenox, Her Rise and Fall,* and then (at this writing) switched to *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise.* The idea evidently being that Garbo fans prefer to see their favorite star portraying a girl who falls and rises rather than one who rises and falls.

Two Great Stars

M-G-M is planning a picture that promises to be one of the box-office knockouts of all time. Reports are that the story concerns a boy violinist, to be played by Jackie Cooper, and his mother portrayed by Marie Dressler. Now, is that a combination or not?

No Yes Man

WE'VE discovered a sassy fellow at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer — a fellow who says "no" to Cecil B. de Mille. It happened on *The Squawman* set where interior shots are being completed. Everything had gone wrong for the director all day. The cast forgot their lines—the extras spoiled sound-tracks—the electricians missed their cues. But the climax came when one of the latter refused to throw a certain light upon a certain spot, insisting that it would ruin the effect.

"Do it,"—de Mille roared, "put that light over there—and do it d— quick!"

"Sorry, Mr. de Mille, but I can't see it that way. Nope, I won't spoil the scene by slapping a 'baby' down that side."

Actors, crew and spectators prepared to scramble as they observed the mounting wrath of the famous director. His face turned crimson and with hands clenched he strode slowly toward the braggart. Then he threw his hands up in a despairing gesture and turning back to his script girl, sputtered, "Well, thank God, there's one man on this set who won't 'yes' me!"

Alice Comes Back

ALICE WHITE has been conspicuous by her absence from the screen following her break with First National Studios. Now she is back in the lights again in Tiffany's new thriller, *The Monster Kills.*

Body Guard

JAMES HALL carried an ex-prize-fighter as chaperone on his recent personal appearance tour. When asked why the strong arm companion, Jimmie replied that there is a strange species of human who likes to promote brawls with movie males in public places, and although he can stand toe to toe with anybody his size, it pays to be well protected. One little battle in which a movie star is involved, even if he is in the right, is likely to be heralded in the papers as a free-for-all drunken brawl.

Use Kleenex instead

No laundering—no self-infection. Use Kleenex once and destroy

AT LAST a new type handkerchief banishes forever one of the messiest jobs in a woman's life—the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs.

Millions are turning to Kleenex—the soft, delicate tissue you use once and destroy.

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This cleanly practice not only saves washing. It protects you from self-infection. Germs are destroyed instantly, instead of being carried back to your face.

The health importance of Kleenex during colds cannot be over-emphasized. Schools, doctors, endorse it. Kleenex is much safer for children than a handkerchief, to be carried all day long. Teach them to use Kleenex and destroy at once.

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Cleansing creams should always be removed with Kleenex. Its unique absorbency assures removal of every trace of cream and dirt.

Mothers find Kleenex wonderful in caring for babies. Motorists like to keep a package handy in the automobile. Use Kleenex for wiping spectacles; for dusting; for polishing.

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You'll appreciate the softness and absorbency of Kleenex. If you have hay fever . . . if you know one who suffers . . . invest in a package of Kleenex at once. It is impossible to describe the greater comfort of these gentle, dry, absorbent tissues. Do not put up with damp, irritating handkerchiefs another day. (And remember, Kleenex costs less than laundering.)

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Charles Butterworth, a New York stage comedian of rare talent, is new to the screen, but his droll humor, so refreshing and different, wins high favor in each succeeding performance. You will agree, after seeing *The Mad Genius* and *The Merry Wives of Reno*, that he merits recognition

Erich Von Stroheim, seen above in his make-up for *The Sphinx Has Spoken*, is that unusual combination of director and actor. For years his name has been a by-word for brilliance, distinction and genius

If merely for the fact that she is one of the few Orientals who have won a lasting place in the hearts of theatre-goers, Anna May Wong deserves an important place in screen history. From this capable actress can always be expected a superior performance. *Daughter of the Dragon* is her first American picture in several years

The Way To Beauty

[*Continued from page* 43]

Every woman can walk and take exercises in order to keep fit.

I feel about clothes the same thing I feel about my career and my home. I want each one to represent perfection. Perfection as I see it.

Undoubtedly, the most important thing of all is the *desire* to look as beautifully as possible every moment of your life.

When you are alone, it is just as vital as when you are with your husband—or have guests. In this way you keep up your standard of being consistently dainty—well groomed. Be as lovely as possible every moment of your life. You won't regret it.

And don't talk clothes—particularly to men. They only see the results.

It is better so.

Let's Go to the Movies

(Continued from page 11)

Barrymore is at his best in this latest picture. You are sure to enjoy it.

AAA. **SWEEPSTAKES** — (Pathé) — An unusually entertaining story of the race tracks with Eddie Quillan, Lew Cody and James Gleason sharing the laurels.

AA. **A TAILOR MADE MAN**—(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)—William Haines crashes society with a borrowed dress suit and makes good. Directed by Sam Wood.

AAA. **THIS MODERN AGE**—(Metro)—Joan Crawford again returns to her modern jazz girl rôles in this entertaining picture of Parisian society. Neil Hamilton and Monroe Owsley do the wooing.

AA. **THREE WHO LOVED**—(Radio Pictures)—Betty Compson fans will like this picture in which she appears as a Swedish servant girl.

AAAA. **TOM SAWYER**—(Paramount)—Jackie Coogan stages a come-back in Mark Twain's immortal story. This picture is well worth seeing. Its appeal is unlimited.

AAAA. **TRADER HORN**—(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)—An epic of Africa—its peoples and its wild animals—that is guaranteed to thrill and fascinate. Harry Carey, Edwina Booth, Duncan Renaldo and Mutia, a native, carry on. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

AA. **UP FOR MURDER** — (Universal) — An inane, far-fetched melodrama based on the love of a young boy for a woman much his senior. Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin have the leading rôles.

AAA. **THE VICE SQUAD**—(Paramount)—Sordid drama of the diplomatic service with Paul Lukas and Kay Francis as the co-stars.

AA. **WAITING AT THE CHURCH**—(Radio Pictures)—Unusually enjoyable romance, with Mary Brian, Geoffrey Kerr, Marie Prevost and Johnny Hines.

AAA. **THE WOMAN BETWEEN** — (Radio Pictures)—The eternal triangle, laid against an ultra-modern background. Lily Damita, O. P. Heggie and Lester Vail head the cast.

AAA. **A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE**—(Radio Pictures)—Helen Twelvetrees in a dramatic war drama of unusual interest. Directed by Harry Joe Brown.

AAAA. **YOUNG AS YOU FEEL**—(Fox)—A delirious farce offering Will Rogers an altogether different rôle. Fifi Dorsay adds the sex allure in satisfactory fashion.

AAAA. **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID**—(Radio Picture)—Truly outstanding because of the inspired performance given by Jackie Cooper, the child star. Richard Dix is also excellent.

AA. **YOUNG SINNERS**—(Fox)—Chiefly interesting because it brings Tommy Meighan back to the screen, this overdrawn drama of "flaming youth" is otherwise rather trite. Dorothy Jordan heads the cast.

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Your Star

August 24th-September 23rd

By Iris Vorel

If, like Maurice Chevalier, you were born under the sign of Virgo, you have a fine intellect and dynamic energy

Are you the astrological twin of a famous star?

THAT the sign of the discriminating critic should lie diametrically opposed, in the Zodiac, to that of the creative genius is as logical as *One* preceeding *Two* in the decimal system. To originate, in the heat of creative frenzy, means an expenditure of terrific dynamic energy. It is the manifestation of the human mind at its most personal and subjective aspect. It is the ray of Aries, inspirational, fiery, cardinal, full of the sense of the Ego, the realization of the "I am."

But whether the brain child thus born in the travail of the dark hours of mental delivery is perfect or very much the opposite is for the unbiased, objective and sober-minded judge to say. And here comes friend Virgo! Here comes our little army of mordant critics, fully equipped with the howitzers of caustic wit, endowed with practical vision and a sublime sense of the ideal of form perfection.

You who saw the light between August 24th and September 23rd are the children of Virgo, an intellectual, practical and mutable sign, in which the planet Mercury has dominion.

You are possessed of a mind exceptionally analytical, observant, discriminating and selective. Splendid is your sense of purity; and that means moral chastity as well as physical cleanliness. Your mentality is rational, deductive, logical, capable of visualizing detail in its most minute aspect. In fact, Dame Nature dug down deep—deep into the Horn of Plenty when she showered upon you a wealth of mental and physical attributes. The Virgo native usually enjoys good health, is possessed of a constitution more wiry than robust. Add to that, friends, your marvelous understanding of value; of human integrity; of material possessions; well, why wonder that a goodly percentage of the world's great ones were born in your sign! Titans of brain: Goethe, Maeterlinck, Tolstoy, Theodore Dreiser. Captains of industry: Couzens, General Dawes, Poultney Bigelow. Artists, inventors, journalists, the darlings of the public—actors and screen idols grace your sun-sign. Motion picture celebrities whose sign is Virgo, are Maurice Chevalier, Ricardo Cortez, Marilyn Miller and many more.

VIRGO born are superior in many ways. You are systematic and what's more, your methods are based upon good common sense and practical judgment. You are the world's workers, displaying at times a phenomenal zeal. An avalanche of detail rarely gets you flustered. You are calm and deliberate, poised, aloof. Yes, you ARE superior, and that's all right. But sometimes, Virgo friends, you show it, which is much resented by the other children of the Zodiacal host. Then you become most unpopular. Indeed, September-born sometimes have a special gift of making themselves thoroughly disliked just because of this display of superiority. Your fellowmen resent, too, this Virgo tendency of deftly dragging shortcomings into the limelight; this unfailing critical acumen of yours, so much dreaded by less fastidious types.

The analytical Virgo mind is like a clean-cut prism which breaks light into its rainbow series of colours. Like a fine sieve, it keeps back the chaff, the mediocre, the inadequate and the trivial and permits passage only of the weighty grains of constructive human achievement. Creative impulse and critical acumen constantly keep the wheels of human progress rotating.

I, myself, never neglect to count a few choice Virgo-born among the vast circle of my friends. They are worth cultivating. I often feel the need to subject myself to their severe—but nevertheless benevolent—criticism. Like the sages of old, they combine a remarkable grasping of an idea in the abstract.

The Virgo born have few friends, for the September-born are just as particular about their friendships and acquaintances as they are about their necktie, the *boutonniere* in their button-hole or the perfume of their soap. They are selective even about their very own kith and kin, rarely chumming intimately with brothers or sisters. However, once you have been accepted into the chamber of their hearts, you usually stay there for quite a while.

Virgo-born usually surround themselves with just a narrow set of chosen cronies.

You are truly self-sufficient, the bachelors and hermits and club-men par excellence. Is it necessary to add that Virgo leads all other signs in its percentage of unwedded ones?

But when Virgo-natives marry they usually make a go of matrimony, for their help-mate is usually carefully chosen. The divorce-bug is rarely lodged in the sober Virgo brain. Maurice Chevalier, heart-breaker deluxe, and Richard Arlen, husband of Jobyna Ralston, are Virgo actors much tempted in their spectacular careers by the sweet apple of Eve, yet they seem to stick faithfully by their wives and, apparently, are quite content to bear the yoke of matrimony.

VIRGO folk are mated to those born in their own sign, also to Capricorn and Taurus-born, to Pisces natives, and Cancer-folk. But, to the last mentioned only when these have overcome, somewhat, their painful hyper-sensitiveness, and Virgo-mates have learned to attune themselves to the emotionalism and moods of July-born.

Virgo maidens are very charming. Often they are truly beautiful, for their fine expressive eyes reflect their keen mentality and innate refinement. The Virgo-born is the true aristocrat: poised, aloof and casually indifferent. Remember this, friend reader: if you are a child of September, you should avoid the flamboyant gypsy colours, the Spanish combs, the red jewelled heels. Be conservative in your attire, but go in for accessories. Let your personality be reflected by your good taste in detail. The buckle of your slipper, the initials on your handkerchief, even your perfume should be carefully selected. Virgo maidens have the reputation for being the perfect mannekins, as witness our glorious Gloria Swanson, who has the sign Virgo rising in the East at the time of her birth.

The September born are often most

[*Continued on page 66*]

Chas. E. Bullock

In conjunction with the showing of his latest picture, *Palmy Days*, Eddie Cantor will make a number of personal appearances in European motion picture theatres

Half a Million People
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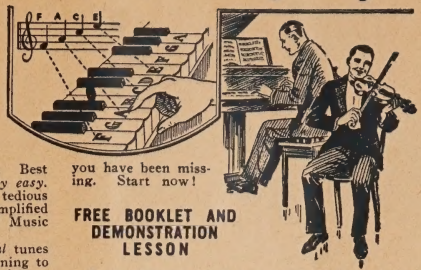

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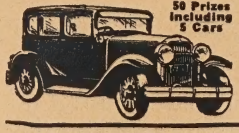
FIND 5 FACES

In this picture the silvery moon is shining through the trees and bushes and it makes some funny shadows. Some look like faces of people. Can you find at least five? Some look straight at you, some are upside down, etc. Look sharp, and *mark each one* you find. If you find at least 5, clip the picture and send to me with your name and address.



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What Chance Have You In the Movies?

Thousands of young men and women annually come to Hollywood with the hope of crashing into the studios and finding work in the movies, yet few succeed. Why? The answer is found in an unusual article written by a writer who actually experienced the joys and disappointments of an extra. Read it in October

HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE

ON SALE AUGUST 23rd

TURNING THE DIAL WITH

Harriet Mencken

IRENE RICH, whom you heard broadcast via RKO on the NBC system recently, was playing the rôle of a mother as we sipped orangeade together in the Savoy Plaza manner. And it cost her over $10,000 to do it. Not to imbibe the juice of oranges, but to be the doting parent! What I mean is that Irene had come from the land where pictures talk, to see her daughter Frances graduate from Smith College. And thereby sacrificed two fat proferred rôles in the *Plutocrat* and *Waterloo Bridge*. By the time you read this, she will probably have made her next picture, *Wicked*, with Elissa Landi.

Those of you who are beginning to watch your hips and pull out the first gray hair may take heart from the story of the girl who didn't begin her career till she had been married to two men, divorced two men, and had two children. She was twenty-seven. She wants careers for her daughters.

"Will Frances be an actress?" "Yes," she told me. "She wants to be, and why not? She has a great deal more talent than I ever had, and what is more interesting, more colorful and more remunerative than being an actress?" As to the dangers of stage life, Miss Rich says she has not found an unprofessional existence either so safe or so substantial.

The girl from Buffalo considers acting easy. "You just think what the character would do and do it," she commented. Miss Rich has a secret desire to have, some day, an enormous home for all the parentless children on earth. But a home, not a stereotyped orphan asylum. There she wants to mother humanity. You know, I think that altogether Miss Rich is easily as much mother as actress, and good at both.

Willie and Eugene Howard are equally amusing on stage, screen or radio. The talented brothers were on the air way back in 1922 at KDKA, radio's first organized station

What else shall I tell you about the lady? She looks a little like Claudette Colbert, says she was fifteen when she entered the Theatre Guild School, often eats lunch at Sardi's when in New York. Her first play, as far as I remember, was the feminine lead in *Gods of the Lightning*. They tell me that "Tonight or Never" is her favorite perfume, and that she has a love disappointment complex. This she denied when I asked her. That's right, don't be disappointed in love, Sylvia, be original!

I WONDER if you laugh as I do at the shorts Willie and Eugene Howard are making. They are equally amusing on stage, screen or radio. And in the airy medium you've heard them both via Columbia and on the RKO hour on the NBC system. Well, Willie was playing in *Girl Crazy* recently, and I hied me back stage to interview him while brother Eugene waited without—without what? Without a boring sentence. The boys treated me to a half an hour of impromptu laughs of exactly the brand they give you on the screen. Eugene said he writes their radio acts, but Willie, in a jocular way—or wasn't it—stated: "We get it out of old books!"

The brothers were on the air in the good old days of 1922 at KDKA, radio's first organized station (all disputes will be settled outside!) But in those days

Sylvia Sidney has won many a coveted leading rôle during her short sojourn in Hollywood. *Break Up*, with Phillips Holmes, is next on her schedule

IT AMUSES me to see Sylvia Sidney, Hollywood's newest pet—or do I mean bet? Well, anyway, I knew her when—you see, Sylvia entered the Gay White Way, via the Theatre Guild School, where I was once stage manager. She may use a different lipstick now, but she's the same Sylvia Sidney, if you know what I mean. She seemed a little weary, or little bored at being interviewed the day she was waiting to broadcast over WPCH on the stage and screen hour—a little tired of it all! But she's knocking down leading rôles, just the same, in *City Streets, An American Tragedy, Confessions of a Co-Ed*, not to speak of the choice part in *Street Scene*, the once Pulitzer Prize play, and also in the screen version of Hagar Wilde's novel *Break Up*.

In this era of youthful stars, it is interesting to note that Irene Rich was twenty-seven years old before she made her first appearance on the screen

they had no technique, Eugene muttered. "You mean they didn't pay us," little brother parried.

If he weren't an actor (and of course it's up to you), Eugene tells me he would like to be a radio announcer and Willie says that he'd like to spend his remaining years in the ring. Not in the jewelry store, you understand, but in prize fighting.

"Are you married?" I asked the comedian. "No, we just work together," Eugene answered. "But really, I'm married," said Willie boldly. "But he's in business for himself." Anyhow the low-down is—yes.

I asked the boys who were born in *Deutschland uber Alles* what they would do if somebody suddenly gave them a million dollars. "Confidentally, we have the million," the boys said in chorus, "but we'd better let them think we're poor."

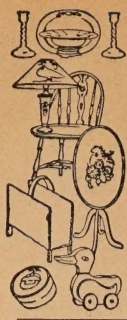
"Say, I'd buy a theatre," Willie commented promptly.

"And I'd buy a ticket for a trip around the world," added Eugene.

WHEN we heard that Frances Starr, after completing her work in *The Star Witness* was under contract to do two more pictures at once for First National, we recalled the speech she gave on the air not long ago about Hollywood and the movies. Did you hear it, over WGBS? When we went to interview the lady at her sister's apartment we found dozens of pictures of the "Belasco actress" on the walls, showing her in every rôle from the lovely young Marie Odile to the "woman with a past" in *The Easiest Way*.

Miss Starr is divorced from the artist, Haskell Coffin, whom you heard give the masculine half of the two hour broadcast of the Armistice Ball over WGBS, of which your columnist was the feminine broadcaster. I had a feeling, while talking to Miss Starr, that we agreed about Mr. Coffin. When I asked her whether she liked domesticity, Frances Starr said, "Domesticity—I don't know what that means. If you mean getting up and washing the dishes in the morning, no! I like home to be a place where there is the charm of living."

YOUR letters are always welcome and don't forget that my offer still holds good to print the name of the writer of the first fan letter to reach me each month. This month it came from Lillian Utenwaldt of 4197 Broadway, New York City, who says she is a "constant reader of my column." Here are answers to a few of your questions, Miss Utenwaldt! The girl in the Collier Hour (*The Love Story Girl*) is Lucile Wall. Jeff Sparks is an artist as well as an announcer and is young and dark and thoroughly pleasant. George Beuchler is only 23, one of the youngest announcers on the air, and was born in Washington. His previous occupation was: singer. Georgia Backus was born in Columbus, Ohio, and has played in stock. She is tall and slender, a brunette, clever, capable, and writes and directs many of Columbia's scripts, as well as acting in them. I haven't any space to answer the rest of your questions here, but I'll send you an inky reply to you and any others who want to ask me about movie or radio folk!



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Win a Studebaker or $3,000.00 in Cash

SOMEONE who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a latest model Studebaker President Sedan or $2,000.00 in cash, whichever is preferred. In addition we are also giving away six latest model Ford Sedans, a General Electric Refrigerator, a Shetland Pony, an Eastman Moving Picture Camera, a Radio, a Bicycle, Silverware, Gold Watches, Golf Clubs, Luggage, a Phonograph, Electric Clocks, Telephone Sets, India Prints, Bridge Tables, Cameras, Electric Irons and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. This is our method of advertising our business and already we have given away more than $175,000.00 in cash and valuable prizes. Mrs. Chas. Storm received $2,175.00, Mrs. M. Iverson received $2,320.00, W. R. Eddington received $3,050.00, E. H. Marquette received $3,645.00, A. H. Jones received $3,050.00, W. B. Buchtala received $3,000.00 and Rev. R. M. Fontaine received $4,120.00. This offer is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is guaranteed by an old reliable company of many years standing.

Solve This Puzzle Qualify for This Opportunity

There are many objects in the picture to the left, such as dog, girl, rooster, boy, tent, etc. See if you can find 5 starting with the letter "C." As soon as you do this, write them on sheet of paper or a postcard together with your name and address and send it to me at once.

$1,000.00 for Being Prompt

If you act quickly and win the Studebaker Sedan I will also give you $1,000.00 in cash extra just for being prompt—making a total of $3,000.00 you may win. Altogether there are a total of $7,500.00 worth of prizes to be given away and the money to pay the prizes is now on deposit at one of Chicago's largest banks ready to be paid to the prize winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid each one tying and any winner may have cash instead of the prize won, if so preferred. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle and send me your answer together with your name and address just as soon as possible to qualify for the $7,500.00 worth of prizes. EVERYBODY PROFITS. Who knows but that you may be the Lucky First Prize Winner? It pays to act promptly.

JAMES ARMSTRONG, Mgr. Dept. S-612 323 South Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

Free proof

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without dieting, drugs or exercises

WAIST and hips 2 to 4 inches smaller—*in 10 days.* That's what the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle has done for thousands of delighted women. We urge you to try it, too—*at our risk.*

Made of finest quality, fresh, live Plantation Rubber by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co., Perfolastic reduces by *automatic massage.* With every breath you draw, every step you take, its continuous gentle pressure breaks up fat cells, moulds away flabby flesh as an expert masseuse would. Cool, comfortable, light—some models weigh as little as 9½ ounces (garters included)—full of tiny holes to let skin breathe.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET gives full details about this marvelous girdle and particulars of our 10-day Trial Offer with money-back guarantee that protects you from all risk. Send for it today. No obligation. Simply fill out coupon and mail to Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 279, 41 East 42nd Street, New York City.

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Without obligation, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle, also particulars of your 10-day Trial Offer.

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Address .....

City ..... State .....

He *didn't* count sheep jumping a fence

NO SIR! The guest we have in mind had his own cure for insomnia! He asked us to furnish a thermos bottle full of hot milk, so that he could have it by his bed, in case he woke up at night, take a drink ...and then get to sleep again! Thermos bottles and hot milk aren't part of the standard equipment of United Hotels... but we do have large, airy high-ceiling rooms, with a feeling of pleasant freedom... and the beds... well, if you've ever slept in one of our hotels you know how good they are! So there's very rarely occasion for insomnia at any of the 25 United Hotels listed below.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United*....The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA.....The Benjamin Franklin
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PATERSON, N. J.....The Alexander Hamilton
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AKRON, OHIO.....The Portage
FLINT, MICH.....The Durant
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.....The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA.....The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA.....The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA.....The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT.....The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.....The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT.....The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I..The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page* 45]

definition of a press agent—a guy who cackles when someone else lays an egg.

Shortest Reviews

Irving Hoffman, drama and movie critic, holds records for brevity in both departments. When he reviewed the Amos 'n' Andy film, *Check and Double Check*, his paper carried the comment "I'se Regusted." And when he reviewed a recent play starring Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, under his signature in the drama page appeared the words, "Fiske Tires."

A Page On Life

It's Anita Page who is credited with the crack that the best way to keep a Hollywood husband home on Sunday is to shoot him Saturday night.

City Slicker

Once in a while the New York City slickers take advantage of the farmers —although not the farmers' daughters— in Hollywood. A writer went West on fat salary and put in his time playing 'round rather than writing his stuff. Eventually he was called in by the executives who wished to hear his tale. He hastily typed two pages and put these atop a pile of blank paper. Then, being a clever rascal, he pretended to read his yarn. And got away with it!

Where's The Catch?

Three of the biggest shots in one of the first rank movie companies serve without a dime salary from the company—Fox. And the gentlemen in question are Harley Clarke, W. C. Michel and S. W. Burns. Yet they say there is no Santa!

Hollywood Racketeering

A further proof of the truth of Cruikshank's recent gang exposés in SCREEN BOOK is seen in the adventures of a leading character actor who was recently shaken down for all his cash—and told to bring more to a certain rendezvous the following day. He complied in fear of torture, and although he encounters the bandits in many public places he fears to take any action. There are no "secrets" in the player's life—but the gang threatened him with maiming and possible death if he failed to come through. Which he did.

Not So Dumb Girl

Ginger Rogers says that there should be more truthfulness in advertising. The matter came up when Ginger was late in arriving at the Carthay Circle Theatre.

"My car broke down," explained the beauteous "dumb" girl of the screen. "I saw a sign that read, 'This way to Carthay Circle Theatre.' So I sat on it. I waited and waited—and, do you know, it didn't move at all. So I finally gave up and took a taxi."

Perpetual Motion

Buster Keaton has an Austin and a very large dog. There is just barely room for Buster to squeeze in after the dog clambers inside.

The other day they were buzzing along Hollywood Boulevard when they came to a stop signal. The dog, whose name is Elmer, promptly jumped out. Elmer, you see, does not like the cramped quarters and is accustomed to getting out in a hurry as soon as the Austin stops.

Elmer is too big to get back in without help, so Keaton had to get out and push him into the seat. By that time, the signal read "Stop" again. Naturally, thought Elmer, they were through with the uncomfortable ride. So, in spite of Buster's frantic efforts to keep him in, he forced his way out, stepping on the comedian's sad face.

A crowd was gathering to watch the fun. Automobiles were honking. After several to-the-death tussles with Elmer, Buster gave up and started off. Elmer ran ahead. When last seen, he was pausing now and then for the little car to catch up with him.

How To Handle Actors

The story goes that a Mack Sennett actor was planning to ask for a raise. He thought he was pretty good—and besides, he had the most perfect teeth in screendom.

Sennett heard about the player's intention. He called in an assistant: "I want you to have So-and-So go to the projection room to see some pictures. When it's all dark and quiet, I'll slip in. After I've been there a minute or two, start showing some rushes with So-and-So in them. Be sure the room is dark and don't let him know I'm coming."

All went as scheduled. Sennett watched So-and-So flash on the screen in several scenes. Then, pretending that he did not know So-and-So was in the room, he said: "How did I ever happen to hire that guy? He's not much good. And take a look at those ugly buck teeth!"

—*Robert W. Coburn*

Laura La Plante and her husband, Bill Seiter, are enormously proud of their trim sea-going yacht, the *Celito*

So-and-So stealthily sneaked out of the room, his blushes almost visible in the darkness.

He never asked for the raise.

Dix Loses Stardom

All things are comparative. A small theatre in the negro section of Los Angeles finally got around to playing *Warming Up*, the baseball picture starring Richard Dix. Oscar Smith, bootblack living in the black belt, had a small part in the picture. So the moviehouse billed the picture this way in its advertising:

OSCAR SMITH IN *WARMING UP*
with R. Dix

Game Girl

The director hated to ask the all-powerful Marion Davies to let a comedian squirt some water from a siphon into her face. But the script called for it, so he did.

La Davies sputtered and wiped her eyes and finally got her breath.

"Don't you think," she asked the director as soon as she could speak, "that it would be funnier to have a stream of water from a full-sized hose?"

"Do you really mean that you would stand for that?"

"I certainly do."

So they turned the hose on Marion.

Their Secret Sins

There was a big pajama party in Hollywood the other night. All the guests came in pajamas except one famous romantic male star. He wore his nightgown.

"I always wear a nightgown," he explained. "I haven't got any pajamas."

But he asked us not to print his name. "I would lose a lot of fans," he pointed out, "if they knew I ever wore anything so plebeian as nightgowns."

Another star's hidden secret is that he chews tobacco. His worshippers are so convinced of his ethereality that tobacco-chewing would cause his box-office downfall. At least so he thinks.

Birdies

The little birds whisper that Gloria Swanson has a new beau . . . Agnes Ayres is going theatre . . . Greta Garbo won't wed that Andersson guy . . . Pauline Starke says popper didn't love mommer . . . that auto accident of Laura's was no La Plante . . . Eddie Robinson is having contract trouble . . . Nita Naldi weighs so much . . . Maury Chevalier quit radio ahead of time . . . Mabel Normand's goods and chattels have been sold . . . Young Doug may go to Broadway in a show . . . "poor" Alice White gets $2,500 a week for personal appearances . . . Norma Talmadge is in Honolulu . . . So is Gilbert Roland, alias Luis Alonzo . . . Mary Eaton is homeward bound after a swell English stage run . . . Emil Jannings' return here most indefinite . . . The Marquis and Connie are pals again . . . Although Thelma Todd changed her name because of numerology, she retains her old figure—and it's swell . . . Josephine Dunn says hubby, Clyde E. Greathouse, was crooel . . . Jack and Estelle are fixing up a settlement . . . Rosetta Duncan is mad at Nils Asther because he left sister Vivian alone in Europe to have her baby . . . They've changed *Steel* to *Iron* for Charlie Bickford . . . Olga Tchechova is a ringer for Pola . . . Lil Dagover's due here for fillums . . . Laurel and Hardy are going vaudeville soon . . . It's cold between Hugh Trevor and Betty Compson . . . Gilda Gray declined reconciliation offers from the ex-boy-friend, Gil Boag . . . Jack Gilbert and Joan Bennett are going places—but 'tis said she really cares for Ronald Colman . . . The two Bill Boyd's are still getting their identities confused . . . the one going with the cute kid isn't Dorothy Sebastian's husband . . . Once a director of note, one chap is now a day laborer at the same studio . . . When will Ricardo Cortez take another fling at matrimony . . . these days "Ricky" is a lone wolf at all parties . . . Irene Rich is going to allow her Smith Collegiate daughter to try her luck before the cameras . . . All bets off between John Holland and Mae Busch . . . Barbara Bedford is the new flame . . . Walter Winchell is expected to go talking reporter for the newsreels soon . . . But he won't tell his gag about Pantages' horse . . . And when will Hollywood come to life and make a Big Star of the glorious Anita Page?

FORM DEVELOPED in 30 Days

Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? It is SO easy to have the full, firm bust that fashion demands.

YES, in just thirty short days you can increase the size of your breasts and mould them to the firm, youthful shapeliness, that is so smart and alluring. Just the simple application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions will work wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid results obtained in just a few minutes a day.

No matter what else you have tried, no matter how small or flabby your breast may be, you owe it to yourself to try this wonderful method. One grateful woman writes: "Day by day I have seen my breasts grow larger and firmer until now they are shapely and beautiful. My friends have all noticed the improvement."

Beautiful Breasts for YOU

FREE Complete private instructions for moulding the breasts to rounded, arching form included if you send at once for your big jar of Miracle Cream—also FREE BOOK on Bust Development.

MAIL COUPON

with only $1.00 and I will mail you large jar of Miracle Cream and instructions in plain wrapper. Offer limited, send at once.

Nancy Lee, Dept. E-9
816 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

NANCY LEE, DEPT. E-9,
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dear Nancy Lee: Yes, I want to take advantage of your big, special offer. I enclose only $1.00. Send me large jar of Miracle Cream and Free Instructions and Book in plain wrapper.

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HOW TO WIN THE ONE YOU LOVE

A French Woman's Secret

ESSENCE OF LOVE

A thrilling, enchanting perfume of irresistible charm. Its exotic fragrance gives you a mysterious attraction and a tantalizing allure that captivate young and old. A drop is sufficient. Triple strength $3.00 size with Secret Directions and (HOW TO WIN THE ONE YOU LOVE) all for $1.00 postpaid in plain wrapper. ($1.30 if sent C. O. D.) FREE Oriental luck piece if you send $1.00 with your order for perfume.

MYONE CO., SB-9, Box 151, Huntington Park, Calif.

WILL POLA COME BACK?

Tempestuous, fiery, lovable Pola Negri is back in Hollywood striving desperately to regain her former glory. What are her chances? Was her love for Rudolph Valentino a pose—or did grief drive her from the screen? Pola answers many vital questions about her career in the October issue of SCREEN BOOK.

Get your copy September 20th

Are Jungle Pictures Faked?

[*Continued from page* 20]

drama of the wild. This scene was made in Hollywood. The effect was obtained by firmly securing the wart-hog so that he could not get away and releasing into the corral, where this bit of "African" landscape had been built, a lion which, after several days of starvation, lingered not upon the order of securing a meal. Close observation of this scene will show the hog frantically tugging at his bonds as the lion approaches.

SCENES in which animals raised in captivity are used are comparatively simple to obtain. Even a tame lion, tormented by the pangs of starvation, will revert to the wild and attack any animal placed within reach. Enclosed within a corral, with cameras placed at every angle, one of them is sure to get an exciting bit of action in its finder.

In making additional animal scenes for *Trader Horn*, a plot was leased in Mexico and a large corral, dressed in the foliage of the African jungle, was built. Here the charge of the wild beast down the jungle trail, from which the adventurers narrowly escaped, the scene in which the lion attacks the zebra and is sound kicked for his pains, and the fight between the hyena and the leopard, as well as that of the lion pulling down and killing the deer, were staged.

"With the exception of the buffalo," says Harry Carey, "There is little to fear from wild animals in Africa. They will seldom attack unless wounded or cornered. A captive animal is like a man held too long in jail, I goes 'screwy.' Working with those Selig animals in that corral in Mexico was far more dangerous than anything we did in Africa."

The scene of the lions fighting over the kill is another of the thrillers actually made in Africa.

"Of course," says Mr. Van Dyke, "We had to stage most of our shots there. By staging, I mean we drew our animals within range of hidden cameras by placing kills. That was the way we got that fight. We had only hoped to get a shot of a single lion feeding, but when the whole gang came along, it was only natural that a fight should result. Many of our shots were obtained like that. We could only get the animals within camera range and let nature take its course."

As to the alleged use of Los Angeles negroes in *Trader Horn*. In spite of the fact that dozens of such negro scenes were taken, only one, that of the interior of the hut, where the natives leap upon the captives and carry them out, was used. This is positively the only scene in which local negroes were used, that appeared in the final picture.

In order to secure the scene in which the fugitives swing across the crocodile pool to escape from their pursuers, a pond was dug beside the Nile and allowed to fill. This pool was baited for two weeks with carrion until the great saurians began to feed in it freely. A fence was built around it to keep them from returning to the river and the cameras set up. Time after time Mr. Carey swung across the pool on a monkey vine in an effort to get the scene. The croc', when in the water, floats with only the knobs of his eyes showing. They fear nothing in water or on land, but they do fear the great African birds who swoop down with the speed of a bullet and snatch out an eye before the croc' can submerge. As a result of this fear, any shadow passing over them causes every pair of eyes to disappear from sight. When Mr. Carey swung over them, they ducked and the result was that he was shown swinging across an apparently calm and placid pool.

AS THIS scene was not entirely satisfactory, an attempt to shoot it in Hollywood was made. A pool was constructed on the M-G-M lot, and in it a number of alligators (there are no captive crocodiles in America), were released. It was planned, as the fugitives swung over them, to have them leap and snap at the dragging feet. This the alligators steadily refused to do. Finally a bag of fish was fastened to the vine and swung across, back and forth, until the reptiles began snapping at it. This accomplished, the actors once more made the trip across and so avidly did the 'gators do their part that Carey nearly lost a foot in the process. Fine, enthused the higher-ups, beats the African stuff all hollow. Great stuff, that snapping. But alas, when it was thrown upon the screen, consternation reigned.

A full grown African Nile croc' reaches the enormous length of twenty-five to thirty feet. His great jaws are long and narrow. The alligators used in the studio shot did not average over eight or ten feet in length and, as it was necessary to use some of the actual African shots, in which the crocs' appeared, the Hollywood 'gators looked like lizzards in comparison, and with the exception of one brief close-up, the studio pool sequence was discarded.

AND now for *Rango*. If you, like a million others, as you watched the slavering jaws of the tiger close upon the lovable little ape, felt a pang that he should have been a victim to realism, dry your tears. Little *Rango* still lives, a bright, cheery little pet in a Sumatran hut. The death scene, in which he seemingly falls to the fangs of the killer, was secured by means of clever cutting and *Rango* was never, for an instant, in the slightest danger.

"There are no trick shots, no Hollywood studio scenes in *Rango*," says Ernest Schodsack, the man who went into the jungles of Sumatra to make it. "Most of the effective scenes in the picture are the result of patient waiting with my camera along the jungle trails. Many of the shots were of course staged, for one cannot expect wild animals to come out of their own accord in broad daylight and perform for the camera."

The most thrilling scene in *Rango*, the death of the tiger under the hoofs and horns of the buffalo, was real. In fact, the buffalo killed three tigers over a period of several weeks before Mr. Schodsack secured enough effective film for his purpose.

"The water buffalo of Sumatra," says Mr. Schodsack, "is the enemy of the tiger. Practically every jungle dweller keeps one for protection against these beasts. Let them catch the scent of a tiger and they will follow it like a hound and woe to the striped cat if Mr. Buffalo catches him.

"The old chap I used in *Rango* was by profession a tiger hunter and trapper. The tigers we used in the fight scene were trapped by him and of course the tiger and buffalo were in a pen. Otherwise I should never have been able to keep them in camera range."

No trouble, says this adventurer, in securing the pictures of the monkeys

—*Don English*

Mary Brian and Phillips Holmes are two gay, young and business-like rough riders who spend every moment possible on the Hollywood bridle paths. Mary is free-lancing just now while Phillips is under contract to Paramount

raiding the native hut. This scene was in fact inspired by the constant raids by these small thieves upon the hut in which Mr. and Mrs. Schodsack lived. Let the door or window of a hut containing food be left open, and within an hour it will be swarming with monkeys.

No trickery either, in the scene where the tiger destroys the chicken coop.

"Once we got him into camera range," says Schodsack, "We had to let nature take its course. The fact that he did tie into those chickens was just a streak of luck. We didn't know what he would do and we might not have caught such a scene again in a year."

IN THE making of *Trader Horn* the expedition was completely equipped with sound recording apparatus and most of the sound, including the dialog is that obtained in Africa. The off-stage sounds, some of them, represented long hours of waiting. To catch one short laugh of a laughing hyena, a sound crew spent two nights in the jungle, exposing more than 50,000 feet of sound track before the desired laugh was secured.

Schodsack had no recording equipment and all sounds in *Rango* were "dubbed in" after his return to Hollywood.

Wild animal pictures will no doubt continue to be popular. At present it is noised about that the makers of *Trader Horn* have acquired the rights to *Tarzan Of The Apes*, and that the cast of this great African epic will once more appear on the screen.

Next time a wild animal picture comes to your theatre, perhaps you will be better qualified to detect the real from the faked, but whether made in Africa or Hollywood, so long as it gives us a thrilling hour of adventure and entertainment and leads us from our commonplace, work-a-day world across far horizons, what does it matter? Rather than censure them for their efforts, the makers of wild animal pictures should be given praise for the time, money and effort expended in producing thrills and giving us our money's worth. Don't you agree?

Garbo's New Lover

[*Continued from page* 21]

gangster or not, you're the perfect hoodlum type," I declared, between sips from my second stein of beer. "Who else, for instance, could have played *Jake Luva* (in *Dance Fools, Dance*) or *Louis Blanco* (in *The Finger Points*) with your smooth technique?"

"Don't put me on the spot!" Gable squirmed, as he reached for his ale. "Call me a heavy, but don't pigeon-hole me as a racketeer. You see, gang pictures won't last forever—and if I'm to be labeled a gangster, when underworld stories are washed up, I'll be on the outside looking in—and I like this business too well to welcome that.

"I think the screen has the stage beat a mile, and I should know what I'm talking about," he proceeded, earnestly. "I was on the stage for twelve years. I left Akron (Ohio) University twelve years ago and went to Oklahoma, where my dad had oil interests. He wanted me to learn his business, starting in the fields. I tried it for a while, but didn't like it. I worked side by side with some of the most hard-boiled hombres you've ever seen. It was a great rough-and-tumble school; fine training for the sort of stuff I'm doing now on the screen."

CLARK left the oil fields after six months and went out on the road with a small repertory company, playing *Romeo* one night and *Simon Legree* the next. Then he went into stock, later graduating to a road show out of New York, playing opposite Jane Cowl in *Romeo and Juliet*. This tour closed in Seattle. Gable went up to Astoria, Oregon, and managed to get a job as leading man with the stock company there.

"One Saturday night, a few weeks after landing that job," Gable reminisced, "there was no payoff. The company was dead broke. I looked around and took the first job I could find—lumberjacking in a camp outside Astoria. That was work, with a capital W. I rode the logs with a bunch of mugs, any one of whom was tougher looking than Bull Montana."

"Now I know where you developed those powerful shoulders," I smiled, reminding him of that sequence in *The Secret Six* in which he tosses two ruffians off his shoulders and turns a gun on them. "Lithe as a cat, aren't you?" I pursued.

"Do you think I looked much like a newspaper reporter in that picture?" he parried, adroitly sidestepping the compliment.

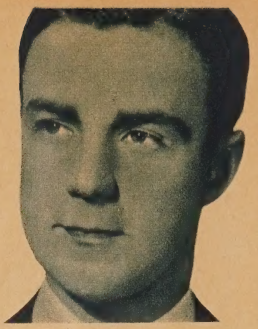
"Yes. You were just shrewd enough and just 'thick' enough—at the proper times—to make it seem real," I assured him.

"That's the kind of stuff I like most to play," he enthused. "That combination of shrewdness and dumbness is human, you know. In *The Painted Desert*, I played *Rance Brett*—and enjoyed it. It was my first picture work, but that Western cowboy heavy was a sweet part, believe me. On the stage I never played heavies, but always leads. *Now* I like the heavy stuff."

After leaving the lumber camp at Astoria, Gable went to Los Angeles and played in stock there for a year; then thirty-seven weeks of stock in Houston, Texas, and then back again to the New York stage. His work as *Killer Mears* in *The Last Mile* brought him to the attention of M-G-M, and that studio wasted no time in signing him to a long-term contract. But pictures can't claim the interest of this virile actor for life.

"Ten years in pictures—if I'm able to last that long—will be enough for me," he averred. "After that, providing I've saved my money, I'll retire . . . and just travel . . . boy, what a life that is!"

And there you have the man who, through his work opposite Greta Garbo, in *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*, is destined to become the screen's foremost male star.



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College men, business men, sportsmen; men in all walks of life, were consulted in the preparation of the Stag Line. Not until every critic's approval was won, were packages or formulae adopted.

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Once you see the sturdy *matched* flasks and jars of crystal, with their shining nickel tops, you'll be off "odds and ends" toilet articles for life.

Try Stag Bay Rum Shaving Cream first. Two-to-one it will make a hit with you the first time up! As a day-in-and-day-out shaving mate it will average better than .600!

The Stag Line of Manly Toiletries *is the only complete line for men.* It is a creation of the Toilet Goods Division of the United Drug Company, world's largest producers of drug store merchandise. It is sold only at Rexall Drug Stores, where you can always "save with safety."

STAG LINE

MANLY TOILETRIES

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REMAIN YOUNG
Hear this message from
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Larceny Lane

[*Continued from page* 40]

dining car, they ran into Bert, and Anne awkwardly introduced the two men. Bert was annoyed when he saw Anne flush.

"Little girl likums big man?" Bert said mockingly, as Reynolds left them. "Say, I think I can prime that chump for a take. He looks like ready money."

"Is that all you ever think of?" Anne asked in disgust.

"He ain't any better than the rest, is he?" A lot depended on that answer.

"Maybe he is," said Anne defiantly. "I sort of like him—and as long as I do, lay off, Bert, there are plenty others—"

Bert looked at Anne closely. "That's the first time I ever heard you weaken—he must work fast."

"He does, Bert." Anne smiled sweetly. "You should take a few lessons from him."

"Aw, nuts," Bert turned his back on her and began to read the paper. Anne grinned. It was sort of nice to have Bert jealous.

IN THE lobby of a New York hotel several months later, Anne accidently ran into Dan Barker. He immediately invited her to have lunch with him. She knew that Dan had a soft spot for her—and she also knew that Dan had made-away with Bert's money, although Bert's pride had never let him admit it to her. Here was a chance to show Bert how smart she was. A dumbbell, huh? She'd show him who the smart member of the team was.

"You're sure looking great," Dan told her, his eyes traveling over her in appraisal. "Say, what happened to that little squirt you were running around with? Bert—wasn't that his name?"

Dan moved his chair closer to hers. "You were never meant for a chump like that. Did he tell you how we took him—with the fake counterfeiting gag?" Anne shook her head and Dan joyfully gave her all the details. "And the pay-off was the note that Helen left: 'Paste this in your scrap book. Love and kisses, Helen.'"

"By the way, where is Helen?" she asked casually.

"Sent her back to where I got her!" Dan looked at her meaningly.

"What are you doing these days? We might make a partnership . . . ."

That night, Anne was simply bubbling over when Bert called for her at her hotel to take her out to dinner. He flopped on a divan and grabbed a paper, failing to note her new gown which she had bought that morning, sort of hoping that it would please him.

"Whose guest do you think I was at lunch today?" she asked trying to make her voice casual.

"The Czar of Russia's," Bert said without interest. But her next words made him sit bolt upright.

"I had lunch with Dan," she said, slipping into her evening wrap. "Helen sends love and kisses to you."

"Where is he?" Bert was on his feet, white with rage. "Let me get my hands on him. The dirty, yellow-bellied, double-crossing burglar. And you laughing with him at me. A swell partner you are! Why don't you put in with him? You'd make a swell pair, you two." Angrily he rushed towards the door.

"Bert!" Anne followed him. "Where are you going?" She caught him by the arm and pulled him back to the divan. "You're just like a child. You'll never grow up. Now I've got plans and you've got to listen to them. I know a way you can take Dan for more than he took you. Come on out to dinner, now, and I'll tell you the layout."

Over the dinner table, Bert and Anne laid their plans.

ANNE, pretending that Colonel Bellock, a mysterious race track figure, was her "sweet papa," persuaded Dan to take the Colonel and herself to the races one afternoon. Mike, Dan's chauffeur, was bribed by Bert to throw Dan over and become a temporary partner of his and Anne's. The bribe was sufficiently large to interest Mike, who didn't even know how to spell the word "loyalty." The scheme was to have the Colonel's car break down on the way to the race track so that Dan and the Colonel would have to do their racing blind. That is, sitting there in the car which was being repaired, Dan would choose a horse from the betting card and put up a thousand dollars on it, playing it for a winner. Right after each race, Mike would learn the correct results from a telephone in a nearby drugstore and, driving Dan's car past the Colonel's car, his license card would give Dan the number of the winning horse. The first and last figures on the tag being the number.

Anne had figured out the scheme and Dan thought it was grand. All he had to do was to wait till Mike drove his car past, note the two figures, then run his finger down the racing card, and bet on

—Wm. Grimes

Anita Page has been cast for an important rôle in *Boarding School*, M-G-M's epic of school day pranks. The rôle Anita will play is faintly reminiscent of the one that brought her fame in *Our Dancing Daughters*

the horse which had already won the race.

The Colonel fell for the frame-up and bet heavily each time. Anne held the money. But when they arrived at the race track, after the car had been repaired, and after six races had been run, Dan discovered that he had been double-crossed. Not a single horse that Mike had tipped him off to had won. White with fury he excused himself from Anne and the jovial Colonel and went in search of Mike. Anne and the Colonel made a quick getaway. Dan Barker, smoothest of the smooth, had been made a sucker —and lost over ten thousand dollars. Bert, thanks to Anne, had his revenge.

That night Bert threw a swell feed for Mike and the Colonel and gave them a wad of bills which brought smiles to their faces.

"You did it so well, Colonel," Bert said, passing him his roll, "that you ought to be able to work it again—at another track. Here, Mike—that's worth your trouble, isn't it?"

"If you run into Mr. Dan Barker at the race track tomorrow," Anne told the Colonel, "tell him that this little racket was all written up in Bert's scrap book. . . . Surprised he missed it."

When the two men had gone Bert caressed the stack of money in front of him fondly.

"Are you satisfied with our revenge?" Anne asked, fishing for compliments.

"With all this money in my hand, can I say you're wrong?" Bert grinned. Then suddenly he became serious. "Listen Anne," he said, "I've been thinking a lot lately, and you've got me all wrong. Remember the time you said you could go for me, but you wouldn't because I took you too much for granted? Remember . . .?"

Anne nodded.

"Well, Anne dear—I've been nuts about you for months. I'm not one of those slick-haired guys who can make love in the moonlight. I don't know how to say it but I want you, that's all. Let's get married." He spoke quickly and blushed like a schoolboy. There was no doubting his sincerity.

ANNE was deeply touched. There were tears in her eyes.

"That's sweet of you, Bert," she said softly, "but it's too late now. I'm in love with someone else. . . . If you had told me you cared six months ago, it would have been different. . . . I was crying in my heart to hear it. . . . Why didn't you tell me then, Bert?"

"Who is it? Reynolds?" Bert asked brokenly. He felt that his whole world had caved in on him. He couldn't go on without Anne—he had the dough now to go to Europe—to do all the things that he had dreamed of doing for years —but it wouldn't be any fun without Anne.

"Yes—Joe Reynolds." Anne had a far-away pensive look in her eyes. "You know I learned something going around with him—something really important. During the week-end I spent with his family, and all that, I met different kinds of people—I listened to music and I read some books—I saw a life we know nothing about. I don't know—it just seems like a better way to live—that's all. So I'm going to quit all this, Bert . . . . I'm going to marry Joe."

"I understand, Anne," Bert said dully with bowed head. "I understand. I guess maybe you were right about me. Maybe, in my life, dames are just something to kick around." He tried to grin but there were tears in his eyes and a choke in his voice. "Say—if I got married to you I'd probably be kicking you around too, after the first month. No, I guess I'd be a flop at this husband business—it would have to be a racket for me to like it." He got up and extended his hand. "Congratulations, old scout. I wish you all the luck in the world . . . and . . . and . . ."

"Yes?" Anne asked softly, hardly able to refrain from throwing her arms about him, he was such a pathetic looking little boy.

"Name the first one after me," he said, and hurried from the room, before she could see the tear that had slid down his cheek.

A YEAR passed. A miserable year for Bert. He'd lost all desire for money. He didn't want to work alone and he couldn't bare to have any one take Anne's place. So he just sat around living on his principal—and thinking . . . about Anne—and what might have been —if he hadn't been such a conceited little puppy. Anne had invited him often to her home but he had never been there. He hadn't seen or heard of her in months when, one afternoon, she knocked at his hotel door. He nearly fell all over himself with surprise and joy when he admitted her.

"It's great to see you," he said, "how did you find out where I lived?"

"Oh, I managed," Anne said nervously, fighting back the tears. Then she went over and stood directly in front of him. "Bert, I've got something to tell you—something dreadful has happened. Joe has used some of the firm's money in a deal he thought was going to make a fortune—and lost it all."

Bert stepped back.

"So this is the guy you held up to me as so respectable, so straight and clean?" he said superciliously. "He—and his father . . . and his books . . . and his

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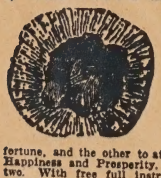

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music. Now you wake up and find out he's an embezzler! What did I—"

"I shouldn't have come," Anne said brokenly. "I'll go."

"I'm sorry, dear," Bert was contrite. "That was rotten of me. Sit down, dear, and tell me all about it."

"I came to you for help, Bert," Anne said, regaining her composure, "because you're the only person I know to whom I could turn. I want you to loan me the money, so that Joe can make his losses good with the firm. The books will be audited day after tomorrow."

"How much is involved?" asked Bert tersely.

"Thirty thousand dollars."

Bert shook his head. "That's a lot of money, Anne. I haven't got that much. I haven't turned a deal since you left me. I'm almost broke. I couldn't go on without you—I lost my punch."

"Well, I guess there's nothing to be done." Anne shrugged her shoulders and rose to leave.

"Where did he get the money?" Bert asked suddenly.

"He took negotiable bonds from the vault. He has his own key to the place and he knew the combination of the safe. . . ."

"I see. Well, you tell him to expect a visit from me tomorrow morning. Have him take me into his private office when I get there."

"What—what do you plan to do?" Anne asked nervously.

"Never mind. Leave everything to me. Go on home and don't worry, Anne. Everything's going to be jake."

FOR the first time in his life, Bert turned petty thief. There had never been anything about that in his scrap book—and he had sworn that he would never sink so low. But for Anne he would do anything. He hated her weak, handsome husband, but as long as Anne bore the Reynolds name, he would see that no disgrace came to it.

With Joe's key he let himself into the firm's office that night and opened the safe with the combination that Joe had written out for him.

In this way he would cover up Joe's theft. The police would think that the robber had stolen all the bonds—and it would never be known that Joe had taken any of them. He had told Joe his plan that morning—and Joe had seen in it a chance to put himself in good standing with his company. He tipped off the police to Bert's plan, and they were there waiting for him when he climbed down the fire escape. Bert, tight lipped, was sent to jail. He was willing to take the rap for Reynolds—for Anne's sake.

A week later, she came to him at the prison on visitors' day. He saw that her beautiful face was tortured with anguish.

"Bert, Joe double-crossed you," she said under her breath. "He had those cops waiting for you. He told me today. I've left him—forever."

A flash of fury crossed Bert's face and he clenched his fists.

Once more Anne began to talk.

"But you're not going to take the rap for him, Bert. I'm not going to let you. I'm going to the District Attorney and tell the whole story."

"No, you can't do that, Anne," Bert said quickly. "All you'll do is put yourself in a spot. Listen, Anne, be sensible now. I'm in . . . you can't save me—and besides I got off light. A year won't be for long."

"I can't, Bert," Anne said stubbornly. "My conscience wouldn't let me. I'm going to squeal. Joe can go to jail—where he belongs."

"Please, baby—use a little common sense. Joe is a rat—he'll regret it. As for me? I've had larceny in me all my life. I was due for a fall—it was in the cards. In a year I'll be out—and then we—"

"I'll be waiting for you Bert, sweetheart," Anne said lovingly. "And I'm the kind that really waits."

THE END.

—*Gene Kornman*

One of the best-known producers of westerns, is Ken Maynard who is under contract to Tiffany. He is pictured here with his charming wife on the steps of their Hollywood home

Precious Jewels of the Stars

[*Continued from page 23*]

JEANETTE MacDONALD is another who cherishes her engagement ring above all else. Hers cost a small fortune. Oddly enough, she insists she owns only three other pieces of jewelry. One is a half crescent pin and the other two are brooches, one studded with diamonds and the other fashioned of carved jade. Miss MacDonald says that pins and brooches are her favorite jewelry, because they are really useful. All other kinds of jewelry, she claims, are decidedly not. There's an idea for you!

Louise Fazenda has some magnificent pearls, the clasp of which was formerly that of an old necklace worn by one of her Dutch ancestors. It is gold filigree. She also has an opal ring with carving of two hands holding up the stone. Its significance is in the old Egyptian proverb: "Your fate lies in your hands." Louise says it explodes that old theory of opals bringing bad luck. Another ring which is a great favorite with this star is a Mandarin jade ring which she has worn since she was an extra.

To Myrna Loy goes the distinction of owning some of the loveliest and most expensive bracelets in Hollywood. Her special favorites are a set of four—supposed to be worn together—and they are of bright gold set with gleaming sapphires. Myrna wouldn't part with these for any amount of money.

"Oooo-la-la! And a couple of goshes!" laughed Fifi Dorsay, when I approached her on this jewelry question. "I cannot afford great beeg diamonds. I mus' save my money for the rainy days! But I do buy nice pretty costume jewelry and I lo-o-ove it! They all tell me, too, that costume jewelry looks the best on Fifi—so I buy, what you say?—oodles of it!" "Oodles" is right! For Fifi has one of the largest and most striking arrays of costume jewelry in the whole city.

IT WAS at an afternoon tea that I cornered Mary Pickford, and what sort of jewelry do you suppose she was wearing? Just a modest little two strand pearl necklace and her wedding and engagement rings.

"I wonder what you will think when I tell you I consider a real old lip-stick and eye-pencil my precious jewels?" laughed Mary. Then she went on to explain how she treasured those two things, which she used during her earliest days before the camera. "I do not care for jewelry the way most people do," she went on. "And to illustrate how I dislike diamonds I will tell you about the last time Douglas returned from England, bringing me a surprise gift. It turned out to be a magnificent diamond necklace. When I saw it my heart went to zero! Of course, I couldn't hurt his feelings—he was so good to buy me them—but I just knew that I could never be happy wearing such a necklace. I thought: 'how can I make my husband send them back without hurting his feelings?' And presently, an idea came to me. I put the diamonds on and went down to the living room. In a hesitating manner, I said to Douglas, 'Don't you think, dear, that these look a little heavy on me—I am so small, you know?' Thoughtfully, he looked at me and then suddenly exclaimed: 'Maybe you are right. I never thought of that.' Then I knew the rest would be easy. Soon, the necklace was returned and Douglas gave me something else—something I prize most highly.

"I have a few jewels, of course, but they are all in the vault and I hardly ever touch them. I really hate to spend money on jewelry. What little trinkets I do buy, I'd rather go 'bargain-hunting' for."

NATURALLY, this could go on and on. I could tell you of Gloria Swanson's glorious rubies; of Fay Wray's flair for genuine crystals; of Joyce Compton's wonderful costume jewelry; of Mary Brian's penchant for colored stones, particularly amethysts, the stone of her birth-month (February); of Norma Shearer's lovely diamond bracelets and rings. But the feminine half of movieland doesn't alone possess all the precious jewelry. Quite a number of masculine players have likewise—perhaps in their weaker moments—spent small and large fortunes on jewels.

James Gleason has a square emerald set in platinum. The idea is that he has always wanted one and never had one, so he ups and buys it for himself.

Ken Maynard has shirt studs valued at $2,500. They were a gift. The diamonds are beaded with platinum and moss crystal marks the center of each stud, which is made up of six diamonds each.

Bela Lugosi, the famous Hungarian actor who is attracting so much attention by his fine work on the screen, has a heavy green gold ring bearing the outline of a bat. The eyes are gleaming emeralds. It was given him by a dear friend when he first went into the cast of *Dracula*, the stage play which brought him success. It's now been made into a film with Lugosi in the lead of the vampire—that weird bat that has given audiences all over the country shivers. The ring is extremely valuable, besides being the only one of its kind in the world.

Even Victor McLaglen has gone "jewelry"—he has a solid platinum watch that he wouldn't part with for anything. It was given to him by the Roxy Theatre in New York in commemoration of Vic's personal appearances in connection with *The Cock-Eyed World* and he wears it constantly as an omen of good luck.

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Her Heart's Desire

[*Continued from page* 41]

Office Wife, Other Men's Women, Illicit, My Past, Millie, God's Gift to Women and *The Public Enemy*. In most of them I've had bad intentions, too. And I believe I am going to have bad intentions—you know, toward men—and make wise-cracks in all my coming pictures. Don't you think that's an interesting career for one so young as I am? Or do you think I'm justified in wanting to gratify my earliest ambition, which was to become Scarface Al Capone's private secretary? You see, in Hollywood there's no privacy, and the privacy a girl would have as Mr. Capone's secretary *would be something*."

"I SUPPOSE you were about four days old when you aspired to work for Mr. Capone," I suggest.

"I suppose you were born out here," she counters, baitingly.

"Why?" I ask, astonished.

"Well," she says, looking at me with terrible seriousness, "I've meant that I'm just about a year old in Hollywood. You see, no matter what you've done or where you've been before, it doesn't count in Hollywood. They don't know there is any other world or any other life. It's like being in Heaven—only, of course, I really don't think that way about it. But, you know, nothing that's going on anywhere else matters out here. It's just as if someone pronounced some magic words over you and you never again pay any attention to anything except what is happening in pictures. Of course, people here in Heaven—I mean in Hollywood—are much like people on the earth. Actors are just like actors on the earth. They're even like New York actors. They can talk to a girl for hours about how they did a piece of acting that just slew everybody that saw it. You know, emotions so powerful that even the director broke down and sobbed like a child at its mother's knee . . . Anyhow, now you know that I'm only a year old—and why."

I feel deeply touched, so much that I cannot look at Joan. I look at you, reader, instead. Now, now, come now! Don't forget you are along! And you, too, are looking in another direction, so that Joan can see the back of your head. I wonder if you are weeping or—terrible thought—laughing.

As we lustily engage our salads in combat, Joan looks up and continues:

"Something's happening to me and I don't know what it is. I'm getting so I can't sit still."

I register alarm in my eyes. Is it a flea, I wonder? Or just a rip? Joan smiles compassionately and says:

"I mean that there's something I want to do, or ought to do, and I don't know what it is. You know, it's awful to be young and unhappy. This restlessness makes me take long walks. I hit the trail into the mountains back of Hollywood or Burbank. I stretch my arms. I smell the sage. I start running, all by myself. Sometimes night comes on and I watch the city spread below like a sea of live coals. And I get to thinking about all the hundreds of thousands of people in the little houses lost in the dark. One afternoon I had a funny experience. I was standing on the edge of a divide. Back of me the trail zigzagged. I saw, far off, a human figure walking along. It proved to be a man. I got panicky—you know, all alone in the mountains. I started to run. I guess the man must have thought I was some strange dryad. Anyhow, he started to run toward me, but I was half a mile ahead. I ran three miles without once looking back, until I got back into civilization. Think of it. No privacy, even in the mountains.

"If I ever get to be a star, one of the first things I'll buy is a mountain. There's something substantial in a girl owning a mountain, don't you think? Perhaps I would feel less restless if I owned a mountain. Maybe if more girls owned mountains, less girls would be restless. Of course, I suppose it's a problem that every girl has to decide for herself."

I nod, with deepest sympathy.

—Clarence Sinclair Bull

It did not take M-G-M officials long to decide that little Janet Currie had that certain something that stamped her as a good screen bet. She appears with Buster Keaton in *Sidewalks of New York*

"SOMETIMES," she resumes reflectively, I think I'd feel better if I could be tragic on the screen for a change. I mentioned that a few times out here. One director said, 'It certainly would be tragic.' I'm not certain yet just what he meant. If I ever am certain, I may have to forget that I'm a lady and remove six or eight handfuls of his beautiful dark hair.

"You know, my greatest ambition is to play the sort of thing Ruth Chatterton plays, or I'd love to play a crippled girl or a scrub woman. I'd like to be a young Marie Dressler or a female Charlie Chaplin.

"The Warner brothers have done a whole lot for the good of my soul. They believe that the devil makes mischief for idle hands, so they have kept me working very hard. If I'm not slaying someone with a wise-crack in a picture, I'm on a jaunt somewhere to be photographed with some celebrity. You know, with the publicity department. Once I had to go all the way to San Diego to be photographed with a famous man. You see, most newspapers won't publish a famous man's photograph unless a Hollywood actress is photographed with him. I suppose that is because most famous men are so funny-looking. But the director I was telling you about says that actresses are not for beauty, but for comedy relief. He also said: 'Sometimes the famous man has only discovered the South Pole or a new solar system, or invented some inconsequential thing whereby a person can see a distance of five thousand miles; and of course, the public isn't interested in such tiresome things. But if they photograph him with an actress who has good legs, everyone will read the story, thinking that maybe it leads up to a scandal in the last paragraph.' Do you think he's right?"

I look confused.

"OH, IT doesn't matter," she smiles assuringly, "because I think the truth is that the studio executives think I would like to travel a little for a change, and that a little trip to San Diego is a sheer joy. Maybe travel is what I need for my restlessness, although I have tried it before. In my father's act—he's Ed Blondell, you know, and my mother, brother, sister and myself were in his act for years—I crossed the North American continent fifty-six times and was in Europe, Australia, Asia and a few other places like that. Travel is wonderful. You meet some awfully intelligent people."

"Who," I chide her, "is the most intelligent person you ever met?"

"Well, honestly, now, as long as you ask me I'll tell you," she responds gravely. "He was a bootlegger in Greenwich village in New York. He knew all about literature and music and painting, and he was a beautiful conversationalist. He had vivid ideas about life, and every minute he lived was an adventure to him. Of course, one had to think to keep up with him. But he would never be a success in Hollywood. He was not restful or soothing enough, and people out here just love to relax. This is, they say, a restful country, even if it does make me restless. The director I told you of looked me in the eye one day and said, in a most scholarly way, 'When a person and a community disagree, it's not always the community that's crazy.' Now, I wonder what he meant by that.

"Sometimes I wish I was quick-witted, like a girl I read about the other day. A fellow said to her, in tones of rapture: 'You look like an old Rembrandt,' and she said: 'Well, you don't look so hot yourself.'

"And, by the way, did I tell you that I'm a direct descendant of David Blondell, a minstrel who sang ballads and roundelays on the crusades of Richard the Lion-hearted? I suppose, in a way, that it's unfair of me to tell this because, after all, he has been in his grave for centuries, and can't be blamed.

"I come from a long line of stage people. My cradle was a property trunk. I went on the stage when I was four, as the daughter of Peggy Astaire in *The Greatest Love*. I've attended school in almost every country in the world. Once, in a place called Brooklyn, where I was born, I later went to the same school at the same time as Helen Twelvetrees, and she was my youthful ideal of beauty. What wonderful clothes she wore!

"You know, I think the big trouble is that there is so much of me scattered all over the globe. Maybe if I'd just marry and settle down somewhere and have some continuity in my life, I'd suddenly become sane. Gee, it's a strange prospect.

"You know, lately, I've been feeling restless, as if I was ready for some big change. And maybe that's it. Maybe I'm doomed to become sane, after all these years."

She shakes her head sadly. You and I, friend reader, feel sorry.

For, think of all the beautiful hilarity Joan put into all these First National pictures she wise-cracked her way through. And think of what a dull world it would be if all the droll Joans had to become sane—and stodgy.

So we will leave Joan—who winks at us as we part in front of the café, and walks off, a whimsical and erect figure.

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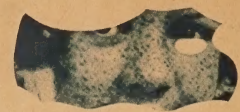

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Spain's Darling Daughter

[*Continued from page* 44]

That's Conchita, all right. Making a picture was "a lot of fun" so she "decided to become a movie star!" Many a budding star could well use Señorita Montenegro's determination!

Conchita happens to have been born into a family of wealth, but she is not cursed with the *ennui* usually inherited by rich children. She does not have to work, but follows her profession from sheer love of doing. Her father owns iron mines in Spain, plantations near San Sebastian, homes in Madrid and Paris.

"They want us (Juanita and me) to come home to them, my father and mother, but we love the theatre, even though I have learned that making motion pictures isn't all the fun I once thought it was. In Europe, pictures are considered a pastime; here, they're a business," Conchita sighed—and when I suggested that papa probably wanted her home so that he could introduce her to a certain personable young señor, she smiled a bit wistfully and declared: "Well, we are going home now, to stay for three months—but romance? No. I don't think so.

"We will visit *Cannes* and *Biarritz*. Tennis, swimming, riding, watching the horses run. Ah, there is no swimming like you have in California, but I shall love to see my mother and father and sisters again. I don't think we will go to Spain, now that our King is not there," she mourned.

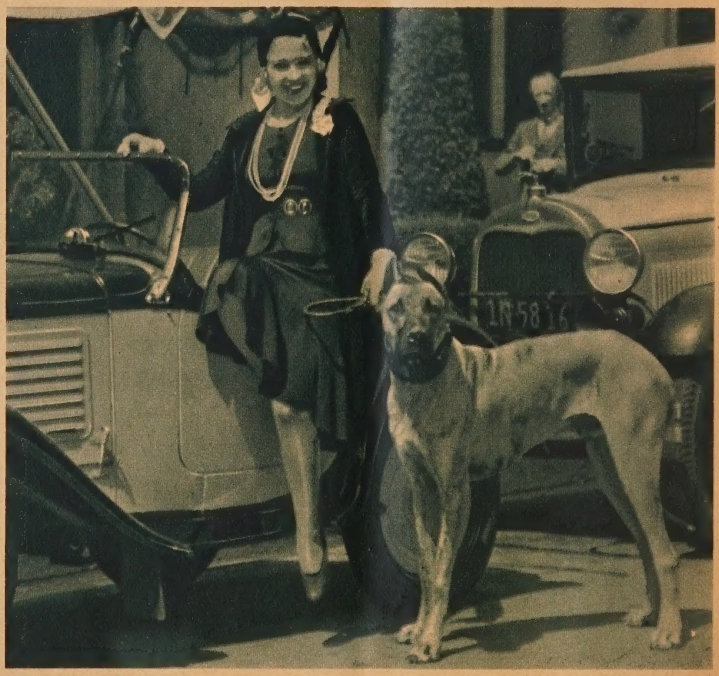
Little Conchita is a Royalist to the core. "Many times I have seen my King in Madrid," she confided, "And now I am sad because he is no longer there. Since King Alfonso has gone to Paris, my mother and father have left Spain to live there, too. Madrid, without the King, must be a very different place now."

JOHN GILBERT was once Conchita's favorite actor, but William Powell now holds that honor. Joan Crawford is her favorite actress, although she knows Greta Garbo personally and has much admiration for her.

"When I first came to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer," she explained, "I was told that Greta Garbo was aloof; that she talked to no one on the lot and went strictly about her business. I was on the lot hardly three days when I met her. She was charming company. I knew very little English and could scarcely understand her, so I tried French, which she happened to be studying at the time. She pronounced several naughty words and I looked at her askance. She asked me what was wrong. I told her the words she had spoken were not decent, were seldom used in polite company. She smiled, told me someone had told her they meant a friendly greeting.

"'I like practical jokes—play a lot of them myself—but wait till I see this guilty party!' Garbo grinned, a bit confused.

"Garbo's confusion over French re-



Marjorie White says that, if her miniature car breaks down, she always can ride home aboard General John, her powerful Great Dane

minds me of my own confusion in my first English talkie test," Conchita continued. "It was about a year ago. I was fresh from Europe, totally unacquainted with American film methods. Clark Gable was in the test with me, and I had just been introduced to him when the director called 'Camera' and told me to make love to Mr. Gable. I was too scared to move. I touched Mr. Gable's arms gingerly, as though he might bite.

"The director signalled for the camera to stop and then explained to me: 'Grab him, kiss him, make love to him as though you really meant it.' I didn't know what to do. I had never made love to any strange man before. I looked up at Mr. Gable, to see, I guess, if he would object. But when he looked down at me and smiled, with those attractive dimples of his turned on full blast, I kissed him plenty—*and how!*" Conchita giggled in remembrance of that first embarrassing moment.

SINCE that test with Clark Gable, Conchita Montenegro has played in nine pictures: five English talking pictures, two French and two Spanish versions—quite a record for an eighteen-year-old miss who came to Hollywood a year ago, unable to speak a word of English! Her first English talking rôles were small, of course—bits in *Forward March, Singer of Seville, Way For a Sailor,* and *Strangers May Kiss.* But so industriously did she study English that she was rewarded with the rôle of leading lady in *Never the Twain Shall Meet,* her fifth English picture!

"When I first went into pictures," Conchita confessed, "the most difficult thing for me to do was to sit still, without moving or talking. It was very hard for me. I felt as though I must burst inside, because they would not let me run around or say anything. Now I am getting accustomed to it, but when I sit still without talking, too many things are going on inside my head and I am not happy until I can talk and run and laugh again."

Looking at Conchita, it is easy to see that she finds it difficult to be still. Her eyes dance as nimbly as her twinkling toes, her wit is sharp and ready, and her smile is friendly and comforting. Her black eyes are mischievous, yet sultry, with something in them hard to define—something quiet and restful, yet spirited; something, perhaps, handed down from the Dons, her forbears, who did things "for the fun of it." And who, when they decided to accomplish this or that—like little Conchita in her movie-star ambition—just went right ahead and came out on top.

Hollywood's Expert Fibbers

[*Continued from page* 30]

of a fine art is demonstrated by the fact that a new racket has sprung up in Paris: A bureau that will do your lying for you at so much per lie. If, for instance, you want to get out of a date at the last minute and that old gag about the car breaking down has become threadbare, the bureau will send a "sorry" telegram for you from some distant city. Or if you want to arrange an alibi for that little clandestine meeting with a blonde, that your wife or husband has heard about, the bureau will guarantee to tell a good story for you that will save you any embarrassment. They'll write letters for you, send telegrams or make telephone calls.

Hollywood would really have been the logical place to start such a Bureau, for if all the white lies that have been told in the film capital were laid end to end they would probably reach from Hollywood Boulevard to Hindustan.

OF THESE, the real classic was told by Jean Williams. Jean was a *Follies* girl and having heard that there was gold in the Hollywood hills she shook the Broadway dust from her feet and started westward ho. But Hollywood did not prove a bonanza to Jean. In vain she tried to pass the movie gates. Being a young lady with an imagination, however, she conceived a bright idea. She went to Pasadena, took a train back to Hollywood and *re-arrived*—this time with an intriguing Russian accent and a brand new name. She introduced herself as Sonia Karloff from the Soviet theatre in Russia. *Abacadabera!* As though she had waved a magic wand, studio doors swung open for her. She was admitted to the presence of Cecil de Mille. The director listened to the story of her triumphs on the Russian stage and forthwith signed her to an optional contract. It looked as though the ex-follies girl were headed for fame and fortune. And then, alas for erstwhile Sonia, someone unloosed the skeleton of her past. Hollywood laughed at the hoax. But Mr. deMille, somehow, failed to see anything funny in it, and the young lady's option was not taken up.

One of the most popular white lies to be told in any language is the kind you tell the traffic cop when he demands: "Where'd yuh think you're goin'? To a fire?"

And while Hollywood holds no exclusive rights on this variety of white lie, some of the fair daughters of the screen have shown ingenuity when it comes to thinking up fast ones.

Constance Bennett drives one of those talkative looking Cadillac Sixteens. Not so long ago she was crawling along the coast highway at about ninety miles an hour when the wail of a siren caused her to take a look at the speedometer.

"What's your hurry?" demanded the traffic officer when he finally caught up with her.

Connie looked up at him wide-eyed and cooed: "I'm meeting my mother in Tia Juana and I'm an hour late. She'll be worried to death about me."

And the funny thing is that the officer swallowed the story.

FRANCES DEE was not so lucky. She took a chance on dashing across an intersection after the second bell had rung. The officer whistled but Frances kept right on going . . . A few days later she made a personal appearance in traffic court, *by request.*

"Why didn't you stop when you heard the officer's whistle?" asked the judge.

"My mother always taught me not to

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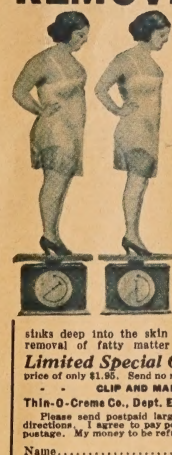

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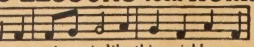

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Good and Good for You.

turn around when strangers whistled at me," explained Frances, naively.

But the palm, I think, should go to Bette Davis, that pretty youngster whom you saw recently in *Bad Sister*.

"I had two appointments," says Bette, "both of which were very important. The first one overlapped the second and I was so afraid I'd miss it that I ran across the street against the signal. That was in New York, where jaywalkers can be arrested. I was scarcely across the street when I heard the policeman's whistle and knew that I was in for it. He signaled to a man to grab me and when the officer came alongside and demanded to know what I meant by disobeying the signal, I pretended I was deaf and dumb and couldn't understand what he was saying. The more he talked the more helpless I looked. Finally he surveyed me skeptically and then with a shrug indicated that I could go on, and I heard him murmuring something to the effect that it was a crime that they permitted so many nuts to roam the streets."

I was talking with June Collyer the other day and she confessed that she had told a little white lie to George Arliss when he interviewed her about playing the rôle of Mrs. Reynolds in his new picture *Alexander Hamilton*.

"You know I've never played anything but ga-ga rôles," said June. "The character of Mrs. Reynolds calls for something of a vamp type. I wasn't at all sure that I could play it but when Mr. Arliss asked me if I were convinced that I was suited to play such a rôle, I looked him straight in the eye and said: 'I *know* I can play it.' And now it is up to me to make good on that little white lie."

John Boles confesses he lies "like a gentleman" whenever courtesy demands it. One of his most frequent whitewashed lies is to studio visitors who interrupt him between shots to ask for an autograph or to request that he sing for them. On such occasions John says: "I'd love to sing for you—if only I had an instrument." Or: "I'll be delighted to autograph a picture for you"—when all the time he knows that he ought to be rehearsing lines for the next scene and is inwardly annoyed by the interruption.

It's all part of the Hollywood game, this gentle art of prevarication and, getting back to where we started, I may be just an old cynic, but I have a strong suspicion that if George Washington had been an actor and had lived in Hollywood, that the legendary story of the cherry tree would have been somewhat different.

Your Star

[*Continued from page* 51]

judicial shoppers. They know where to buy, and how, and where to get the bargains. Virgo men, too, make splendid buyers and good bargainers. They have mastered the secret of economy.

Virgo folk are routined, methodical busy-bodies. They cannot loaf gracefully, nor spend money with that grand gesture of *noblesse oblige*.

Why speak about Virgo short-comings? They are quite obviously their good attributes carried to extreme: economy-miserliness; selectiveness; arrogance; criticism; fault-finding and cantankerousness; lack of sympathy, selfishness, self-centeredness, self-sufficiency, everything that begins with "self" except self-sacrifice. Our Virgo-brother is rarely very universal in his expression of love.

Isn't this a bed to be proud of? It is an antique, owned by Myrna Loy, seen above in the bedroom of her Beverly Hills home. She has a flair for rare old bits of furniture as well as modernistic art and furnishings

glory.

show will be on.

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We Will Pay $250.00 Just for a Girl's Name

COSTS NOTHING TO WIN

Nothing to Buy—Nothing to Sell—No Puzzles, "Lucky Numbers" or "Guessing Contests" to Win This Cash Prize

JUST SUGGEST A GIRL'S NAME

Here's an amazing opportunity to win a big cash prize for just a moment's time. Simply send us a name for this beautiful society girl—a name that you think would sound nice in a Magazine advertisement. We have chosen this society girl to sponsor a new line of Beauty Preparations. Her picture will appear in all advertisements. But because of her social position she cannot use her real name. We must have a new name to feature wherever her picture is shown in advertising. . . . We are going to pay a big cash prize just for a winning name. Think of a name—send it to us TODAY—Win $250.00 cash and qualify for an opportunity to *win further prizes of $2,600.00 or Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and $1,100.00 Cash for promptness* in the simple way we show you. See rules below.

YOU CAN'T LOSE

Nothing to lose—costs nothing to win. Nothing to buy or to sell to get the cash prize for naming this society beauty. It is easy to think of a name. Some name that may flash into your mind this very instant may win the prize. It doesn't have to be a fancy name—maybe one of your friends' names would be the very one we want. Just some simple name like Helen Biller or Mary Lee may be chosen as the prize winner. Don't let this opportunity slip through your fingers. Think of a name NOW—send it TODAY.

JUST SENDING A NAME QUALIFIES YOU FOR OPPORTUNITY TO

Win $2,600.00 or Buick 8 Sedan and $1,100.00 for Promptness

THESE PEOPLE SAY...

"Easy to WIN"

Wins Four Cars

Howard L. Adams, Penn., says it is easy to win. In 26 months he has won four cars from us besides many other prizes and cash returns as high as $200.00 in a week.

Builds Home With Prize

Viola Lauder, Oregon, was destitute. She suggested a name for our toilet soap and built a new home with her prize.

Over $1,450.00 in Prizes

Wilbur Skiles, Pa., writes, "So far I have won over $1,450.00 in prizes and special awards."

Hundreds of Other Winners. Now Is Your Opportunity—Act Today

This huge prize is *Extra* and *in addition* to the cash prize for the Society Girl's name. No wonder we say that here is your opportunity to win a fortune. Think of it! $2,600.00 all cash or a big Buick 8 cylinder Sedan and $1,100.00 in cash besides—all coming to you at once! Many work a lifetime without ever getting together such a magnificent sum. Hundreds of prizes—over $4,300.00 in cash will be given in this huge prize distribution. Some yet unknown person is going to win a fortune—why not you? You have just as good a chance as anyone. *Every single person who takes an active part will be rewarded in cash.* Just send a name suggestion to qualify for this opportunity of a lifetime—nothing more to do to qualify. But act at once—remember $1,100.00 Extra is given for promptness.

SEND NO MONEY

You don't have to send any money—you don't have to buy anything or sell anything to win the Name Prize. Just send the first name you think of—it may be a winner—it has just as good a chance as any. But do it NOW! Rush letter with name suggestion or send coupon at once. I will answer at once giving you all the details and telling you just how you stand in the distribution of $4,300.00 cash prizes. Here may be the means of making you financially independent for life.

TED ADAMS, Manager
906 Sycamore St., Dept. 3065-JJ, Cincinnati, Ohio

NAMING CONTEST RULES

Contest open to everyone except employees of our company. Only one name may be submitted. Sending more than one name will cause all names sent by you to be thrown out. Prize of $250.00 will be awarded to one name of all those submitted. In case of duplicate winning names, duplicate prizes will be given. Contest closes October 15, 1931. Every person sending name qualifies for opportunity to win $2,600.00 or Buick 8 Sedan and $1,100.00 cash for promptness. Use the coupon or write letter for all details.

COUPON

TED ADAMS, Manager
906 Sycamore St., Dept. 3065-JJ, Cincinnati, Ohio
My suggestion for the Society Girl's Name is:.....

.....

My Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

I am interested in winning $2,600.00. Rush me all information and tell me how I stand.

TANGEE

the world's most famous Lipstick

YOUR search for the elusive lipstick of just the right shade is over! For TANGEE blends with every type perfectly. It is a lipstick of infinite shades, depending upon your own complexion. Apply TANGEE and see its marvelous change of color!

TANGEE is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips . . . and blends with your own natural, individual coloring whether you are dark or fair or Titian-haired.

TANGEE leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. It is non-drying, non-greasy, and permanent! And because of its unique solidified cream base it actually soothes, softens and protects!

New! *Tangee* Theatrical, *a special dark shade of Tangee* Lipstick *and* Rouge Compact *for professional and evening use.*

TANGEE LIPSTICK, $1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75c . . . Crême Rouge, $1. TANGEE FACE POWDER, soft and clinging, blended to match your natural skin tones, $1. TANGEE NIGHT CREAM, for both cleansing and nourishing, $1. TANGEE DAY CREAM, to protect the skin and as a powder base, $1. TANGEE COSMETIC, a new "mascara," does not smart the eyes, used also for tinting the hair, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up")

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ScreenBook Magazine

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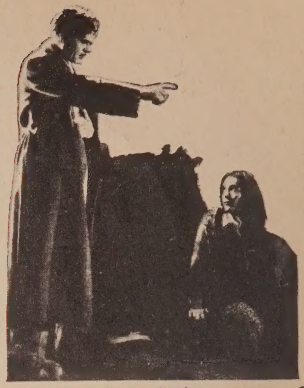
Irene Dunn
by
Edwin Bower Hesser

Has Scandal Beaten Clara Bow?

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Master of Spectacular Productions presents his Greatest Dramatic Triumph!



TWO WOMEN LOVED HIM

His wife and the wife of another—the woman who gave up everything for him—and the woman for whom he gave up everything.

The first saved his life twice—and twice he drove her away. The second told him she never wanted to see him again—yet she crossed half the world to find him.

FATE BRANDED HIM A THIEF

AND THEN MADE HIM AN ENGLISH PEER! . . . He was an officer and a gentleman. To him honor meant more than anything else—more than friends, country, or life itself...And yet he accepted dishonor to save the honor of his enemy. He left England's life of luxury for America's wildest West—but England sought him out, and fate made him a peer of the realm!

TWO FORCES SWAYED HIM

"I'm just a woman who loves you," his goddess had said, "wanting terribly to play fair." And her eyes pleaded with him to help her . . .

What should he do? . . . His honor commanded, "Go!" His love whispered, "Stay!" Two fates called—but only one could be answered... As man of mystery, he comes to America's frontier of fate and fortune—where he battles racketeers—where he defies the law at pistol point—until destiny plays an unexpected ace!

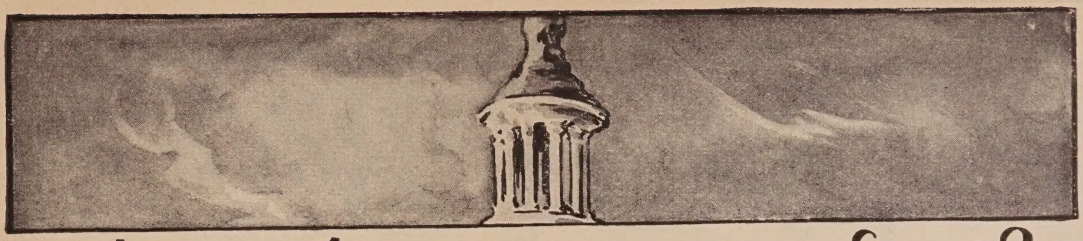
A THRILLING ALL STAR CAST

With such distinguished players as WARNER BAXTER, LUPE VELEZ, ELEANOR BOARDMAN, CHARLES BICKFORD and ROLAND YOUNG, this epic drama is made the sensational love-adventure film of the year... Directed by the master hand of the screen's greatest director—

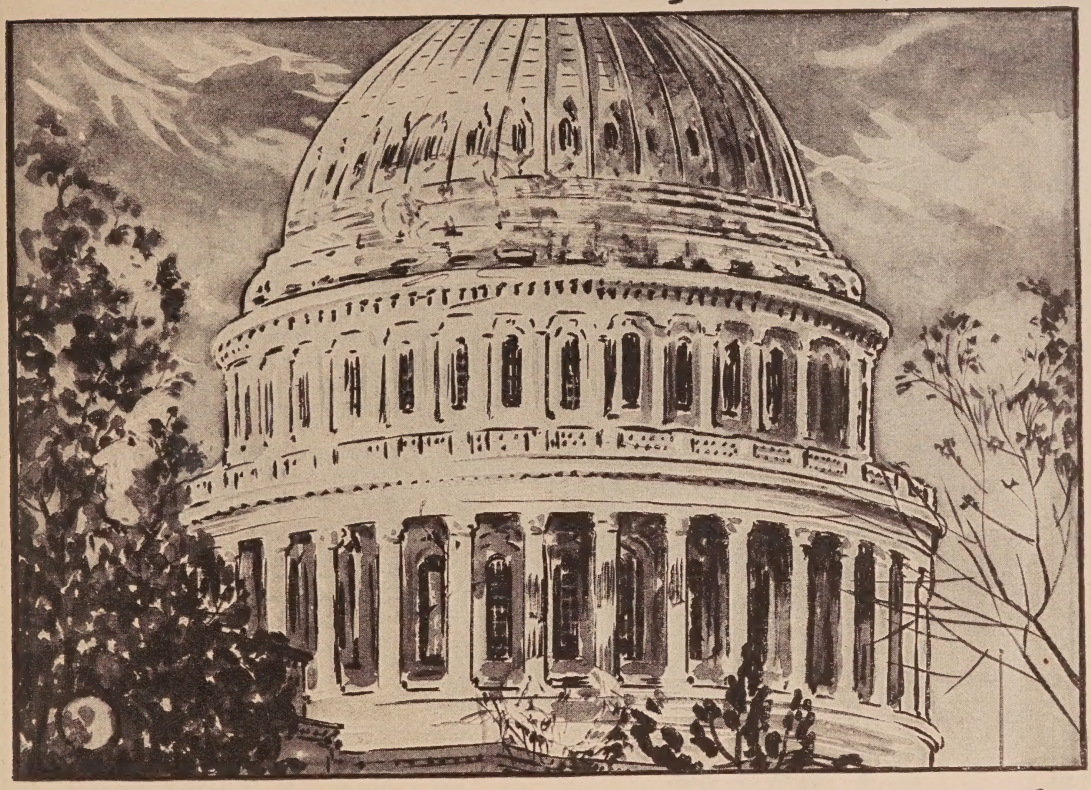
CECIL B. DE MILLE

WARNER BAXTER IN THE SQUAW MAN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER *Picture*



—how clever are your Eyes?



Can You Qualify to Win $4,000.00 Cash?

LOOK sharp! Dim visions of six of our greatest presidents are carefully hidden in this picture. CAN YOU FIND THREE OR MORE OF THEM? They are so dim as to be actually lost to the sight of all but the sharpest and cleverest eyes. As a test of your eligibility to win the highest prize of four thousand dollars, we ask that you find at least three of them. There is no other cost but time and postage. To see them, it may be necessary for you to turn this picture upside down or sideways, so scrutinize it closely from every possible angle. They may be on the dome of the capitol itself, in the clouds, lurking near the pillars, among the trees, or most anywhere. We want to find out if you are sincerely interested in our product. This $14,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes will be given and every one of the fifteen big prize winners will receive a beautiful new automobile or its full value in cash. This is a tremendous offer — you can win as much as $4000.00 cash. Even the smallest prize is $515.00 cash. On simple evidence of promptness, the first prize winner will receive $2,400.00 cash as an extra reward just for being quick! Think of that! Now look sharp! Can you see at least three visions of the hidden presidents? If your eyes are clever enough to find three or more of them, cut out only the faces and send to me with your name and address. Someone who has sharp, clever eyes to qualify and is quick, can win four thousand dollars. It might as well be you. If you pass this test, are quick and make the prize winning standing, this offer will bring you a prize of four thousand dollars in cash. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. Answers can be accepted only from persons living in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago.

A. S. WEILBY, Free Prize Director,

Dept. 102 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Screen Book Magazine

H. FREDERICK GARDENER, Executive Editor

VOLUME VII | NOVEMBER, 1931 | NUMBER 4

COMPLETE MOVIE NOVELET

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From Chester Morris' thrilling new screen drama

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IMPORTANT NOTICE!

DUE to the fact that the editors of SCREEN BOOK, wishing to give their readers speedier service in the publication of news items from Hollywood, have found it necessary to advance the date of the magazine's appearance on the news-stand, this issue of SCREEN BOOK comes to you under a November dateline. Actually, it is a combination of our October and November issues, containing an increased amount of timely reading matter.

December SCREEN BOOK will reach you on the twenty-third of October. Already, the new SCREEN BOOK has gained many thousands of new readers. Now, with sixteen more pages, and the enlistment of Hollywood's foremost writers, we are enabled to offer movie fans an even more entertaining magazine. Watch for the December issue—it's full of surprises!

THE EDITORS.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Capt. ROSCOE FAWCETT,
General Manager

CARL A. SCHROEDER,
Assistant Editor

MARCELLA BURKE,
Western Editor

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The MARX BROTHERS

Stars of
"THE COCOANUTS" *and*
"ANIMAL CRACKERS"

Directed by Norman McLeod

in "MONKEY BUSINESS"

Celebrate Paramount's 20th Birthday Jubilee!

•

Paramount is celebrating 20 years of leadership with the greatest pictures in its history! Watch for "24 HOURS," "A FAREWELL TO ARMS," "NO ONE MAN," "LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER" And such stars as HAROLD LLOYD, GEORGE BANCROFT, MARLENE DIETRICH, RUTH CHATTERTON and others in the greatest pictures of their careers!

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N.Y.

LAUGHING days are here again! With that famous frenzied foursome, The Marx Brothers, in a new madhouse of merriment—"MONKEY BUSINESS." It's the first of the great pictures in Paramount Jubilee Month—September—when leading theatres everywhere will feature Paramount Pictures. Watch for announcements. *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

Paramount Pictures

Hollywood Briefs

Short cuts to the latest interesting facts about Movieland

Pals of the pedals are Jobyna Ralston, Frances Dee, Richard Arlen, Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes. The five famous members of the Cyclists' Club live at Toluca Lake, near Hollywood, and often desert their limousines for the two-wheelers for exercise and amusement

Ach Du Leiber Seiber

IN HOLLYWOOD it's predestined that he'll be known as Mr. Mar-lay-na Dietrich, but just the same the daddy of Marlene's baby girl has a name and a personality of his own. He's young, very blond, husky, and a wee bit actorish. His name is Rudolph Seiber, and, when interviewed about friend wife, he confined his remarks to her skill in the culinary art of preparing *gedampte rinderbrust* 'n' things. To hear Rudy tell it, Marlene wields a mean skillet. In a nice way.

Hale, Hale!

CREDIT Alan Hale with the crack to the youngster who was sticking too close to the side of a film star ingénue—that is, before she was married. "Only God can make a tree," quoth Alan, "so how does a mug like you expect to make twelve?"

Catch on?

Dorothy Dix, selected for the Educational *Torchy* comedies, will bring the inimitable *Vee* back to the screen. The rôle has been the stepping stone to fame for half a dozen film favorites, and we predict a brilliant future for the delightful Dorothy, Hollywood's "Personality Girl"

Mary's Lam

MARY BRIAN has lammed over to Universal from Paramount. She'll have the lead in *The Spirit of Notre Dame*—which isn't a sequel to *The Hunchback*.

Fidler's Green?

DOROTHY (RKO) LEE divorced Jimmy Fidler after only a few months of wedded bliss, alleging the press-agent was "crooel." Not enough publicity? Or too much?

Realism Or Phoney?

A SHOT recently screened purported to be the interior of a speak-easy—and was. But everyone thought it was a fake because the "atmosphere" seemed too real, and the bums looked like bums instead of actors. And what's the difference?

Got His First

YOU'LL agree that many a scenarist and writer of movie tales deserves to get life. But the author of *Ladies of the Big House*, according to Paramount, is a lifer in Folsom Prison. So he has nothing further to fear.

In Person

BOTH Raquel Torres and Jean Harlow are getting ready for vaudeville tours. Better have those asbestos curtains overhauled.

New Belle Rings

AS PREDICTED here, Dorothy Hall is the new rave of Hollywood. Not only has Dorothy knocked 'em dead in the stage show, *The Greeks Had a Word For It*, but she and her wealthy husband are staging the sort of entertainment dear to Hollywood's heart. Moreover, Dorothy is clever enough to rave over California like a true native daughter. Just watch the movie contracts flock to this blonde who is as clever as she is beautiful and as popular as she is talented.

Price Of Scotch Up

JEANETTE MacDONALD, the canny Scotch lass, got her release from a Fox movie contract and sailed for Europe to do a series of concerts at the rate of $5,500 a week. There may be green in the MacDonald plaid, but there's none in her eye.

Denial

MARIE DRESSLER and Polly Moran deny that they will appear among the year's Wampas Baby Stars. This leaves Marjorie Rambeau alone as Hollywood's most popular ingénue.

Fifty-Fifty

TRANSATLANTIC travel notes indicate that while Lotti Loder, the German import, departs for the Vaterland, Lil Dagovar, the new discovery from Deutschland, will be on hand to hail Hollywood. You can't say that the Warners don't try.

Dual Personality?

ROLAND WEST may call his United Artists *Corsair* star Alison Lloyd, but over on the Hal Roach lot she'll remain Thelma Todd. And in either event she's one of Hollywood's most beautiful sirens. In putting Alison in *Corsair*, Roland wanted

[*Continued on page 62*]

H. B. WARNER

MARIAN MARSH

ANTHONY BUSHELL

GEORGE E. STONE

FRANCES STARR

Ona Munson : Robert Elliott

Directed by
MERVYN LeROY

FIVE STAR FINAL

Frank! Powerful! Realistic! A heart-stirring cross-section of modern life that fairly hammers on the emotions . . . . . A sweeping drama of pathos and passion — betrothal and betrayal — honor and hypocrisy — with lives and loves sacrificed to the Juggernaut of newspaper circulation . . . . . Greatest picture of the year — with the outstanding screen actor of the day, and a powerful supporting cast. « « « «

with the most versatile actor on the screen today..

Edw. G. ROBINSON

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

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Frankly Speaking

About Hollywood and the Movies

A FAMOUS stage star once told me that he always dreaded the interval between the final curtain of a "first night" and the edition of the first newspapers criticizing his performance. He had studied stage craft for nearly forty years, but he admitted that he could never feel absolutely certain of the audience reaction to his work.

Now that the first issue of the new SCREEN BOOK Magazine has reached its readers, its editorial staff can sympathize with that actor. Like him, we are anxiously awaiting the verdict of our readers, who are the only critics that really count.

How do you like it?

Let Us Know

WE DECIDED to carry only one fictionized scenario in each issue. We feel that the majority of motion picture magazine readers are more interested in up-to-the-minute news, gossip and articles about their favorite stars than they are in the plot of a picture which will soon be shown in their neighborhood theatre. Are we right in thinking that? How about it, SCREEN BOOK readers?

Of course, it's impossible to please everyone. An editor can only hope to please the great majority. We are trying, in SCREEN BOOK, to strike an ideal balance between authentic production news, frank, unbiased reviews, attractive art pages and timely, well-written feature stories by the best Hollywood authors.

Your preferences are ours. Why not write us a straight from the shoulder letter and let us know your wishes?

Garbo Was Afraid

A SIDE light on the character of Greta Garbo recently was revealed to a summer camp colony in the high Sierras. Garbo stayed one night alone in a cabin. The next morning she hastily packed up and went hurrying down the trail, to return a day or so later with a husky girl friend. It turned out that Garbo had heard a pack train coming in during the night and, probably having visions of spooks, wanted company.

The public sees in Garbo a very haughty, cold and indifferent young woman. Actually, she is very human and just as full of feminine whims as her less glorified sisters.

All's Not Gold

IF YOU are planning to hop a train and hit for Hollywood to try your luck in the movies, take a tip from those in the know and stay at home for awhile, where you can always eat at mealtime and the motto is not "Sorry, nothing today."

Things have been pretty desperate in the land of flickering shadows this past season, with only a few of the hungering horde of extras cashing in on weekly checks. A recent report shows that only an average of 584 of "the mob" are used daily—and that isn't many considering the fact that there are 18,000 praying for a break. Those in the know say that no boy or girl should say farewell to the home town and break for Hollywood without having at least a thousand of Uncle Sam's good old dollars to keep the wolf from starving to death at the door for at least a year. We say, "Ditto."

Joan's Ambition

WAY back in 1917, before prohibish', talkies, depression and French style hats, a little girl by the name of Lucille Le Seur, living in Kansas City, penned a letter to Pauline Frederick, then sovereign queen of the movies. She said: "You are my favorite of all actresses. I think you are wonderful. Will you please send me a picture of yourself?"

Only a few years later, that same little girl became a favorite dancer in Chicago and New York night clubs. Then Hollywood beckoned, and Lucille jumped to the hectic land of movies. She saw thousands of others like herself. She worked hard and became a brilliant star. Now she is appearing in a picture with the same woman she worshipped as a child. *This Modern Age* is the picture, with Lucille Le Seur, now Joan Crawford, as the star and Pauline Frederick in a minor rôle. Who said that dreams never come true?

Real Nerve

IN CASE you are inclined to believe that our movie folk are the spineless type of human beings, we present the following episode which, so help us, is the real truth:

When Joan Bennett was tossed from a horse during the filming of *She Wanted a Millionaire,* she lay on the ground for many minutes with only scant medical aid, because she wouldn't go to the nearest hospital but insisted on being taken to the Cedars of Lebanon. Finally, an ambulance arrived and Joan, suffering a fracture of the pelvis and vertebrae, was whizzed to the hospital, wise-cracking about her fall all the way. No courage, no backbone in Hollywood? What do you think?

H. Frederick Gardener

Executive Editor

UP YOUR STREET...

...a woman unfaithful

...tongues wagging neighbors pointing

...a girl... she knows her mother is wronging her father yet defends her...for she understands

This happens on any day UP YOUR STREET... on any Street... in any city...

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
presents

"STREET SCENE"

A United Artists Picture with

SYLVIA SIDNEY - ESTELLE TAYLOR - WILLIAM COLLIER, Jr.

Directed by King Vidor from Elmer Rice's play of the same name

As a play "Street Scene" won the Pulitzer Prize; ran for two solid years on Broadway and played every important city in America!

As Samuel Goldwyn's outstanding contribution to the screen it is even greater than the stage play, combining as it does all the terrific heart appeal of his success "Stella Dallas", with the dramatic sweep of King Vidor's "Big Parade".

Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Guide for Motion-Picture Theatre-Goers

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture:
AAAA—Excellent; AAA—Good; AA—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AAA. **BAD GIRL**—(Fox)—The human, convincing story of a girl who loved too well. Sally Eilers, in the title rôle, marries, and her struggle and preparation for her child make this picture one of outstanding merit. James Dunn, Mina Gombell and Frank Darien do good work.

AA. **BOUGHT**—(Warner Brothers)—A rather weak, unconvincing drama glorifying the tarnished ladies. Constance Bennett plays the snobbish girl who is betrayed by her lover. Richard Bennett and Ben Lyon give excellent characterization and do much to redeem a mediocre story.

AAA. **THE BRAT**—(Fox)—A very human story of a little street gamin who breaks into society. Sally O'Neil gives a fine performance which will re-establish her popularity. Frank Albertson deserves credit for his excellent acting.

AA. **DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON**—(Paramount)—Although marked by the fascinating acting of Anna May Wong and Sessue Hayakawa, *Daughter of the Dragon* is too overloaded with gun-play, knives, shadows and secret doors for the good of the story. We just can't believe it.

AAA. **THE GAY DIPLOMAT**—(Radio Pictures)—Revealing the methods of international spies, Ivan Lebedeff definitely establishes himself as a new type of hero in the rôle of Captain Orloff. Genevieve Tobin and Betty Compson are co-featured.

Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontaine, the famous co-stars of the New York Theatre Guild, make their screen début in *The Guardsman*, an hilarious comedy drama that is among the year's best

AAAA. **THE GUARDSMAN**—(M-G-M)—A very naughty, very sophisticated screen play in which Alfred Lunt disguises himself as a soldier and becomes his wife's lover. Lynne Fontaine, co-starred as the wife, gives an excellent performance. Roland Young and ZaSu Pitts handle their small parts with finesse. Adult audiences will enjoy this superlative comedy-drama.

AAAA. **GUILTY HANDS**—(M-G-M)—Lionel Barrymore gives one of the most inspired portrayals ever brought to the screen in this sombre, thought-provoking screen masterpiece which deals with the questionable right of a man to take justice in his own hands and commit murder in order to protect his family. Madge Evans, Kay Francis and William Bakewell do the best work of their respective careers.

AA. **HOMICIDE SQUAD**—(Universal)—Only the fine work of Leo Carillo speaks for this gangster thriller which is like a dozen others. Mary Brian and Russell Gleason are little better than fair.

AAA. **HONEYMOON LANE**—(Paramount)—Don't miss the inimitable Eddie Dowling in this corking comedy. Noah Beery, as the deep-dyed villain, June Collyer and Raymond Hatton do much to make the picture a laughing success.

AAAA. **HUCKLEBERRY FINN**—(Paramount)—Junior Durkin, Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green bring Mark Twain's immortal classic of childhood to life in one of the best "kid pictures" ever produced. Every audience will love this quaint triumph.

AAAA. **MERELY MARY ANN**—(Fox)—Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor at their delightful best in a whimsical romance that affords a welcome deviation from the erotic sex-stories and gangster melodramas that have been flooding the screen. Both stars contribute near-perfect performances and the supporting cast is unusually well chosen.

AAAA. **MONKEY BUSINESS**—(Paramount)—The Four Marx Brothers, as dizzy as usual, begin the fun making on the high seas and end it in a brewery. Net result, one of the most hilarious laugh riots of the year. Thelma Todd and Helen Hall supply the feminine touch very satisfactorily.

AA. **THE MONSTER KILLS**—(Tiffany)—A blood-freezer in which five persons are murdered in rapid succession. Hale Hamilton, Aileen Pringle and Alice White are featured.

AAAA. **PALMY DAYS**—(United Artists)—Eddie Cantor is at his funniest in this delightful filmusical. Charlotte Greenwood is runner-up for laugh-getting honors and Barbara Weeks does good work in a romantic rôle. This picture should do much toward restoring the popularity of musical productions.

AAA. **THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE**—(Warner Brothers)—William Powell, in a tropic romance, wins Doris Kenyon away from an indifferent husband. Humor and drama combine to make this an exceptionally good picture. Marian Marsh sets a precedence for fine work.

AA. **SALVATION NELL**—(James Cruze Production)—Just another of the old stencil-favorites. Helen Chandler, Ralph Graves and Sally O'Neil carry on in a hopeless task of finding salvation in Tambourines. A poor story which expert direction could not save.

Lionel Barrymore again offers proof of his great histrionic genius—this time in *Guilty Hands*, a gruesome but tremendously powerful social drama. Kay Francis portrays an important rôle

AAA. **SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK**—(M-G-M)—A subtle mixture of humor and pathos is this latest Buster Keaton comedy. Buster, as the lovable, well-meaning fool, is accredited with his finest work to date. Anita Page, Cliff Edwards, and an excellent supporting cast make this a thoroughly enjoyable comedy.

AAA. **SILENCE**—(Paramount)—Emotionally powerful is this story of a man who prefers to die rather than to reveal the truth about a murder. Clive Brook brilliantly portrays a broken jail-bird in the later sequences of the story. Peggy Shannon is excellent as the girl.

AAAA. **SPORTING BLOOD**—(M-G-M)—The biography of a horse, cleverly intertwined with a very appealing human love story. Clark Gable, as the roulette dealer, Madge Evans, as his mistress, and Lew Cody, as the broken-down race track sport, give exceptionally fine performances, but "Tommy Boy," the horse, takes the stellar honors.

AAA. **STAR WITNESS**—(Warner Brothers)—Tired of gang pictures? You won't be when you see Walter Huston and Chic Sales vie for honors in this story of an innocent family put on the spot by gangsters. Sally Blane and Frances Starr are in the cast.

AAAA. **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE**—(M-G-M)—So superb is the acting of Greta Garbo in this sombre drama that it will undoubtedly rank high among the year's outstanding pictures. The plot deals with the seduction of an unfortunate farm girl, her subse-

[*Continued on page 12*]

WHAT! NO DRESSING?

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Fractious freshmen, superior sophs and captivating co-eds in a fast and furious college comedy.

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Eddie Cantor and Charlotte Greenwood in *Palmy Days*, a riotous, nonsensical comedy that offers a continuous succession of laughs, clever songs and elaborate chorus numbers. It's a knockout!

[*Continued from page* 10]

quent career as a mercenary courtesan, and her final struggle to regain the affection of her first lover. The strange coldness of Clark Gable, who appears opposite the star, is the picture's one most noticeable flaw. The remainder of the supporting cast, which includes Jean Hersholt, Alan Hale, John Miljan and Hale Hamilton, is excellent

AA. **WOMEN GO ON FOREVER**—(James Cruze Production)—Clara Kimball Young, Marian Nixon and Paul Page in a melodramatic hodge-podge about life in a boarding house. Maurice Murphy, as the blind boy, is sensitive and appealing. Hardly fair.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE**—(Fox)—Jeanette MacDonald's best picture to date is this rollicking comedy drama in which Victor McLaglen plays the male lead.

AAAA. **ALEXANDER HAMILTON** — (Warner Brothers)—One of the finest historical dramas ever screened. The story is excellent and the players, particularly the star, George Arliss, give superb performances. Doris Kenyon, June Collyer and Dudley Diggs have important rôles.

AAAA. **AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY**—(Paramount)—A grim, gruesome drama of great power, culminating in the execution of a murderer. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney are superb in the leading rôles.

AA. **BAD SISTER**—(Universal)—The story of a good and bad sister with the usual complication. Slightly above average. Directed by Hobart Henley.

AA. **BEHIND OFFICE DOORS**—(Radio Pictures)—A rather spiritless drama of *The Office Wife* type with Mary Astor and Robert Ames in the leads.

AAA. **THE BLACK CAMEL**—(Fox)—Another of the "Charlie Chan" mystery stories, with Warner Oland playing the Oriental sleuth. Sally Eilers and Bela Lugosi are featured.

AAA. **BODY AND SOUL** — (Fox) — Charles Farrell's best picture since *Seventh Heaven* is this wartime aviation drama. It also marks the American début of Elissa Landi.

AA. **BORN TO LOVE**—(Radio-Pathé)—Constance Bennett as a war nurse and the mother of a nameless child. A rather complicated situation but it ends well. Directed by Paul Sloane.

AAA. **BROADMINDED** — (Warner Brothers) —A laugh panic with the inimitable Joe E. Brown indulging in his craziest capers. Don't miss this one.

AA. **CAPTAIN APPLEJACK**—(Warner Bros.) —A weak story that might go over with juvenile audiences. Directed by Hobart Henley.

AAA. **CAUGHT**—(Paramount)—A remarkably fine, almost inspired, performance by Louise Dresser, who is cast in the rôle of that lawless and picturesque pioneer, "Calamity Jane," saves this Richard Arlen western from mediocrity. Tom Kennedy and Frances Dee have important rôles.

AA. **CAUGHT PLASTERED**—(Radio Pictures)—Better than average gag comedy with Wheeler and Woolsey, assisted by Dorothy Lee, providing the laughs. It's dizzy but very enjoyable.

AAA. **CHANCES**—(First National)—A somewhat disappointing love triangle laid against a World War background. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Rose Hobart and Anthony Bushell are excellent.

AAA. **CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON**—(Fox)—Warner Oland solves the mystery of untold murders and gallons of blood. Good old hokum. Hamilton MacFadden directed.

AA. **CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED**—(Paramount)—Another of the interminable "Flaming Youth" pictures that lack conviction. Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney and Norman Foster are as excellent as the plot permits.

AAAA. **CIMARRON** — (Radio Pictures) — Richard Dix does some of the best work of his career in this Edna Ferber story. See it by all means.

AAAA. **CITY STREETS**—(Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney in an exceptionally clever gangster picture. Beer-runners, machine guns and everything.

AA. **THE CONQUERING HORDE**—(Paramount)—Richard Arlen proves a noble cowboy in this above average Western story. Directed by Edward Sloman.

AAA. **THE CRIMINAL CODE**—(Columbia) —Easily the best of the prison dramas, this grim offering should find great fan favor. Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes are excellent.

AAAA. **DADDY LONG LEGS** — (Fox) — A whimsical, "Cinderella type" romance that seems made to order for Janet Gaynor. Warner Baxter gives a fine performance in the male lead.

Sidewalks of New York, just completed at M-G-M, is the best Buster Keaton comedy since the advent of the talkies. Cliff Edwards, cast as a comic gangster baron, does much to help the fun along

Ben Lyon and Constance Bennett share whatever honors can be found in *Bought*, a trite, disappointing picture based on the age-old theme of marriage for money versus marriage for true love

AAA. **DAYBREAK**—(Metro)—A typical Ramon Novarro starring vehicle, highly romantic and colorful but handicapped by an unconvincing plot. Helen Chandler and Jean Hersholt head the supporting cast.

AAAA. **DIRIGIBLE**—(Columbia) — The best of the Jack Holt-Ralph Graves melodramas is this enthralling story of an aerial race to the south pole.

AA. **DOCTOR'S WIVES** — (Fox) — Warner Baxter as a doctor and Joan Bennett as his jealous wife try to make something of this but it is weak. Directed by Frank Borzage.

AAA. **DOORWAY TO HELL** — (Warner, talkie)—Lew Ayres is the young gangster who finds it isn't so easy to quit the racket. Dorothy Mathews is the girl of the piece. Archie Mayo directed.

AAA. **DRACULA**—(Universal)—The story of the most horrible vampire in Central Europe loses none of its horror and hair-raising thrills on the screen. Bela Lugosi plays the vampire and Helen Chandler his pretty victim. Directed by Tod Browning.

AA. **DUDE RANCH**—(Paramount) — Jack Oakie at his funny best, ably supported by Mitzi Green and Eugene Pallette in a story apropos of the title.

AAAA. **EAST LYNNE**—(Fox)—Ann Harding and Clive Brook manage to make something of this old timer. It is the old hokum slightly dressed up. Fair. Directed by Frank Lloyd.

AAA. **EAST OF BORNEO** — (Universal) — Love and adventure in the jungles of a Malayan island afford rich entertainment in this melodramatic offering. Charles Bickford, Rose Hobart and Lupita Tovar are featured.

AAA. **ESCAPE**—(Radio Pictures)—A finely directed, excellently acted talkie based on Galsworthy's play about a man who could escape from prison—but not from himself. Sir Gerald Du Maurier stars. Basil Dean directed.

AAA. **EVERYTHING'S ROSY**—(Radio Pictures)—Robert Woolsey as a side show charlatan and patent medicine vendor contributes his most hilarious bit of work to date.

AAA. **EX-BAD BOY**—(Universal) — An uproarious, enjoyable farce which hinges on one momentous question—did the small town's bashful paint salesman have a torrid love affair in Hollywood with Letta Larbo, the screen star? Robert Armstrong and Lola Lane are excellent.

AA. **EXPENSIVE WOMEN** — (Warner Brothers)—Dolores Costello's return to the screen

[*Continued on page* 14]

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You Can't Go Wrong on SCREEN BOOK Reviews

[*Continued from page* 12]

in this underworld drama is unfortunate, for, through no fault of hers, the picture is dull and draggy. Warren William heads the supporting cast.

AAAA. **THE FINGER POINTS** — (First National)—Dick Barthelmess in another reporter-gangster picture. Directed by John Francis Dillon.

AAA. **FIVE AND TEN** — (Metro) — Marion Davies gives the best performance of her career in this unusually entertaining society drama. Leslie Howard, Kent Douglass and Irene Rich have important parts.

AAAA. **FIVE STAR FINAL** — (Warner Brothers)—This thrilling, melodramatic story of the newspaper "game" is one of the year's best pictures, perfectly enacted by a well-balanced cast which includes Edward G. Robinson, Marian Marsh, H. B. Warner, Francis Starr and George E. Stone.

AAA. **THE FLAME OF LOVE**—(British International, talkie)—Anna May Wong is featured in this British talkie which involves the Russian army. Richard Eighberg directed.

AAAA. **A FREE SOUL** — (Metro) — Distinguished by a powerful plot and unusually brilliant performances by Lionel Barrymore, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable, this picture can truthfully be called great entertainment.

AAAA. **FRONT PAGE** — (Caddo) — The best newspaper story of all time. See it twice and enjoy it each time. Stars Adolphe Menjou. Directed by Lewis Milestone.

AAA. **GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN**—(Warner Bros.)—A screaming farce starring Frank Fay. One of his best to date. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

AA. **GOLDIE**—(Fox)—This rough and ready drama of the waterfronts is cut out by the same pattern that was used for the Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen comedies. Spencer Tracy, Warren Hymer and Jean Harlow head the cast.

AA. **THE GREAT LOVER** — (Metro) — In spite of their excellent performances, Adolphe Menjou, Irene Dunne, Ernest Torrence and Olga Baclanova are unable to redeem the trite plot of this picture, which is based on the life of a libertine opera star.

AA. **GUN SMOKE** — (Paramount) — Richard Arlen and Mary Brian in a wild and woolly shoot 'em up Western. Fairly interesting.

AAAA. **HELL'S ANGELS** — (Caddo) — The best of all the wartime aviation thrillers. Don't miss this spectacular production. Jean Harlow, Ben Lyon and James Hall share the histrionic laurels.

Despite the fact that the picture itself is grossly overdrawn and very improbable, Anna May Wong and Sessue Hayakawa score great personal triumphs in *Daughter of the Dragon*, an exotic mystery play

With Leslie Howard as her leading man and chief rival for acting laurels, Ann Harding contributes a performance in *Alias Mrs. Halifax* which equals in every respect her superb portrayal in *Holiday*

AA. **HUSH MONEY**—(Fox)—The story of a girl who steps from gangland into society and a blackmail plot. Joan Bennett and Owen Moore are satisfactory.

AAAA. **INSPIRATION**—(Metro)—A triumph for Greta Garbo, who appears in the rôle of a self-sacrificing Parisian courtesan and artists' model. Robert Montgomery and a distinguished supporting cast help things along.

AA. **IRON MAN** — (Universal) — Lew Ayres badly cast as a pugilist but the supporting cast hold him up and make an entertaining picture. Directed by Tod Browning.

AA. **I TAKE THIS WOMAN**—(Paramount)—This unconvincing picture cannot be highly rated but it does offer a few sparkling moments. Gary Cooper as the rough and ready cowboy, and Carole Lombard as the spoiled society darling are better than their rôles deserve.

AAA. **KICK IN** — (Paramount) — Clara Bow makes good as a dramatic actress. A very satisfying drama with an excellent cast. Directed by Richard Wallace.

AAA. **LADIES' MAN**—(Paramount) — Entertaining, though somewhat sordid drama with William Powell portraying a modern love pirate.

AA. **LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE**—(Universal)—The story is trite, but those who are tired of over-dialogued society dramas, will welcome this fast-moving "meller" of the cattle country. Leo Carillo, Dorothy Burgess and John Mack Brown are featured.

AAA. **LAUGH AND GROW RICH**—(Radio Pictures)—Dorothy Lee, Hugh Herbert and Edna Mae Oliver in a not too funny comedy.

AAA. **LAUGHTER** — (Paramount) — Nancy Carroll is the girl who marries for money instead of for love. Fredric March and Frank Morgan have important rôles. H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast directed.

AAA. **THE LAWYER'S SECRET**—(Paramount)—Despite its hackneyed story and improbable situations, this melodrama offers great entertainment. Clive Brook, Fay Wray, Jean Arthur, Richard Arlen and Charles Rogers head the cast.

AAAA. **LIGHTNIN'** — (Fox)—The whimsical Will Rogers in a side-plitting comedy featuring the Reno divorce colony. Adapted from the stage classic of the same title.

AAAA. **LITTLE CAESAR**—(First National)—A tense, exciting melodrama of gangland with Edward G. Robinson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., giving great performances.

AAAA. **THE MAD GENIUS**—(Warner Bros.)—John Barrymore, ably seconded by Marian Marsh, Charles Butterworth and Carmel Myers, makes the grotesque story of Imperial Russia one of the real classics of the screen.

AAA. **THE MALTESE FALCON**—(Warner Brothers)—This thrilling murder mystery offers sure fire entertainment. Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez head the cast.

AAAA. **THE MAN IN POSSESSION** — (Metro)—Robert Montgomery's second starring vehicle, a concoction of funny gags and hilarious, unexpected plot developments, is a continuous laugh panic. Don't miss it. The supporting cast includes Charlotte Greenwood, Irene Purcell and Forrester Harvey.

AAAA. **MILLIE**—(Radio Pictures) — Another best seller reaches the screen purged and purified, but nevertheless a fine production. Helen Twelvetrees at her best. Lilyan Tashman and Joan Blondell favor with spicy lines. Directed by John Francis Dillon.

AAAA. **THE MILLIONAIRE** — (Warner Brothers)—A George Arliss starring vehicle, based remotely on the life of Henry Ford. Arliss is immense and David Manners and Evalyn Knapp give good support.

AAA. **THE MIRACLE WOMAN**—(Columbia)—With Barbara Stanwyck in the stellar rôle, this moving drama of a hypocritical woman evangelist's life, is well worth while.

AA. **MR. LEMON OF ORANGE**—(Fox)—El Brendel as a dumb Swede toy salesman who is mistaken for a gangster. Laughable in spots. Directed by John Blystone.

AAA. **MURDER BY THE CLOCK**—(Paramount)—A gruesome murder mystery that will enthrall adult audiences with its involved, skillfully handled plot and brilliant characterizations. Lilyan Tashman, Irving Pichel and William Boyd head the cast.

AA. **NANCY'S PRIVATE AFFAIR**—(Radio Pictures)—Another domestic triangle. This picture's one bid for popularity lies in the excellent performances of its cast, which includes Mary Astor, Robert Ames, Edward Everett Horton and Noel Francis.

[*Continued on page* 74]

The innumerable legion of Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell fans will be delighted with *Merely Mary Ann*, a thoroughly enjoyable drama of the same whimsical order as *Seventh Heaven*, their first picture

The gang's all here!

Take the family to see—

PENROD AND SAM

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MATT MOORE : DOROTHY PETERSON : ZASU PITTS
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An epic of youth which will fascinate father and mother, and delight the kids . . . The inimitable Penrod proves that boys will be boys . . . The more children you take to see this picture the greater will be your pleasure — and theirs . . . Find out when Penrod and Sam are coming to town . . . See them!. . . You'll have the time of your life.

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EXTRA!

Big Money

Don't envy an actor his salary too much, because he doesn't always get his whole pay check. Edward G. Robinson, who plays the tough gangster rôles so well that he's afraid of himself, is being sued for ten per cent of his contract, reputed to be worth $280,000. Theatrical agents who represented him are doing the suing, and it shouldn't take you long to figure about what Eddie would lose if they should win.

Quick Recovery

Just six weeks after she was carried feet first into the hospital after falling backwards over a thirty foot cliff, Evalyn Knapp is back at the studio ready for work.

Try, Try Again

Hollywood hasn't licked Mary Nolan. The beautiful blonde, once known to the world as Imogene Wilson, is back again, under contract to RKO-Pathé for two pictures, the first of which is *The Big Shot* with Eddie Quillan. Mary filed bankruptcy papers, but claims she'll pay back every red cent of the $52,000 she owes. She blames her efforts to support relatives for financial difficulties, so let that be a lesson to you.

—*Richee*

David Durand, the new child discovery, and George Bancroft on the steps of their private car on arrival in Boston, where they worked on location for scenes in *Rich Man's Folly*

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Glancing through the telegrams just before we go to press

Sleeps Now

Hubby had parties—wifie couldn't sleep. So instead of taking a sleeping potion to bring on slumber, the grieved mate sought solace in the divorce court. Rolf Harolde, according to testimony, had the parties, and Mrs. Ann Harolde the divorce. Now she can sleep and spend $125 a week alimony paid by the ex-husband—when he works.

Six Husbands

Tallulah Bankead's sister, Eugenia, recently started proceedings to annul her marriage to Edward Ennis White, her sixth husband, after they had been wed for six weeks. White, it seems, found himself in jail on a bad check charge, and Eugenia wanted a husband who could stay home.

Calls It Quits

Edna May Oliver, that long, lanky comédienne, has secured a divorce from D. W. Pratt, a New York business man whom she married in 1927. She charged desertion.

Horsemen Gallop Away

Following the completion of *The Spirit of Notre Dame*, starring Lew Ayres, the famous Four Horsemen of the 1925 Irish football team left Hollywood to resume their coaching positions in the East. The four pigskin experts, Jim Crowley, Harry Stuhldreher, Don Miller and Elmer Layden worked for only $7.50 a day and expenses, so that Mrs. Knute Rockne might have a greater share of the film's profits.

Jean Back at Work

Jean Harlow has a new job with Columbia studios. Only temporary, of course, since she was loaned by Howard Hughes to appear in the leading rôle of *Gallagher*, a newspaper film. It will probably be realistic, but can you imagine any editor getting his work done with Jean Harlow radiating brilliant blonde beauty all over the place?

Seth in Hollywood

Every ardent radio fan has listened to Seth Parker occasionally, and now they'll have a chance to see him on the screen in Radio Picture's *Other People's Business*. Also appearing in the picture are twelve other members of the broadcast personnel. When you see Seth, don't let the whiskers fool you. He's a much younger man, and downright handsome without the disguise.

EXTRA!

Kept Marriage Secret

Ned Sparks makes joking a business on the screen, but he does pretty well in private life too. Just recently it was discovered that he has been secretly wed to Mercedes Cabellero, a non-professional, for nearly a year. Too many people getting divorces for reporters to keep track of a wedding now and then.

Believe It Or Not

There are two Gilberts in Hollywood —one is Jack and one is John. But the one whose first name is John is called "Jack," and it gets pretty confusing unless you know all about the two. The real Jack Gilbert has just sailed for London to work in the branch office of Warner Brothers studio. John Gilbert, as you have probably guessed by this time, is the $10,000 a week actor who works for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Some Picture!

Now we hear that every male star and player under contract to RKO-

[*Continued on page 57*]

—*Acme*

Sylvia Sidney waves hello to admirers who greeted her in New York's Grand Central Station. Being a busy young woman, Sylvia rushed right back to Hollywood after a brief stay

FASHIONS

are again feminine

CURRENT STYLES are built on youthful contours. Curves are the mode. But they must be delicate, graceful—and combined with a figure that has rounded slimness.

So we hurry to diet and exercise . . . with a word of caution. Be sure you have plenty of "bulk" to complete the adequate reducing diet. For without this vital necessity, improper elimination soon develops.

When that happens poisons remain in the body. Complexions become sallow. Eyes are dulled. Wrinkles and pimples appear, together with headaches, loss of energy, and even serious disease.

Yet there's no need to run this risk. Two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily will guarantee proper elimination. Isn't it much safer to enjoy this delicious ready-to-eat cereal than to dose your system with habit-forming pills and drugs?

Far more pleasant too. Because you'll never lose your appetite for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Serve with milk, in fruit juices, clear soups, etc. Use it as a cooking ingredient. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN *is not fattening*. And it provides iron, nature's rouge for cheeks and lips.

Ask for Kellogg's, the genuine ALL-BRAN — easily the largest-selling all-bran cereal on the market. Look for the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

MARY ASTOR, *charming Radio Pictures player, knows the value of sophistication in an evening gown. She chooses black, cut on simple flowing lines. Black again is her choice for town in this smart dressmaker suit, banded in flat fur. She approves heartily of the new pajama fashions, and wears this lovely one of plain and printed crepe de chine.*

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What Part Did Marlene Play?

THE inside story of Hollywood's latest sensation—the $600,000 alienation of affections suit filed against Marlene Dietrich by Riza Royce, the divorced wife of Josef von Sternberg. Don't fail to read this great story by Florabel Muir in

November

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If your news dealer is sold out, send 25c in stamps or coin to SCREEN PLAY Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and your copy of November SCREEN PLAY will be mailed to you immediately.

Hollywood's Lost Loves in Reno!

READ this fascinating article by Harry Carr, the dean of Pacific Coast newspaper columnists, telling how the inconstant celebrities of Cinemaland are rushing to wide-open Reno, the shrine of freedom, to trade old mates for new. Here, we promise, is a frank, startling story that you will never forget. Read, too, THE TRUTH ABOUT GARY AND LUPE—the real "low-down" on the shattering of Hollywood's best known romance—read FUNNY MAN—the thrilling life story of Roscoe Ates—read THE LOVE SECRETS OF MENJOU. And above all else, do not miss the concluding chapter of Adela Rogers St. Johns' great story about Hollywood's royal family, AN INTIMATE GLIMPSE OF THE FOUR FAIRBANKS. SCREEN PLAY's multitude of brilliant articles, newsy departments, and authentic reviews are the one trustworthy guide to motion picturedom.

SCREEN BOOK'S PORTRAIT ALBUM

As Mati Hari, the most famous of all German wartime spies, Greta Garbo promises to achieve even greater dramatic heights than she attained in "Susan Lenox." Her own elusive charm is ideally suited to the rôle of the woman whose fatal beauty proved a treacherous web for the enemies of her Fatherland

GRETA GARBO

—Clarence Sinclair Bull

IVAN LEBEDEFF

—Ernest A. Bachrach

Reminiscent of his own career in the Russian Army is Ivan Lebedeff's new picture, "The Gay Diplomat," a screen play which he helped to write. Ivan has been more or less inconspicuous in small rôles until now, but we predict that this picture will bring him sudden popularity

One of the few old silent veterans who manages to retain a grasp on the affections of moviegoers is Gloria, to whose sparkling versatility there seems to be no end. She will again be the intriguing woman of the world in "Tonight or Never," David Belasco's great stage success

GLORIA SWANSON

PHILLIPS HOLMES

—Kenneth Alexander

The screen has no more promising young actor than Phillips, who inherits from his stage famous father, Taylor Holmes, a remarkable dramatic talent. "The Man I Killed" will be the follow-up for his outstanding triumph with Sylvia Sidney in Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy"

Even more exciting than the annual summer tornadoes that make things interesting for middle-westerners has been Fifi Dorsay's personal appearance tour. She's back in Hollywood now, with everybody waiting in feverish anticipation for her next screen appearance in "Panama"

FIFI DORSAY

—Powolny

Has Scandal Clara

At last! The first authentic facts in answer to the question in the minds of every Clara Bow fan

Clara Bow and Rex Bell, the loyal friend and lover who stood by throughout that gruelling period when the famous "It Girl" defied threats of blackmail and had Daisy DeVoe, her former secretary, arrested and convicted on a charge of theft

CLARA'S COMEBACK PLANS

Clara Bow, the famous "It" girl, is coming back to the screen—coming back in triumph, a greater star than ever before!

She will return to pictures with a starring contract that will pay her approximately double the salary that she was receiving from Paramount. All of her demands will be met. She will make only three pictures a year, adapted to the screen from stories that she approves and directed by a director of her own choice. For those three pictures she will receive $450,000. She will only work a total of eighteen weeks out of the entire year.

Inside information points to the fact that Clara has been offered these terms by no less than three major producers, Universal, Warner Brothers and the new producing company formed by David Selznick and Lewis Milestone.

Clara is coming back in a blaze of glory!

ALL the gossip about whether scandal has beaten Clara Bow leaves out a most important phase of the question. The question is always asked with meaning, and could be phrased, *Are the studios refusing to employ Clara Bow because they cannot risk a scandal star?*

Those who are in Clara's confidence know that the question should be worded still differently. Has Miss Bow been so crushed by the humiliation and tragedies which have been her lot as a motion picture star that she *does not want to carry on?*

I went to Rex Bell and asked him for a frank answer to that question. Her lover and her confidant, her loyal friend through all her trouble, no one is closer to the "It" girl than Rex Bell.

"Clara is thoroughly tired," answered Rex, "tired of everything connected with the movie business. Rightly or wrongly, she blames the industry and its methods for many of her troubles. She has been avoiding movie people and refusing to see pictures. She objects to granting interviews because she would be expected to talk about the picture business.

"On the other hand, she is thoroughly angry about the reports that she has been kicked out of the industry. It is quite probable that she will return to the screen just to prove again that she is a remarkably good actress."

I remembered the first time I met Clara Bow, on the Paramount lot. She was then at the height of her career, certainly on top of the world, if one of her temperament ever could be. Engaged by Jesse Lasky to assist in writing the screen version of Elinor Glyn's *Three Week-Ends*, I talked often to its red-haired, prospective star. Our conferences about the story led to discussion of many personal matters.

"Life is a very discouraging puzzle," she said one day. "I would give anything if I could go through life the frivolous, carefree person that I am on the screen! If I could just stop my eternal pondering about existence for all of one day and night!

"I'm a very unhappy person. And the worst of it is, I suppose I always will be miserable much of the time, no matter what happens. It's simply my nature."

Whether Clara realizes it or not, it is this note of sadness

Beaten Bow?

By Ralph Parker

which has contributed in a large measure to her world-wide popularity. It is interesting to note that the "Flapper Queen," the "Brooklyn Bonfire,"—as she has been variously called—has this note in common with that other tragic little clown who has been hounded by scandal all his life—Charlie Chaplin.

"Any one of a thousand small incidents will drag Clara down from happiness to misery!" Rex Bell expressed it at his apartment the other day. "We'll be riding along and she'll be singing. Then she will see a dog that looks as if it were starving, and that's enough to make her despondent the rest of the day. Clara would take home every stray dog in Southern California if the laws of Beverly Hills didn't prohibit anyone having more than three.

"You can understand how anyone so sensitive couldn't endure the movie business year after year without an occasional break. Why, I believe if Clara were offered a million and a half tomorrow for one picture, she would hesitate. And if I said, 'Let's go to Europe,' she wouldn't hesitate."

I glanced around Rex's apartment. It could be the apartment of any average young American business man. His mother and brother live with him, and a dog which has been a family pet for years. There is a canary in the kitchen. The *American Magazine* and *Saturday Evening Post* are always in the magazine rack. On the shelves are sets of books, sold to the Bell family by agents, and never read. And in the position of honor is a photograph of Clara Bow. It is autographed:

To Rex . . . .
I have found my man.
Clara.

Rex's dressing room at Universal Studios, where he is going through the gruelling ordeal of being the hero of a western serial, is literally covered with pictures of Clara. Rex talks of her constantly. He is obviously in love with her. She may be the "Blaze from Brooklyn, or the "Rhapsody in Red" to the rest of the world, but to Rex, she is the most wonderful girl in the world.

It seems, to this observer at least, that Rex loves more than he is loved. Clara is the all-in-all to him, and he would die for her. But to Clara, Rex is the one true friend who has stood by her as no one else has, the man who has been so constantly loyal and unselfish that no

Clara, as *Hula* in one of the numerous pictures which exploited the sex appeal of the little red-head. Those "in the know" say Clara will come back in pictures of her own choosing, at a salary exceeding any she has yet received

Clara Bow has the qualities of a good fighter, tenacity, perseverance, courage and the will to overcome obstacles. This is the opinion of no less a person than B. P. Schulberg, Paramount's "big shot." He expects Clara to stage a terrific comeback

—*P. & A. Photo*

Clara Bow's engagement to Harry Richman over a year ago is typical of the many affairs that made her name good news to newspaper headline writers. When the famous redhead makes her second screen début, she will be determined to shun all sorts of publicity

A scene from *Kick In,* in which Regis Toomey played opposite Clara Bow. Her work in this picture was colorless and far below the standard of the remarkable actress she is. The public will see a new and more fascinating Clara when she returns to the screen after a long rest on Rex Beach's ranch

sacrifice would be too great for her to make if he would benefit. She likes Rex, she loves Rex—but she is not excited about him.

In *True To The Navy,* Rex Bell played the rôle of Clara's rejected suitor. Will he play that rôle in life also? If he does—

"I would rather have known Clara a couple of years, than to have had any other girl all her life," says Rex. No wonder he predicts a glorious comeback for Clara Bow!

STILL seeking an answer to the question of whether scandal has defeated Clara spiritually, I went to B. P. Schulberg, managing director of Paramount. It was Schulberg who, as an independent producer, gave Bow her chance on the screen. It was Schulberg who, when he became the "big shot" of Paramount's Hollywood studio, took Clara into its ranks and put behind her the company's great publicity machine.

"Scandal could never lick Clara Bow spiritually," said Schulberg without a moment's hesitation. "Not even the financial or professional defeat which might be the outgrowth of scandal could defeat Clara. She is essentially a fighter.

"Clara has all of the good fighter's qualities—tenacity, perseverance, courage, and the will to win. She fought her way up from poverty and obscurity because of these qualities. I know Clara's attitude toward obstacles. With her fighting heart and spirit, an obstacle is merely a thing to overcome."

"Do you believe that scandal has hurt Clara with her following?" I asked him.

The producer twirled his cigar in that rapid manner which is characteristic of him. "I don't think it has hurt her nearly so much as some others seem to think. But even if she definitely lost her following, Clara would never be licked permanently. I look for her to stage a terrific come-back as soon as she reaches the right moment and the right amount of determination."

That, coming from her ex-employer, will please Clara Bow—if I analyze her correctly—she will feel more like getting to work when she reads that another said:

"Our chief task with Clara was to get her to wash her face and to stop chewing gum. She simply has fallen back to her natural level."

As I left Schulberg's office, I wondered: Why had he referred to "the financial defeat which might be the outgrowth of scandal?" I remembered that Rex had said: "Clara is going in for the simple life. She would rather play with her dogs than go to any party. She always leaves her Rolls-Royce in the garage and drives her little Chevrolet."

Was Clara hard up? I thought of George Frank, who is her business advisor as well as her agent, and asked him.

"CLARA has plenty of the world's goods," he said. "She has enough to live on for the rest of her life. That's the trouble. If she had financial incentives, she would not be telling me to 'wait a couple of months' every time I try to put her to work.

"She is having her first real vacation in years. She finds that it's a grand life not to be working for a studio. No calls to be on the set at dawn. No working till midnight. No 'standing by' to be available on holidays for photographers and interviewers.

"When I go out to her house, of an evening, to have her read a story for which a studio is considering her—do you think she'll read it? I should say not! She says, 'Oh, let's play checkers instead.' So we play checkers—and that's that." He moved his hands in a comic gesture. "We play checkers while she could be earning eight thousand or more every week, on which," he added with a grin, [*Continued on page* 70]

Is Marlene a *Love Pirate?*

Rudolph Sieber, Marlene's husband

Josef von Sternberg, the director

A few highlights on Hollywood's latest sensation

By Weldon Slater

Riza Royce, the divorced wife

MAYBE it's love . . . maybe it's not. But, whatever it is, Hollywood wants to know the real "lowdown" on the Marlene Dietrich-Josef von Sternberg-Riza Royce affair. And Hollywood—the most insatiably curious community on the face of mother earth, can't find out!

Riza Royce, Joe's former wife, says it *is* love—$600,000 worth, to be exact. Herr von Sternberg pauses long enough in preparing for Marlene's next picture to declare that Riza has mistaken his profound interest in a fascinating psychological type for a more tender passion. Marlene, with her customary reticence, contents herself by remarking that American newspaper reporters are terribly inquisitive. Rudolph Sieber, her husband, says nothing whatever. So there you are. You can roll your own!

Be sure of one thing, however. When Riza Royce filed an alienation of affections suit against Marlene Dietrich for the trivial sum of $600,000, she caused as much excitement in Hollywood as would a major earthquake.

Marlene is undoubtedly one of the most glamorous personalities the screen has ever known. Some critics have proclaimed her an inspired artiste, a flaming genius—others have passionately labeled her a stolid *hausefrau*. But no one of them has been indifferent to the strange compelling force of her personal magnetism.

Von Sternberg first felt it in Berlin, when he saw her in a stage play entitled *Zwei Kravatten*. He had gone to Germany to direct Emil Jannings in *The Blue Angel*. With him was his wife, Riza Royce. They had been divorced, reconciled, remarried, and were at that very time on their second honeymoon.

It seemed impossible to find a suitable leading lady for *The Blue Angel*. The part demanded a sullen blonde—a girl who could express great sex appeal without resorting to histrionic trickery. Von Sternberg wired to Phyllis Haver, who had retired from the screen. Her husband objected, consequently, she refused the offer.

AND then von Sternberg listened to the counsel of a friend and went to see Marlene Dietrich in *Zwie Kravatten*. She made her entrance, slouched across the stage, turned and stared indifferently at the audience. Von Sternberg, so excited that he could scarcely articulate, whispered hoarsely to his friend:

"That's the very girl I've been searching for! God, what marvels I can do with her!"

Within a few days time Marlene was engaged for the part. Josef's enthusiasm for his "discovery" increased. He spent a great part of his time coaching her for the rôle that she was to portray—so much time, in fact, that Riza Royce objected and rather bitterly reminded him that they were on their honeymoon. There were several [*Continued on page* 64]

German Spy in Hollywood

Revealing for the first time the story of Wilhelm von Brincken--former German spy and now a Cinemaland celebrity

Wilhelm von Brincken and Ralph Forbes in *Inside the Lines*, a picture of wartime espionage that offered a plot far less exciting than many of the real life experiences that befell von Brincken during the war

By Jack Grant

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International News Photos

George Wilhelm von Brincken, who, a saboteur said, paid him to blow up Canadian bridges.

Hollywood received its first clue to von Brincken's dramatic wartime experiences when his picture was published in a national weekly which carried an account of the activities of German spies in the early days of the World War

IT TAKES, we are told, all sorts of people to make the world go 'round. And we who live in Hollywood can easily believe it. For in the ranks of the motion picture industry may be observed at least one recruit from nearly every known occupation and walk in life.

Previous condition of servitude has no bearing on the matter. Ex-convicts and ex-society dowagers—members of the nobility and their former servants mingle indiscriminately. They are all a part of the Hollywood scene, a spectacle which puts to shame even the famous roasted potato of Mother Goose. At best, the potato could merely produce a butcher, a baker and a candlestick maker.

As well as we are acquainted with Hollywood's heterogeneous populace, it was none the less surprising to encounter a familiar face on the pages of *Liberty* in connection with the recent series by Sidney Sutherland titled "German Spies in America." The caption under the picture read, "George Wilhelm von Brincken, who, a saboteur said, paid him to blow up Canadian bridges." The Sutherland article mentioned von Brincken among the Kaiser's most dangerous spies during the war. It furthermore drew the inference that von Brincken has more than average knowledge of the Preparedness Day parade bombing at San Francisco in 1916, for which Mooney and Billings are serving life sentences in San Quentin.

Now we know a William von Brincken in Hollywood who bears a striking resemblance to the pictured "George Wilhelm." He has been here for the past five years working in pictures as a technical adviser upon German military matters and, more recently, as an actor and director. Could it be that our Hollywood melting pot was to [*Continued on page 66*]

Keep It Under Your Hat

GOBS OF GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

by Beverly Hill

Hollywood's best bets—Marie Dressler, queen of the box office; Jackie Cooper, champion of movie youngsters, and Dorothy Jordan, sweetest of leading ladies

IN CASTING their votes in the *Film Daily* poll for the year's ten best movie directors, not more than half the nation's picture critics could agree on more than three. Of the 300 voters, 252 arrived at the conclusion that Lewis Milestone was one of the ten. Wesley Ruggles' triumph, *Cimarron*, gave him 179, and George Hill, who directed *The Big House* and *Min and Bill* toddled under the wire with 160.

The others selected were Josef von Sternberg, D. W. Griffith, Robert Z. Leonard, John Cromwell, Charles Chaplin, Howard Hawks and Howard Hughes, who isn't a director at all. The critics displayed their erudition by omitting the names of William K. Howard, one of the best directors in the industry; Ernst Lubitsch, Edward H. Griffith, Frank Borzage and Mervyn LeRoy, whose work in *Little Caesar* surely merits mention. And these are just a few.

The polls have been conducted for six years. Lubitsch has been counted among the best ten five times; Herbert Brenon and King Vidor four times each; Charlie Chaplin and Clarence Brown three times, while a number of others have made the grade twice.

Talent For Tallu!

The exotic youngster, Harry Hervey, author of a dozen fascinating volumes, has been selected to write Tallulah Bankhead's story, *The Cheat*. Among his accomplishments Hervey penned *The Devil Dancer*, Gilda Gray's last important picture vehicle.

Alice Does "It" Again

Alice White, most picked-on picture star, has thrown her answer straight into the teeth of producers who apparently are giving her the thumbs down (and out) treatment. The ex-script girl is playing personal appearances in picture houses—and boy—how she is packin' 'em in! In all her film career Alice never had a good story or decent direction. She may be no Bernhardt, but properly handled the kid has what they want. And "they" means you . . . . and me.

Not The Type

In preparation for his rôle of a reporter in *Sob Sister*, Jimmy Dunn, the new Fox find, visited the studio writing Zoo which houses many strange creatures who insist that they "used-to-be-newspapermen-themselves." Jimmy complained that these real articles didn't look genuine to him, but it was explained that their appearances had changed since there were no deadlines to meet.

Somehow it recalls the story of the casting director who sent out a call for several hundred Spaniards for a particular scene. A host of honest-to-goodness Castillians showed up and

Dorothy Lee and John Darrow raised a big row in the studio with their game of tug over *Hollywood Magazine*. "Midge" finally won by kicking John in the shins

weren't hired because they didn't look Spanish. And do you remember the days when all movie doctors had to have whiskers, bankers side-burns and villains mustaches?

All The News—Twice

From the same issue of the "theatrical bible"—three lines apart:

MARRIAGES

June Collyer, film player, to Stuart Erwin, ditto, Yuma, Ariz., July 22.

(Then the three lines of another hook-up)

June Collyer, film actress, to Stuart Phillip Erwin, Paramount contract player, in Yuma, Ariz., June 22.

It looks like Dorothea Heermance was a bride.

Noblesse Oblige

Some one told Jeanette MacDonald that actors were to be paid according to the types they portrayed. For instance, a maid would receive a maid's salary, and an on-screen butler would receive a real butler's wage.

"It's okay with me," smiled Jeanette, "I play Queens!"

She Gattis Goat

If Colleen Moore is smart she'll permit the tears of ex-hubby, John McCormick, to melt her heart. If Colleen re-weds Jawn she may marry herself right back into the picture and those good old $10,000 a week times. As a combination they were unbeatable—"without you nothing at all." Jawn'll soon be free, for his very recent bride, Janet Gattis, is divorcing him. Says he cries every time he sees Colleen's picture.

Gilda Gray Among The Gold

Speaking of male 'n' female team-work in the show world—there was Gil Boag and Gilda Gray, who cut up many a million between them when they worked together. Since the divorce, millions have been few and far between. They whisper that Gil sent word he could make them more pots o' gold if she'd return under his management. But Gilda believes "kind hearts are more than coronets" and that "rags are royal raiment"—or words to that effect.

Fun Is Fun

Bert Roach, fat and funny, asks the judge to let him sing the *Battle Cry of Freedom* because, he says, Mrs. R. tossed an elephant at him. Of course it was only a bronze one—but even so, says Bert.

The Missing Pink

The recent bride of a celeb once attended a Hollywood house-party. While she disported her shapeliness in the swimming pool, and incidentally tried hard to vamp a foreign star

The intrepid comedian, Roland Young, and his wife seen at the entrance of their Hollywood home with "Romonoff," the family pride and joy

now also wed, fellow revellers determined on the childish fun of visiting her room and knotting up her undies.

But, although the visit was for several days, a thorough search failed to disclose a single shred of lingerie. And now that she has been more widely photographed, you just know she *doesn't* wear 'em.

The Gilbert Myth

The utter destruction that may be wrought by the wide circulation of a fake story is indicated by the ruin brought to Jack Gilbert because of the yarn that his voice does not reproduce well in the talkies. Now the saps believe it—yet, if it hadn't been drummed into their empty heads, they'd never have noticed Jack's voice any more than they have Bill Haines'. As a matter of fact there's nothing wrong with it, and the ruinous fiction is false as: (a) that all stars get big salaries, (b) that Erich Von Stroheim is a misunderstood genius, (c) that Billie Dove is beautiful but — (d) that Marie Dressler is really Baby Peggy grown-up. And you may fill in the rest of the alphabetic bunk yourself.

Jack is sitting back and behaving himself, drawing his big dough regularly and awaiting the expiration of his contract. He has several others in his desk to choose from when the time comes—and he'll be a bigger star than ever.

These Chinese

Don't be surprised if Anna May Wong, the Los Angeles laundryman's daughter, who looks like an Oriental princess, panicks Hollywood into the importation of Chinese players. Anna May has knocked 'em cold since her return from vast

European triumphs. And one indication of the furore she has occasioned is the contract between Howard Hughes and Shen Hung, Chinese producer, for Shanghai-made pictures starring Butterfly Wu, called, of course, the "Chinese Mary Pickford."

Like The Ladies

There's the old gag about why-is-a-diplomat-like-a-woman. And the answer is, if a diplomat says "No" he means "Maybe" —if he says "Maybe" he means "Yes"—and if he says "Yes" he's no diplomat.

Same's true of Hollywood. If one of the Hollywoodenheads tells you "No," you can count that the truth is "Yes." Mervyn LeRoy, for instance, wouldn't give a pal a bum steer. Not much! Although he and Edna Murphy were all through a year ago, he denied it until they actually occupied separate domiciles. The latest deniers are Doug, Jr., and Joan. Draw your own conclusions—as I have mine.

The "Keats" Circuit

In a recent picture Richard Dix, cast as a literary adventurer, refers to the poet, Keats. An executive, noticing the dialogue, asked what it was all about. And the other mogul said:

It's a boost for RKO—you know—Radio-Keats-Orpheum!"

Richard, incidentally, has buried the hatchet with Radio—at least for the time being. Their monetary differences have been adjusted and Dix gets $6,000 weekly. That is $60,000 per picture. But the picture must be completed within ten weeks.

Cherchez La Femme

The growing friendship of two grand guys has been disrupted by the wife—now the ex-wife—of one of them. The popular male star and the newly arrived Broadway leading man worked together in pictures and became pals. Then at one alcoholic party the star's wife, quite a two-timer, deliberately vamped the friend under her husband's eyes.

The New Yorker, no sap himself, would have none of it and quit the party. But the husband's jealousy and pride were aroused to such an extent that he blamed the erstwhile pal. Now the two just speak—and that's all. The wife, however, over-played her hand. The star got a Reno decree, and then wifey went off with a swarthy boy-friend.

Eventually

Although "Buddy" Rogers will stay a while in pictures, it's at the request of a girl friend, and not because he loves the movies or the execs. "Buddy" isn't any too well pleased with the chill he got when bad pictures set him slipping. It wasn't his fault, and he's bitter about it. And anyway, the "Bud" wants to lead an orchestra. In fact he has his bandsmen all selected. They're just awaiting the leader's word to assemble. The indications are that Rogers will be a wow as a Broadway music master.

Last 3/4 Mile

When *The Last Mile* was up for discussion as a picture, there were two production factions. One wanted to go through with that tense, dramatic walk to the electric chair which was the one biggest moment in the play. The other wanted the Governor's reprieve to arrive in time. So—they shot it both ways. You pays your money and you picks your ending.

What's this? Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor together again? It is, but the talk is just about their tennis game, for they both are wed happily to two other people

When shooting stops, Miriam Hopkins is always the center of attraction. Here she is with Director Marion Fleming, using two cameramen as back rests between scenes for *Twenty-four Hours*

You won't believe it, but this exotic creature really is Anita Page, proving that make-up makes the woman. Quite Garboesque (new word for Mr. Webster) isn't she?

How They've Grown

Believe it or not—the talkies are five years old, and unlike most babies they say less now than they did at birth. Just for the record, *The Lights of New York* was the first 100% "all-talking picture"—way back yonder in the summer of 1928. The first public showing of talkies, though, was two years earlier when "Vitaphone" made its début and gave the producers headaches since passed along to the bankers.

Boozin' Pals

Some fellows can take it. Others should leave it alone. We mean dat ol' davil rum. As in pugilism, so in the movies there are hard-drinking champs. Peculiar chemical make-up, or sumpin', makes it possible for this species to hit the bottle and the ball with equal enthusiasm and accuracy.

But there are many who fall by the wayside. One of these should know better. A brilliant, beautiful, talented actress, the old rumerino ran her from stage stardom to obscurity. Then the talkies gave her new life. Big money and great popularity were hers again. But she hasn't learned her lesson. When the bottle beckons, she answers. They haven't renewed her option following the last debauch indulged in by the star and an ex-husband.

Childish Pranks

We thought this modern generation was-er-well, modern. That's why we're surprised and disappointed at the ingénue who goes to New York and gets kippered, and then rides a hackman around the Park—he in the hack, she driving. That's old stuff and Sally is a big girl now. If she'd do the stunt with an aeroplane all would be forgiven.

R-R-Revenge!

A young "furriner" in Hollywood has been playing fast and loose with feminine hearts, but it isn't going to be long now! The alien, you see, treated a popular film gal pretty cruelly, so some friends looked into the passport and quota end of the young man's business—and he'll soon be homeward bound—by request of Uncle Sam.

Movie Mysteries

Who gave Pola the shiner? Why doesn't Garbo tank she bane go home any more? Who's the movie star in *Hot News*? Why won't they let you say "bum" in an English movie? What happened to Jillian Sande—and why? Why won't Connie marry the Markiss? Why is Peggy Joyce permitted to make a deal with Uncle Sam about the Customs? Who'll "angel" the Selznicks—and why? Who holds a judgment against Gilda Gray? What put Mary Nolan bankrupt? Why did Mr. Milziner change the monicker to McKenna? What's the inside on the saxophone-player's marriage?

It Won't Be Long

Then there is that singie star who married a millionaire nobleman who is neither noble nor rich, and didn't click on either camera coast. No one knows why she did it, except that the man she really loves is married and won't ditch the present frau. If he said the word she'd drop her tamale in no time. In fact she will even if he doesn't say the word. The wedding won't outlast the honeymoon.

[*Continued on page* 72]

If you think humans can't fly, you ought to see Neil Hamilton work out on his trapeze. "Since getting this outfit," Neil says, "you always can find me hanging around home"

Harpo Marx rushes in with his harp where angels fear to tread, but he is nobody's fool. The instrument on which he plucks celestial music is valued at $12,000 and fully insured

Not since Clara Bow first flashed her magic orbs have we seen a wink like Peggy Shannon's. Her studio throne on the set of *The Secret Call* is having a new paint job

Joan's Private Baby

Revealing Joan Bennett, as a mother

Meet Adrienne Bennett Fox, Joan's daughter by an early marriage. The youngest Bennett carefully shields her little one from the blazing spotlight of publicity

By Alyce Curtis

—Hal Phyfe

Joan Bennett says she isn't beautiful . . . wants to marry again . . . lacks conceit . . . hates personal publicity . . . takes success with a grain of salt

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The picture of Joan Bennett's baby you see above is one of Hollywood's mysteries. Who took the picture and who sent it to several magazines and newspapers is not known, but we present it as an interesting sidelight to this unusual story about Joan, knowing that she will gain many more admirers.

Like other movie mothers, Joan Bennett always has refused to have her baby daughter photographed, believing, perhaps, that such publicity might affect her fame as a romantic screen heroine. Do you think that Joan will lose popularity because she is a devoted mother? A letter to the editor of SCREEN BOOK *may help other Hollywood mothers to decide this important question. Tell us your opinion.*

A COMPLEX character is Joan Bennett. Intelligent, a good conversationalist and able to make friendships that endure, Joan becomes an unemotional clam when interviewed. She has less to say about Joan Bennett than one Kaiser Wilhelm about the war.

Nor does Joan own an inferiority complex. She has no delusions about her talents. She realizes and frankly says she isn't beautiful. She appreciates the fact that the camera is kind to her, that she has inherited histrionic talents from her versatile parents, both of whom were stage stars. She realizes that her appearance and voice and personality fit the requirements of motion pictures and, with this realization, she is out to make as great a success and to save as much money as possible.

She intends marrying again. She intends having more babies. She has one at present, Adrienne, a tiny daughter with Joan's profile done in perfect miniature. The baby even possesses its mother's saucy air and provocative smile. One of Joan's greatest thrills now is to enjoy a daily sunbath with that youngster. Her healthy little body is almost as tanned as her mother's well curved figure.

WHEN the daughter is older, Joan will take her to Europe, where she will attend the finest schools. If fortune has been good to her, Joan hopes that she will have accumulated enough money by then to quit professional work. Like many sensible stars, she doesn't care to remain in motion pictures until she is no longer wanted. On the contrary, she is saving her money with the view of bowing gracefully out while the audience is still clamoring for encores.

Within the past few weeks, Joan has taken a decided stand regarding her future screen appearances. She has set her tiny foot down on namby-pamby parts. In her coming pictures, *Hush Money* and *She Wanted a Millionaire*, Miss Bennett steps into the ultra sophisticated rôles of which she is capable. The good little girl of *Bulldog Drummond* is about to become more worldly.

Joan is declared to receive more money for her age than any girl in the history of motion pictures, this despite the fact that she has had only a few years before the camera. She lacks much of receiving the $400,000 that sister Connie will earn during 1931 but Constance has been in pictures longer and it must not be forgotten that she is quite a few years older than Joan.

When Joan attains her sister's age, if she is still pursuing her career at the time, it is reasonable to presume that she will receive even more money than Constance is paid at present.

[*Continued on page 79*]

The Truth about

How Hollywood flirts with death to give the world thrills

The stark realism of the battle scenes in *All Quiet On the Western Front* cost many injuries. Nearly four thousand cases were treated in the location hospital during the production of the picture

While working with Rose Hobart in *East of Borneo*, Charles Bickford was bitten by an alligator. Although his foot was badly lacerated, he insisted on returning to his work almost immediately

MOVIE thrills are the screen public's emotional tabasco sauce. Served at the end of a humdrum day, they make dull care seem as remote as the steeple of New York's new eighty-five story skyscraper. Under their stimulating influence, bashful lovers become bold; bank clerks plan trips to the South Seas; and tired business men develop a reckless bravado that makes them an easy prey to any he-man enterprise from bootlegging to Polar exploration.

The breath-taking airplane crash; the onrush of waters in a mighty flood; the stirring spectacle of thousands of cattle in stampede; the stark realism of the battle scene; all these, audiences thrive on and picture-makers supply. But at a cost the world little realizes.

Accidents are the great menace. They're likely to occur to anybody from the extra to the star—from the legitimate player to the stunt man—and they frequently create havoc with entire companies. Universal, alone, treated 3,694 injuries during the making of *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

Producers take every reasonable precaution. Paramount recently appointed a committee whose sole duty it is to devise ways and means to insure greater safety. First Aid stations are now a feature of every studio lot. Companies starting on location are supplied with complete hospital units, including physicians, nurses, stretchers and ambulances. Yet the Jinx lurks ever in the background, ready to pounce upon those who provide the world's screen entertainment.

Never was a company better equipped to battle against the serious accidents than was the one sent on location to film the big land rush scene in *Cimarron.* Realizing that with five thousand vehicles driven at top speed in parallel lines danger was inevitable, the company executives made careful preparations to meet every emergency. But in spite of their care, death relentlessly exacted its toll. The victim in this case was an extra. Swaying wildly in the heavy wagon in which he made the spectacular race, he was within full sight of the goal when his vehicle swerved and lost a wheel. Panic-stricken, he jumped, and was crushed to death by the oncoming horde.

ANOTHER location accident that demonstrates the futility of trying to forestall the unexpected, was the explosion that occurred during the making of *The Painted Desert.* Fifteen people were seriously injured and had to be sent to the hospital, while the condition of twenty-five more necessitated medical treatment. Although no deaths resulted, three cases proved critical. Among those hurt was Howard Higgins, the

Movie Accidents

By Carol Warren

Charles Rogers and Dick Grace, Hollywood's most famous stunt man, inspect the plane that Grace crashed to provide one of the thrills in *Wings*. Dick Grace has been the victim of many production accidents

Phil Jones, a daring mechanic, lost his life in the big German bomber that audiences saw "shot down" in *Hell's Angels*. Another plane accident on the same picture claimed the life of Phil Phillips

director. Confined to his bed, Higgins continued to supervise the production.

The highly combustible nature of film is sometimes a cause of disaster in studios. The celluloid is so inflammable that insurance companies cancel all contracts if one foot of it is left, over-night, out of the fire-proof vaults provided for its safe keeping. Neglect to comply with this rule was what caused the Pathé fire, which swept that company's New York studio some months ago. Between 50,000 and 100,000 feet of film became ignited. Flames demolished the barn-like structure in which a hundred people were at work on a musical short, and ten girl dancers lost their lives.

The wide popularity of airplane pictures during the last few years has probably led to more catastrophes than all other phases of screen work combined. The most terrible disaster happened during the filming of *Such Men Are Dangerous*. Director Kenneth Hawks, husband of Mary Astor, was one of its victims. No one will ever know what caused this tragedy, which took place over the Pacific, within a few miles of Hollywood. The most logical theory advanced is that the pilots were blinded by the sun. At any rate, two planes, bearing Hawks and his staff of cameramen and assistants, collided and interlocked. There was a crunch as the wings and struts gave way, then both ships burst into flames and dropped like plummets into the ocean. Seven lives were lost.

Much has been written about the *Hell's Angels* casualties, but authentic information reveals that only two men were killed during its production. One of them was Phil Jones. Jones was delegated to go aloft with Al Wilson, a professional stunt flyer, and explode smoke bombs. As it was planned to destroy the ship, the men had agreed on a designated moment to make a parachute jump. Wilson leaped on time, but Jones failed to join him, with the result that he was imprisoned in the burning plane and crashed to his death. The other victim was Phil Phillips, who was killed while transferring a defective plane from one section of the battlefield to another. Fate had its busiest innings after *Hell's Angels* was finished, however. Of the seventeen or

[*Continued on page 60*]

What Happened to SYLVIA

—*Bredell*

Sylvia Sidney is the daughter of a New York dentist. She began her career at fifteen, forged to the front in spite of serious handicaps of ill health and accidents, and is now taking Hollywood by storm in a shrewd and carefully planned campaign

Sylvia Sidney tells how Hollywood made a startling change in her personality

By Ralph Parker

A YEAR ago there arrived in Hollywood a pretty, petulant-faced brunette with sad grey eyes. She was rather obviously a New Yorker of foreign parentage. Five feet-four and weighing a trifle over one hundred pounds, she was just a mite of a girl, but terribly competent-looking.

Her name, Sylvia Sidney, was known to Broadwayites concerned with the legitimate stage. Once she had trod the boards in Washington. She had even ventured as far west as Denver, to play in stock for fourteen weeks.

In the course of that short year, this little girl, with provocative lips and heavy, almost-Oriental eyes, has become known throughout the world.

How does it feel to be catapulted to fame? To be suddenly the recipient of a deluge of flattering letters? To see your name and likeness where a few months ago you saw those of Clara Bow?

What has Hollywood done to Sylvia Sidney? What has it taught her?

I have observed the sybaritic Sidney during her months in Hollywood. I have seen the subtle changes that this maddest of cities has made in her.

"Hollywood will never change me," she boasted when she arrived. "I live so much within myself that the place I happen to be living, or what I happen to be doing couldn't possibly affect me."

The other day I reminded her of that boast. She laughed with me.

"Affected me?" Sylvia made one of those rueful movements of her lips. "Why—I have almost evaporated into thin air. There remains only the Sylvia Sidney who is a motion picture star and whose name I see in print. The old simple *me* hangs in the background and only once in a while asserts herself.

"I'm no more of a person, of an individual human being, than a can of Del Monte peaches. Del Monte is a trademark indicating a certain quality of fruits and vegetables canned by a certain company. 'Sylvia Sidney' is the trademark of an actress who is filmed and canned by Paramount Studios.

"As long as the public buys Sylvia [*Continued on page* 68]

EXTRA **SCREEN TABLOID** ALL THE NEWS

NOVEMBER, 1931

MOVIE STAR'S HIDDEN PAST REVEALED!

MAURICE KISSES HEROINE 134 TIMES IN ONE FILM!

BY ACTUAL COUNT Maurice Chevalier bestowed 134 osculatory caresses on Claudette Colbert during the shooting of *The Smiling Lieutenant*—and all within three hours. The kisses were clocked by an innocent bystander. Neither Claudette nor Maurice registered complaints

FATTY FINDS ROMANCE—Back in the limelight again comes Fatty Arbuckle, once king of comedy, with the announcement of his engagement to Addie McPhail. They plan to wed as soon as Addie receives her final divorce decree from Lindsay McPhail, the song writer. Europe is where they'll honeymoon it

MOVIE STAR'S HIDDEN PAST REVEALED

ELISSA LANDI, it appears, has been giving Hollywood the run-around—doing a Garbo act, with nobody the wiser. Suddenly it appears that her grandmother was Elizabeth of Bavaria, the dazzling noblewoman who tripped it to the altar with Emperor Franz Joseph in 1854. Mystery shrouds the later life of this beautiful Elizabeth who, years after her marriage, gave birth to a child never recognized by her royal husband. Later this child became the wife of Count Zanardi-Landi, and to this union Elissa was born in 1904. Strangely enough, Miss Landi, who is an authoress of note as well as an actress, kept the facts of her royal lineage a deep, dark secret, until a zealous reporter stumbled across the amazing facts. That's the real lowdown on Elissa's past, and is Hollywood excited about its royal star! You guess!

Divorce Epidemic Sweeps Hollywood!

INA CLAIRE AND JACK GILBERT CALL IT OFF

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT but a memory of the Ina Claire-Jack Gilbert romance that startled Hollywood some months ago. They lived together for only a few weeks before marital bliss began to do a fade-out—and divorce claimed another couple as victims

Another Marriage Tie Broken

JEANNE KENT didn't want a home, Robert Armstrong declared in suing for divorce in a Hollywood court. They were married in London in 1926. In the property settlement, Miss Kent profited to the extent of $7,500 in cash, and an additional amount in stocks, bonds, personal property and motor cars

Toll of Marriage Casualties in Movie City Still Mounting

OLD Dan Cupid is considerably discouraged by the severe depression in the marriage market, since most of the stock he had in Hollywood romances has tumbled by rapid decrees in the past few months. Rumor has it that Dan is about to trade in his bow and arrow for a corner filing station in Reno. Here is a partial list of the casualties responsible for his headache:

Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor
Vanda Hoff and Paul Whiteman
Billie Dove and Irvin Willat
Rex Lease and Eleanor Hunt
Mrs. Hal Roach and Hal Roach
Pauline Starke and Jack White
Joe Cook and Beatrice Cook
Claudia Dell and Phillip G. Offin
Josephine Dunn and Clyde Greathouse

Divorce Separates Tibbett Family

WHISPERINGS about Hollywood have indicated for some time that trouble was brewing between Lawrence Tibbett and his charming wife. Now Mrs. Larry has been "Reno-vated." Custody of the two children, Richard and Lawrence, seen above, has not been established as yet

ACTRESS IS VICTIM OF FALSE SCANDAL

JEANETTE MACDONALD'S eyes popped open when she read a biography of her life, published in France, and discovered that she was in an automobile accident with Prince Umberto at the same time she was working in a Hollywood studio. Now Jeanette has gone to France to make somebody take it all back

JEANETTE MACDONALD, repeatedly accused by Hollywood producers of being "too temperamental," sailed for Paris, vowing that she would squelch, once and for all, the wide-spread report that she was the beautiful companion of a prominent member of European royalty on a gay automobile ride that ended in a spectacular crash. The golden-haired prima donna of the stage and screen has repeatedly offered proof that she was working in Hollywood at the time of the accident, but her assertions have been so completely discounted in Continental circles that the incident has been vouched for in a book recently published in France. While in Paris, Jeanette received $11,000 for a two-weeks' engagement at the Empire theatre.

ACCIDENT FORCES JOAN BENNETT FROM MOVIES

TEMPORARY RETIREMENT from the screen is the lot of Joan, youngest of the Bennett sisters, who is now recovering in the Cedars of Lebanon hospital after a fall from an unmanageable horse during the filming of *She Wanted a Millionaire*. Joan says she's been in a lot of casts, but this long engagement in plaster is mighty tiresome

JUNE IN BIG STEW OVER "STU" ERWIN

JUNE COLLYER AND STUART ERWIN had been going places together for some time, but Hollywood know-it-alls predicted that the romance wouldn't last. They were wrong again, for on July 22, the firm of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin was established at Yuma, Arizona

Star's Name Starts Hollywood Feud!

THELMA TODD LATEST STUDIO STORM CENTER

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Plenty, if you are willing to believe Hal Roach and Roland West! Thelma Todd was starred in a series of two-reel pictures by Roach, the comedy king. He spent a small fortune advertising her name. Then Roland West, the director of *Corsair*, offered the beautiful Thelma the feminine lead in his picture but demanded that she change her name to Alison Lloyd. And there's the bone of contention—shall she be known as Thelma, or shall her name be Alison. Roach threatens to file legal action, charging that the name change is injurious to his business interests. West is equally determined that his leading lady's future in dramatic rôles shall not be tainted by her past fame as a comediénne. It looks like a jury will have to settle the fued

FORMER "APE-MAN" WINS FAME AS SCULPTOR TO CINEMA STARS

CHARLES GEMORA, who first stepped into the limelight when he donned a gorilla skin and played the ferocious ape in *Ingagi*, is now winning acclaim as an artist. He is shown here in his Hollywood studio finishing a bust of Ricardo Cortez while the famous screen star "holds the pose." Gemora declares that he has abandoned his famous "monkey suit" forever

DOROTHY LEE INVADES CHICAGO

—International Newsreel

APPARENTLY UNAFRAID of wild stories circulating about gangsters and guns in Chicago, Dorothy Lee made no secret of her arrival there recently, although other Hollywood celebrities have been known to cancel their engagements in that city. Nick Basil is Dorothy's chauffeur for the occasion

Wampas Stars for 1931 Selected!

THIRTEEN FILMLAND BEAUTIES WIN COVETED HONOR AWARD

LA FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES, held in celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Los Angeles, was brought to a colorful close on the night of September eleventh by the official presentation of thirteen of the most beautiful and most talented girls in Hollywood—the Wampas Baby Stars of 1931. The ceremony took place in the gigantic Los Angeles Coliseum before untold thousands of cheering spectators who filled the great bowl to overflowing. Each year the members of the Wampas organization select by ballot the thirteen young actresses who show the greatest promise of winning screen stardom.

The thirteen Wampas Baby Stars of 1931. Standing, left to right: Joan Blondell, Constance Cummings, Frances Dade, Frances Dee, Karen Morley, Marion Shilling, Barbara Weeks and Marian Marsh. Seated, left to right: Anita Louise, Joan Marsh, Sidney Fox, Rochelle Hudson and Judith Wood

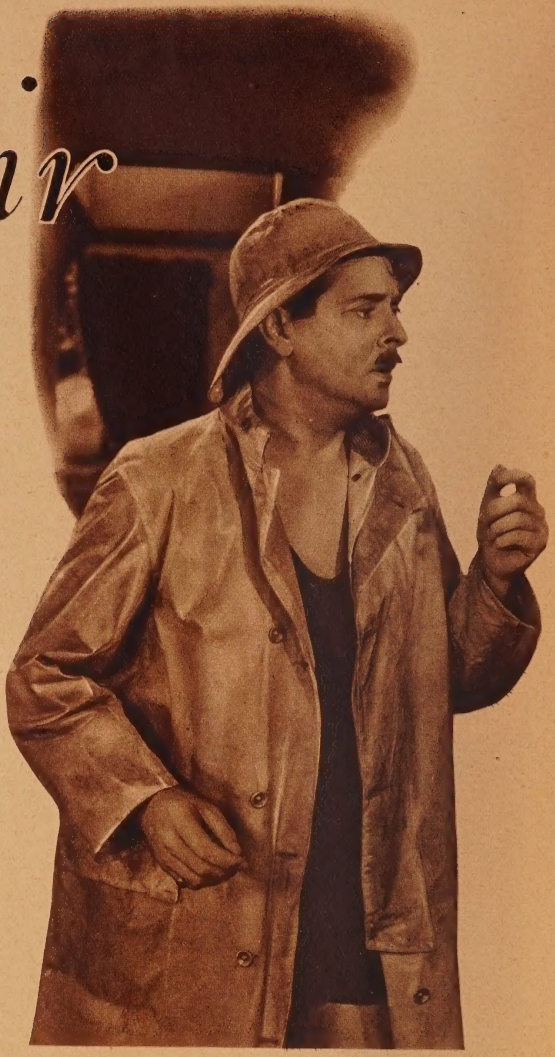
FILM STAR WEDS JAZZ KING

PAUL WHITEMAN, jovial potentate of syncopation, embarked on his fourth matrimonial venture recently when he wed Margaret Livingston, titian-haired film beauty. Dr. George B. Vosburgh officiated at the ceremony, which was performed at the home of the groom's parents, near Denver, Colorado

FAMOUS NOTRE DAME GRID STAR TURNS ACTOR

FRANK CARIDEO, sensational all-American quarterback of the 1930 Notre Dame team, is lugging the pigskin around the Universal studio lot this fall. Frank is playing an important rôle in *The Spirit of Notre Dame*, a picture dedicated to the memory of the late Knute Rockne

Corsair



A football hero discovers that society doesn't ask how you got your money, but how much have you? He determined to get his, and became a modernized Captain Kidd. A story of young love and adventure on the high seas.

By Elizabeth Wilson

THE dance that followed the Yale-Hammer game at New Haven was one of the most dazzling events of the year. A negro orchestra blared forth the mean rhythm of the latest blues, while beautiful bodies gowned in exclusive models from the shops of Lanvin and Chanel swayed in syncopation. White-coated waiters scurried here and there, conveying trays of cooling ices, diminutive sandwiches, hot coffee, and fruit punch. Hundreds of flasks were hastily pulled from hip pockets and the innocuous fruit punch became high-powered cocktails. The music grew louder, and so did the laughter of the girls.

The richest and most beautiful of the season's crop of débutantes were there, and with one exception they flocked around Johnny Hawks, football hero, who, that afternoon, had taken a slippery bit of pigskin three times across the Yale goal line. It was Johnny Hawks' hour. But he wasn't enjoying it. All on account of that "one exception." His eyes had been on Alison Corning, daughter of a multi-millionaire stock broker, all evening, and he thought her the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and as inaccessible as the stars and the moon above.

The Hawks homestead in a little middle western town had a mortgage on it, and a wolf yowling at the door. Johnny had worked his way through college, doing all sorts of menial things, so that his mother might have the necessities of life while he acquired an education. No, slim heiresses were not for the likes of him. But just the same he couldn't help staring at Alison Corning as she danced by him, the arms of future young bond salesmen about her. The cooling and gushing and none-too-subtle flattery of the slightly dizzy débutantes had given Johnny a headache. What was the use of being lionized when the only girl who mattered did not even deign to glance in his direction? He was plotting his escape when Chub Hopping grabbed him by the arm, and abruptly jerked him about. He was face to face with *her!* His heart stood still.

"Johnny," Chub gurgled, in his cups as usual, "Miss Wall-Street Corning. She wants to be taken off my hands." He

ADAPTED
from the
UNITED
ARTISTS
PICTURE

Original
Story
by
Walton
Green

THE CAST

Johnny Hawks—
CHESTER MORRIS
Alison Corning—
ALISON LLOYD
Steve Corning—
EMMETT CORRIGAN
Richard Bentinck—
WILLIAM AUSTIN
"Big John"—
FRED KOHLER
Chub Hopping—
FRANK McHUGH

Directed by
ROLAND
WEST

toddled off towards the pantry, shaking an empty flask, and left the two together. Girls were of minor importance in Chub's young life.

"Would you care to dance?" Johnny asked awkwardly, aware for the first time that evening that his tuxedo was too large and his shoes too small. He realized that he was blushing to the roots of his hair, and he hated himself for appearing so ill at ease. Without a word Alison put up her arms and Johnny started a series of amazing whirls towards the center of the floor. In his busy life there had been little time for dancing.

"If you are going to do those wild dervish whirls you'd better hold me closer," Alison said with a sly meaning that was totally lost on Johnny.

"Sorry," he gulped, feeling more awkward and embarrassed than ever.

"Why are you sorry?" Alison asked with a tantalizing smile.

Johnny realized it was a challenge. He stammered something incoherently and grasped her tighter. Alison knew she had him up in the air and she was enjoying his sad predicament. She was also enjoying the looks of envy from the other girls. They danced in silence.

"What do you do next?" Alison asked, her body pressed close to his. But before he could answer she continued, "I mean—after you graduate? Banking—bonds—Wall Street?"

"I don't know anything about those things. Our coach is leaving and they offered me the job. Hammer isn't such a big college, but the job offers me more money than anything else—"

With a sinking heart he noticed the look of contemptuous pity in Alison's eyes. For a bare second she gave him a so-that's-the-kind-of-a-dub-you-are glance, and then yawned indifferently, as if she were fully aware now that she was wasting her time. Turning away from Johnny she smiled invitingly to a sleek young man with a cute little mustache who was standing in the stag line. Johnny saw the come-on smile and burned with fury.

That afternoon Johnny had taken a slippery bit of pig-skin three times across the enemy's goal line. It was Johnny Hawks' hour!

"Besides, no one has invited me to be a bank president," he added viciously as the sleek young man cut in on him.

Furiously he watched Alison as she danced away. She was as slim as a greyhound, as hard and brilliant as a diamond, as unobtainable as a million dollars, and he hated her. He loathed her—he'd like to choke her! He found a secluded corner of the big porch and tried to cool himself with a crisp autumn breeze and a cigarette. Damn the girl. He never wanted to see her again.

"INTERESTED in scenery?" Alison asked, depositing a cup of coffee and a plate of sandwiches on the rail beside him. Daintily she proceeded to eat a sandwich.

"You can't get away with that when you grow up," Johnny snapped.

For once Alison was taken back. Men didn't speak to Steve Corning's daughter in that manner.

"With what?" she gasped.

"Talking with your mouth full. It isn't done." Johnny continued to gaze at the stars. He hoped that Miss Corning realized that he considered her less than the dust. He hoped that Miss Corning didn't hear how loud his heart was beating. Alison leaned tantalizingly near him. He could feel her soft arm through the coarse sleeve of his coat, and her face, her lovely face, was near his—so near—too near! Nervously he threw back his head to shake the stray locks out of his eyes, and then her voice came sneeringly:

"Don't do that! It looks like a lifeguard showing off before a servant girl. And please, Mr. Hawks, have your hair cut before you come East again."

"I'm not coming East again," Johnny mumbled miserably.

Alison pretended not to hear him. "If you've nothing better to do—a few of us are going to spend the week-end on dad's yacht. You might come along." She yawned nonchalantly, as if the whole thing bored her extremely and slowly returned to the ball room.

"Thanks awfully, I'm dated up for the week-end," Johnny shouted after her when he had recovered from the shock of the invitation. For a brief second he had been tempted to accept. But no! Alison Corning would not have another chance to make a fool out of him!

HOWEVER, Johnny Hawks, football hero, was the first guest aboard the "Ventura" the next afternoon. Alison, cool and imperturbable as ever, greeted him laconically, without evincing the least surprise or pleasure, turned him over to two giggling, hero-worshipping ornaments of the Junior League, and promptly proceeded to forget him. In fact she didn't seem to be aware that he was on board until the "Ventura" had tied up again at the New Haven dock on Sunday night. Most of the guests had gone ashore and Johnny was crossing the deck to join Chub Hopping, when Alison called to him. She was stretched out indolently in a steamer chair and looked more ravishing than ever. She pointed to the chair beside her and smiled quizzically at the nervous boy, whose face again had become as red as a beet. She placed her head so that she knew that strands of her hair would be blown across his cheek, but Johnny moved away.

"Do you want to stay down here with me tomorrow?" she asked abruptly. "I am going abroad Tuesday to be gone a year. It will be the last time you can see me."

"I don't think I'd better," Johnny said slowly. "I've got to get back to college—and work."

Alison laughed harshly. Imagine a man being such a goop as to prefer work to her! Perhaps he was—afraid.

"I suppose you don't want to go back West with any cold-and-lovely-heiress complex to come between you and your corn-fed girls," she said sneeringly.

Johnny didn't answer. He didn't know what to say. The night was cold and a stiff breeze was coming in from the Sound, but Alison made no effort to draw her coat around her. Her evening dress was extremely decollete, and most alluring. Johnny felt an overwhelming desire to grab her in his arms and cover her impudent little face with kisses. A cold perspiration broke out in little beads on his forehead.

"It's chilly," Alison said finally and looked at Johnny seductively between half closed eyes.

"Put on your wrap," Johnny said and rose hastily to his feet. "I've got to go now."

"Yes, you'd better go, Mr. Hawks," Alison said with a contemptuous laugh. "And I advise you to stop over in New York long enough tomorrow to see my father. He wants to talk to you about—business." Alison had spent all of an hour the evening before, persuading her father to give Johnny Hawks a job.

"Miss Corning," Johnny extended his hand awkwardly, "I want to thank you for a pleasant week-end."

"Not necessary, Mr. Hawks," Alison's voice was cool and unconcerned. "On the whole, I should thank you, for not making love to me."

"I never thought of such a thing—" Johnny gasped in surprise.

"*You* wouldn't, my dear!" Alison put her two hands on his shoulders, looked steadily at the perplexed boy, and without warning, kissed him abruptly and hurried away. Johnny was never the same after that kiss.

IMMEDIATELY upon graduation he hurried back to New York to take the job that Alison's father had offered him with Corning and Company. He had resolved that Alison would not find him a "hick" when she returned from Europe. As his salary and commissions increased, his clothes fit him better, his manners became more polished, his conversation more suave, and his eager boyishness gave place to an alert man of the world air which women found irresistible. The business of making money was a mystery to Johnny when he first started on Wall Street. All he had to do was interest women in buying Corning stocks. It was all quite simple, with no work attached to it at all, as most of the ladies were only too anxious to buy from such a charming young man. The money came in easily, more and more of it, and Johnny dreamed of Alison. Perhaps she wan't quite so inaccessible now. At the rate he was going he'd have a handsome nest egg before long. And then Johnny began to get wise to

things—and ask questions—and ponder over the answers. . . .

One morning as he sat at his desk, his handsome face distorted by an ugly frown, the Corning chauffeur handed him a letter. He read: "Miss Alison Corning would like to have Mr. Hawks stop in for tea at five." Despite his worry Johnny was thrilled. It had been over a year since she had gone away to Europe, and still she remembered him. Then the pleasure in his face died away. Did she know about her father? His phone rang and he was summoned to Steve Corning's office.

CORNING, bent over his luxurious desk in his de luxe private office, glared severely at Johnny as he entered.

"How long have you been working here?" he growled.

"Almost a year, sir."

"Then you ought to know by this time that the cardinal principle of business success is to get out from under while the going is good—and let the other fellow hold the bag."

"But the securities were all the old lady had in the world, and to exchange them for our stock, after she had asked me on my word of honor—"

"Honor?" Corning snapped with irritation. "What has honor to do with it? This is Wall Street. We fight for existence here!"

"But I thought—"

"You've got no right to think! You are paid to sell your stock, and when you don't sell it we don't pay you. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny said slowly, "I understand—perfectly."

"Now go after that woman," Corning snarled. "Tell her you made a mistake. Tell her anything you like, but make her buy our stock. Get her good money for our stock—or get out of the company."

Without a word Johnny swung on his heels and left the office. For several hours he walked the streets deep in thought. Five o'clock found him ringing the bell of the Corning's town house.

Alison, the same cool, sophisticated Alison, greeted him with a charming smile and a warm pressure of the hand. For a second he was almost overcome by her beauty. Attired in a Parisian tea gown, she seemed more dazzling than he had remembered her, but quickly he regained his composure. Alison noticed that he was better groomed and more self assured. She knew that she was responsible for this change and she was proud, but at the same time a little disappointed. He had been such a delightful, wholesome kid.

"The city has changed you," she said pouring him a cocktail, "I've been wanting to see you for ever so long."

"You're just in time," Johnny said shortly, "I'm going away tomorrow."

"Vacation?"

"A long vacation. I'm fired."

Alison turned white with fury. Steve had no business—and just when she had gotten home and wanted to be with Johnny—

"Why did Steve fire you?" she asked, thoroughly annoyed.

"Because I wouldn't advise an old lady to exchange her good bonds for some of his worthless stocks."

"So I suppose *you* have just found out that Steve is a crook; that we are all crooks?" Alison sneered.

"Yes, since I've been on Wall Street I've learned a lot of things. I've learned that it doesn't matter how you make your money in this world—it's how much you've got when you quit that counts."

"My dear boy," Alison said with a contemptuous laugh, "Wall Street isn't a football field, and Corning and Company isn't a Y. M. C. A."

"No. It's a first rate gambling house, only they use margin clerks instead of croupiers."

"Really?"

"Really. Wall Street—Corning and Company—supported by widows and orphans—clerks and small town speculators! You live in the lap of luxury because your father cheats poor old ladies out of their last cent. You ought to be ashamed! You—you—"

"Splendid!" Alison applauded loudly. "As a soap-box agitator, I think you're enormous—"

Johnny stared at her disdainfully and walked away. Again he found himself hating this beautiful parasite, the daughter of a crook. And again he yearned to crush her in his arms.

"Well, I'll never be a sneaking, white-collared margin clerk," he snapped at her, "I'll never—"

"Oh, have done with your dramatics and face the truth," Alison interrupted and crossed the room to his side. "Admit that you haven't the guts to put it over. You're a weakling—not a man."

"I'll show you I can put it over," Johnny spat at her. "I'm going to take what I want out of this world, and I'm going to take it from rich people—like you and your father. The next time you see me I'll be taking money you and your father wouldn't have the nerve to take—because there are no widows and orphans where I'm going to get mine!"

"I'll show you I can put it over," Johnny spat at her, enraged to white fury at her taunting. "I'm going to take what I want out of this world, and I'm going to take it from rich people—like you and your father. Guts! *Guts!* The next time you see me I'll be taking money you and your father wouldn't have the guts to take—because there are no widows and orphans where I'm going to get mine!"

Trembling with suppressed rage he bolted for the door, hesitated a second, re-crossed the room to where Alison was standing, pulled her forcefully to him and crushed his lips against hers. She tried to fight him off but he kissed her again, then brutally threw her down on a couch and left the room. Hot, angry tears were forming in Alison's lovely eyes, but as the door slammed behind Johnny, she quickly brushed them aside. Well concealed by the lush draperies in the windows she watched him disappear down the street. She knew that she would follow him to the ends of the earth.

FOR several weeks no one heard of Johnny Hawks. Then various of his well-to-do college mates received mysterious calls from him. Were they looking for adventure? Guaranteed to be thrilling adventure? They were. Chub Hopping and five others. Then Johnny, in great excitement, told them what he had been doing during those weeks he had not been seen about town. He showed them the "Corsair," anchored off Long Island, and ready to start on its mysterious cruise.

The "Corsair" had a dual personality. It could be a neat, but not gaudy, yacht with gay awnings, a large smoke stack, and clean decks unornamented save for comfortable wicker chairs and divans. When it was a yacht the "Corsair" preferred to be called the "Swallow," but when it had crossed the twelve-mile limit the "Corsair" showed its teeth! Away went the gay awnings and wicker chairs. In their places were machine guns! The smoke stack was lowered and the entire boat took on the appearance of a Coast Guard vessel.

For the first time in her life Alison was thinking of someone beside herself. What if Johnny should be killed? She was whimpering like a frightened puppy

And woe to the rum runner that did not surrender to the rat-tat-a-tat of its machine guns!

In his ruthless course to wealth Johnny had decided upon the romantic career of hi-jacking rum runners. It offered untold wealth and adventure. Slim Herman, a notorious gangster, put Johnny wise to the racket and joined in with Johnny's gang of college boys for a sufficiently large cut-in on the bounty. Johnny became very fond of Slim and followed his teachings without question. The only thing he insisted upon was that the bootleggers he hi-jacked should be the biggest and the richest. The rum running fleet of Big John, New York's bootleg king, was chosen. Sophie, Slim's "moll," immediately got a job in Big John's office in the West Indies where he kept his liquor before shipping it into the United States. Slim, also, got a job there, in the checking department. In this way Sophie could tip Slim off when Big John was sending out a schooner, and Slim, in turn, could tip Johnny off, by means of radio. And the "Corsair" would be waiting to spring on its prey.

AFTER the hi-jacking, Johnny, with the deck of the "Corsair" piled high with champagne and rare liquors, would meet some millionaire's yacht out beyond the twelve-mile limit and deliver to it his cherished cargo—charging the millionaire an exorbitant price, naturally. In this way he never had to touch an American port with the liquor, and did all his pirating outside the twelve-mile limit.

For months the racket had worked without a flaw. Johnny, Slim, Chub, and the crew of ex-college boys were becoming richer and richer. It was a thrilling, exciting life, and they loved it. *And it took guts.*

Big John was out for that "amachoor" who, within the last three months, had hi-jacked more than a dozen of his cargoes. He held a conference in the office of his warehouses in the West Indies. Fish Face, his stool pigeon, was there, the captain of the "Queseda," his prize schooner, and all the rest of his murderous gang. There was a "leak" some place and Big John meant to find it. Fish Face had a pretty good idea and a plan. He told Big John to ask his stenographer, Sophie, to get a cook for the "Queseda" before she sailed that night. Fish Face knew that Sophie would get Slim—and a gangster can go for a ride on the sea as well as on land.

"THE 'Queseda' will sail in five minutes," Fish Face said, making a futile effort to kiss Sophie. "You know it was nice of you, darling, to get Slim to cook for the boys. Too bad Big John had to plant the deck cargo full of time bombs, to surprise the 'Corsair'—" he noticed with glee how Sophie sat up quickly and was all interest. But she wouldn't be able to tip off Johnny tonight!

"Big John's smart," the gangster continued suavely, watching Sophie shrewdly out of the corner of his eye. "He figured out how he had some squealers in his organization but he didn't know just who they were." Sophie turned pale as Fish Face calmly continued, "So he thought of the cook gag, knowing that one of the squealers would want to get on the 'Queseda.' We were suspicious of you, darling, but we didn't know just who your pardner was. But now—we know."

With a frightened scream Sophie tried to make a run for the door, but Fish Face was too quick for her. He threw her into a chair and dangled a sawed-off gun before her eyes.

"Being a dead moll won't help Slim," he sneered. "But when Slim is dead maybe I might be needing a dame like you, darling. Well, get comfortable, we've got a long time to wait. Wish I could see Mister Johnny Hawks when he opens up them pineapples."

On board the "Corsair," now posing as the "Swallow," tied up in the Miami dock, Johnny Hawks awaited Steve Corning. The millionaire was due at five, and by midnight the "Corsair" would be on the open sea lying in wait for the "Queseda" and its cargo of champagne. Slim had radioed that it was leaving at midnight, heavily laden with liquor fit for a king, or an American millionaire; Steve Corning to be exact.

"Hello, Mr. Bootlegger," said a cool, self-possessed voice. Johnny jumped in surprise and turned around quickly, without showing the least bit of pleasure.

"Hi-jacker, Miss Corning," he said coldly and, ignoring her out-stretched hand, turned to Mr. Corning.

"Chub, show Miss Corning about the boat," he ordered. "Come into my office, Mr. Corning. Would you be interested in $400,000 worth of Pol Roger? It's a big dose, but the biggest bargain I have ever offered—"

"Of course, I'll take it," Mr. Corning licked his lips in anticipation. "I'm sure I made a mistake in firing you, Mr. Hawks." Johnny smiled at the compliment. "Well, this is some little business you've worked up for yourself. I'll be on the 'Ventura' tomorrow to welcome you—and the Pol Roger. We'll open up a case and celebrate. Where is Alison?"

In her bored, indifferent manner, Alison joined the two men.

"When do you sail?" she asked.

"Midnight."

"Good. Mr. Bentinck, my fiancé, and I will be ready to sail with you by then, won't we, dear?" Mr. Bentinck's mouth opened in amazement. Johnny glared at him in contempt. So she had to go and get herself engaged to—*that*. It was the sleek young man with the cute little mustache who had cut in on him at the Yale-Hammer dance.

"Don't be absurd, Alison. You can't stay on this boat! It's too dangerous," Corning said, but when he saw Alison's determined expression he shrugged his shoulders in despair.

"What can I do?" he looked hopelessly at Johnny. "I can't handle her. Bentinck can't handle her. Nobody can handle her, so why say anything!"

"Well, I have something to say," Johnny said sternly. "This is my boat. We are pulling out at midnight—and we're pulling out alone."

"What a he-man you turned out to be." Alison made a face at him, laughed derisively, and jumped into her father's launch. "Cheerio! Sorry we couldn't see the 'Corsair' sweep upon its prey and all that sort of thing—"

AS THE "Swallow" passed the lighthouse out in the harbor the gay awnings and furniture disappeared, the extra high smoke stack was removed, and the machine guns were brought on deck. It was the "Corsair" again in all its glory. But so busy were the men in effecting the transformation that they did not notice a young girl and a young man in bathing suits slip from under the canvass of a life boat and make a dash for Captain Johnny's room. Johnny and Chub found them there several hours later, Bentinck looking about as miserable as a fish out of water, and Alison nonchalantly smoking a cigarette.

"What did you bring her on this boat for?" Johnny demanded of Bentinck. "You know what we are going into!"

"Don't be silly," Alison drawled. "He didn't bring me. I brought him."

But Johnny chose to continue to ignore her. Again he glared at Bentinck whose teeth were chattering with fear.

"You keep her here below until we are out of the danger zone," he ordered curtly.

"But surely you are not going to do this hi-jacking with Alison on board?" Bentinck quavered.

"No?" sarcastically. "Chub, keep Miss Corning and her fiancé here below deck until the excitement's over."

It was just at daybreak when they sighted the "Queseda" through a dense fog and a few minutes later the "Corsair" came up astern. As Johnny pointed his gun, the Captain and six men of the crew lined up against the rail, docile as lambs. A boat was lowered and Johnny's men quickly removed the cases from the "Queseda" to the "Corsair." Not a man offered the least resistance. Johnny had a vague feeling that something was radically wrong. Never before had he seen gangster bootleggers stand by so calmly while their cargo was being hi-jacked. He had a queer feeling of impending danger. All was not well.

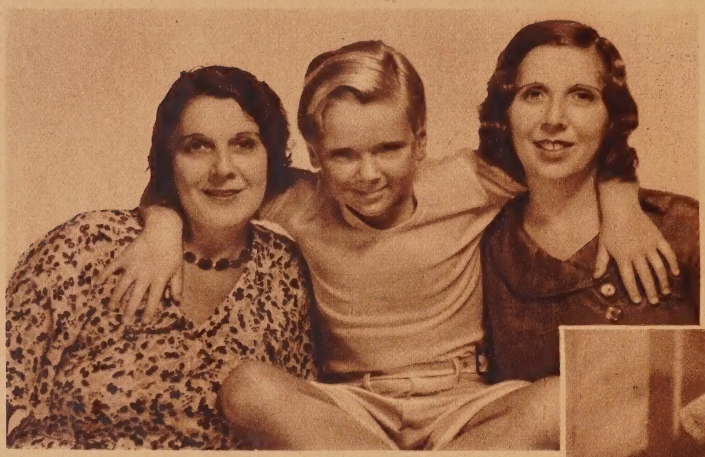
"Quite uninteresting," Alison yawned at his side, but even her presence on deck, which he had strictly forbidden, did not annoy him. Everything was so quiet—that smug look on the faces of the "Queseda" men who were hurrying to get their boat as far away from the "Corsair" as possible. What did it all mean?

Chub was worried, too. "Can't understand why they didn't use their guns. Too easy," he mumbled. [*Continued on page 76*]

On board the *Corsair*, Johnny Hawks awaited Steve Corning. The millionaire was due at five, and by midnight the *Corsair* would be on the open sea, lying in wait for the *Quesada* and its cargo of champagne

Skippy in

Jackie Cooper's mother talks about her famous youngster



—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

The young lad, Jackie Cooper, loved by the whole world of movie-goers, introduces you to his astonishingly youthful grandmother, Mrs. John Leonard (left) and his mother, Mrs. Mabel Cooper, whom he always calls "Mother Dearest"

Like every other lively youngster of eight, Jackie holds systematic raids on his mother's kitchen, in quest of a generous supply of the wherewithal to carry him through his strenuous days of acting

JACKIE COOPER and I were in swimming together. The Pacific was an enormous saucer of brightest blue sparkling water, ablaze with hot, eye-aching sunlight.

Taffy-haired Jackie, with his doughty, Maurice Chevalier underlip and young bright eyes was diving into waves with the aplomp of a porpoise. I swam a short way out to cut him off if he tried to go to sea. He wanted to go out a little further than I was willing, and it was difficult to be stern with America's greatest screen actor, even if he is only eight years old. I really was uneasy during a full hour in the water. Jackie is as active, vigorous, tireless a lad as one will meet in years, and I was quite relieved when the figure of Mrs. Cooper, Jackie's mother, stood on the sand and beckoned. I was frankly relieved to go ashore. It would be tragic enough for an accident to happen to any child. But to a child loved by the whole world of movie-goers, a child earning $1,300 a week . . . well, as I say, I felt relieved . . .

"My mother means we should come to lunch," Jackie yelled at me, then dove over a wave and shouted, "You'll have to come and get me if you're going to get me to eat any lunch."

I said "Come on, Jackie, no fooling, your mother doesn't want to wait, I imagine."

"All right, Mister, if you want me to come very bad you'll come and get me," he grinned, jumping up and down in the water close to shore, and dripping joyously.

I started in pursuit. He dove under. Suddenly someone seized my leg. I made a grab for America's most distinguished actor, but he eeled away. Then he popped out of the water a few feet off, stuck out his hand and said, "All right, gangster, let's be friends."

I said, "Let's, Jackie," and reached for his hand.

It was a typical beach house, that we entered a moment later, with a glass-enclosed porch and chintz curtains.

"You're going to get lunch," Jackie whispered to me, just before I vanished into a bedroom to change into my clothes.

WHEN I came back, Jackie was dressed. Salads and heaps of sandwiches and bubbling coffee in a silver coffee service, all smelling very fragrant against the keen sea air, were on a table.

"Didn't I tell you?" Jackie said, nudging me and speaking in a low tone, "When anybody comes down here they know

Real Life

By Ted Le Berthon

Mrs. Cooper believes that her son is strangely intelligent for a boy of his age. He has a powerful imagination, a remarkable memory and has already written several stories dealing, boy fashion, with gats and gangsters

An unforgettable scene from *Skippy*, with Jackie and little Robert Coogan. It was Jackie's excellent work in this picture that put him in the four figure salary class under a long-term contract

they're going to get lunch. My mother *alway'll* get lunch for you. You don't have to worry at all."

It was as if Jackie, who has a way of looking one very honestly and probingly in the eye, had fathomed the secret that I was hungry, and wanted to assure me—perhaps for fear I would dash off ingloriously to a restaurant—that his mother would never fail a hard-working interviewer in the matter of food.

We ate. Jackie's mother, Mrs. Mabel Cooper, a small, slight and unobtrusively pretty woman, sat at my left. His grandmother, a gentle, kindly woman, more robust than the mother, and with nary a gray hair in her heavy dark hair, sat next to her. Then there was Jackie, freshly combed, not at all tired, and seeming quite eager to hear what I had to say.

"By the way, Jackie," I ventured, "I notice you call your mother *mother*, and also call your grandmother *mother*. How is that?"

"Well," he piped earnestly, his round face like a little red sun above the table-cloth, "you see, mother *is* mother. Now, have you got that straight? Well, all right, you have. Well, mother also is mother *dearest* but my grandma is only just *mother*. I mean, it's like this. If you weren't here, and I wanted each one to know which I was talking to, I'd call my mother *mother dearest* but I'd just call my grandma *mother*. See?"

I asked Mrs. Cooper what Jackie's full name was.

"Oh," she answered, in a subdued, modest tone, "it's Richard Cooper."

"Yes, that's it, Mister LeBerthon," he put in eagerly, "but don't call me Richard, just make it Jackie. You see, I was glad no one called me Richard when I worked with Richard Dix. But he's a swell guy. He makes me laugh. He walks in like this—lots of pep!—and he doesn't even call me Jackie. He says, 'Hello, Darling!' And you know, he means that he likes me. We kid each other. I called him Yancey Cravat just to tease him, but he likes it fine."

During the course of conversation, I touched on the subject of Jackie's father.

"Oh, Mr. Cooper is dead," the mother replied. "He died when Jackie was about two and a half years old. He was Johnny Cooper in vaudeville. We were the team of Johnny Cooper and Mabel Leonard. But Jackie doesn't remember his father."

"No," hazarded Jackie, scratching [*Continued on page 78*]

CHARLES STARRETT AND BILLIE DOVE

Charles Starrett and Billie Dove in a romantic flash from "The Age for Love," a comedy drama which heralds Miss Dove's return to the screen after more than a year's absence. Gone is the Billie whose sole contribution to a picture was beauty. In her place is a rollicking lady with a sense of humor. Her next is "Cock-o'-the-Air," a United Artists' production

The Secret of True Beauty

Claudia Dell's all important message on the value of an attractive mouth

By Claudia Dell

No movie favorite boasts a more attractive mouth and charming smile than Claudia's. They are self-made, just as yours can be!

IF SOME Fairy God-mother should come to me and tell me that I could select one really beautiful feature, but that the rest were to be more or less nondescript, I would unhesitatingly choose a beautiful mouth. For I believe that a girl may have uninteresting hair, irregular features, ordinary eyes, and even an indifferent skin, and yet if her mouth is lovely, still have a definite claim to distinction.

Unfortunately, none of us ever has been or ever will be given such a choice. But that is no cause for despair, for the mouth, which is to me the most important feature we have, is the easiest of all to beautify.

I divide the attention I give my own mouth into two categories. The first has to do with the mechanical or artificial treatments, for which there is a set rule that is easy to follow. Under this head, of course, comes the care of the teeth.

I am a "five-minute brusher." Everyone knows that brushing stimulates the gums, and it's a good habit to acquire, although I think that, like everything else, it can be overdone. It seems to me that three times a day is not too often to brush the teeth lightly, and the use of a mouth wash will not only be found refreshing but will give the feeling of social confidence that comes only with the consciousness of sweetness and cleanliness. Then visit a dentist regularly and often—I go every three months, myself—and you have a good start toward your goal.

The use of a lipstick is always fascinating, but it must be employed with extreme care. Being a blonde, I use rather a light one, choosing a little darker shade for evening. But no matter what the color, I always take care that it is moist and indelible. A dry lipstick not only cakes and comes off just when you want to look your best, but it actually drys and chaps the lips so badly that even the use of a lotion at night will not offset the trouble. To apply lipstick, I carefully place two small daubs of it near the center of the upper lip, smoothing with the little finger. If your lower lip is full, use the color sparingly. Never put it in the corners of the mouth. And never, never paint about the natural cutline of the lip. Always accentuate the best shape of your mouth, but whatever you do —don't try to paint on a new one.

MY SECOND category is more difficult to follow, but it is far the most interesting, for it has to do with expression, and here lies your greatest chance for individuality. "How often have you seen an otherwise pretty mouth spoiled by pouting? By the "prunes and prisms" look? By a droop of discontent? [*Continued on page 75*]

HOLLYWOOD'S MARATHON

Lola Lane's engagement to Lew Ayres is one of those temperamental now-it's-on, now-it's-off affairs, which will probably never terminate in marriage

—*Ray Jones*

Lew Ayres, who takes his career very seriously, is frank to admit that he is afraid of the effect marriage might have on his popularity at this stage in the game

—*Hyman M. Fink*

The record for Marathon engagements goes to Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, who married *each other*, if you please, after an engagement lasting seven years

Marriage in Hollywood may be a seasonal affair, but the history of the film colony's romances show that engagements go on forever

MARRIAGE in Hollywood is a seasonal affair. Many of the stars discard their wedded partners with as little thought as you would show in getting rid of your last year's Easter bonnet. You may toss it over to a girl friend with a "you can have it, I don't want it any more" air and go right out and buy yourself a new one. Husbands and wives receive like treatment in Hollywood.

But a Hollywood engagement is something else again. Looking them over, past and present, one discovers enduring qualities that are nothing short of amazing. The history of the film colony's romances show marathon engagements to be the rule.

You've been reading about Lupe and Gary for four years. About Jimmy and Myrna equally as long. About Alice and Sid for three years. About Marie and Buster for three years. *Years*, remember, not months! Can you name any movie *marriages* that have proved as sturdy? Mary and Doug, the Conrad Nagels, and you've gone almost through the list. There's something about that little slip of paper, called a marriage license, that sounds the death knell to the romantic attachment of film couples.

There are those who insist that long engagements are just as harsh on Hollywood lovers. They cite the case of Olive Borden, who married Theodore Spector, an Eastern business man, a few months ago, after being engaged to George O'Brien for five years. They forget that Olive has a strong-minded mother who frowned on the O'Brien-Borden nuptials until George rebelled at the constantly postponed wedding.

They cite the blasted romance of May McAvoy, who married Maurice Cleary, after a five-year engagement to Bobby Agnew. They forget that May's mother also had a habit of frowning and that May was a dutiful daughter. It wasn't advisable for a star earning three thousand dollars every week to give up a career for marriage with a leading man who wasn't outstandingly successful.

They tell the tale about Dorothy Sebastian who suddenly up and married Bill Boyd after flashing Clarence Brown's huge solitaire for several years. They can cite one or two similar instances of lengthy engagements that never took.

But they forget that Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell married *each other* after an engagement of seven years. They

By Harmony Haynes

ENGAGEMENTS

—*Hyman M. Fink*

For well over three years the handsome Sid Bartlett has been in love with Alice White, and she with him, but concerning marriage Alice says, "I'm afraid to risk it"

Marie Prevost divorced Kenneth Harlan because he was too much the playboy, but if Ken decides to behave, all Hollywood wonders if Marie might not take him back

Buster Collier is the third angle in the Prevost-Harlan triangle. Buster admits his love for Marie, but Marie, twice married and divorced, wants to be quite certain before she commits herself

forget that Sue Carol and Nick Stuart have not let the intimacy of married life destroy a love that outlasted a four-year period of courtship. They forget that Pauline Starke was lead to the altar by producer Jack White after a seven-year engagement, even if their marriage has finally found its way to the divorce courts.

MYRNA KENNEDY'S mother thoroughly approves of the smiling Jimmy Hall. He's the type of young man who remembers to bring her a dozen roses when he has an orchid corsage for Myrna. For years, if you asked Jimmy about Myrna and marriage, he smiled ingratiatingly and told you, "It's like this. I don't think it's fair to deprive Myrna of her career. She has a promising future; everyone predicts such big things for her; we want to wait until she's more definitely established on the scren. Then—you bet we'll get married."

But something seems to have happened to Myrna's career, along with so many other players who were too highly touted. She has plenty of time now to devote to matrimony, but they still haven't set the date. The answer is Jimmy's wife, who has the fixed idea that if she can't have him, no one else is going to be Mrs. James Hall. She has refused to give him a divorce, though they have been separated for many years.

So, until she suffers a change of heart, the red-headed Myrna will have to flash that lovely engagement ring on *the* finger, and sigh wistfully for the narrow circlet that she hopes some day will be added to it.

EVERY one thought that Alice White would marry Sid Bartlett when her contract with First National was not renewed. She was one of their busiest stars, studying voice and dancing, when she wasn't hard at work at the studio. For three years, she and the handsome Sid were in love. And when Alice is in love, there is nothing secretive about it. She announced her engagement and intimated that she and Sid would start housekeeping soon. But when she continued to live in single blessedness in her pretty bungalow after a year of professional idleness, I became curious.

"Everything's so perfect as it is," Alice told me. "I'm afraid is risk a marriage that might suffer the fate of most Hollywood marriages. As long as we can continue being happy, though single, there will be no wedding. When I feel that only marriage will hold our love intact, then I will marry. You see," she added sweetly, "it's happiness, not a husband, that I want."

And then I remembered something Alice had told me a year before. "If I can make enough money, I'll *never* marry!" and I also remembered that the little White girl cleaned up on the market while everyone else was losing. Maybe that is why the White-Bartlett engagement promises to lead in the marathon of Hollywood's engaged couples.

WHEN Marie Prevost's house burned down some months ago through a fire which swept Malibu Beach, one of the few things she saved was a picture of Buster Collier. Buster is Hollywood's most constant fiancé. He and Constance Talmadge were just like that (business of crossing two fingers) for five years before she was wed to Alistair MacIntosh.

Maybe Constance became infatuated with the suave Scotchman, or maybe she just liked his English society friends and his familiarity with dukes and earls; anyway, no one was more surprised than Buster when Constance's marriage turned out to be a *mesalliance*. Buster tried to forget Constance in a manner all men seek to [*Continued on page* 80]

HELEN TWELVETREES

In spite of numerous bad breaks, Helen Twelvetrees has fought her way to a place among the stars. Her life has touched tragedy, which perhaps is accountable for the hint of pathos in her work, and her wistful little smile. Her first marriage was unhappy. She divorced her youthful husband and is now the wife of Sam Woody. Her next film is "The Pick-up"

Who Will Qualify FOR THE *Opportunity to Win?*

$8,275.00 in Prizes

FOR purposes of publicity, a nationally known $1,000,000.00 company, founded in 1893, is sponsoring an entirely new and original program of prize distributions. In this one prize offer, Twelve First Prize Winners are to be selected.

If you would like a chance to win one of twelve new Ford Sedans or one of twelve $500.00 cash prizes which will be awarded at once, simply submit an answer to this question — "Which crewman is different from all the rest shown in the illustration above?"

A correct answer to this question is the only qualification required for this opportunity to become a prize winner. You will not obligate yourself in any way by submitting an answer, nor will you be asked to buy anything. There is no trick involved, but before trying to solve the puzzle, read carefully the explanation which follows:

The illustration pictures seventeen crewmen, all of whom you will notice are numbered. If your eye is keen, you may be able to find eight pairs of twins among them. Except for one crewman, who is different, every other member of the crews has an exact double, maybe in a different boat. One crewman, and only one, is different from all the rest. He is not, however, the coxswain — the young man with the megaphone to his mouth.

You can see, now, that this becomes a real test of observation. Probably the best way for you to begin is to take your pencil and list down the numbers of those you believe to be twins, but do not send in the twins' numbers. The number of the different crewman is all you will need to send.

Study the crewmen's faces, heads, arms and legs—those of the twins must correspond. So, too, must their hair and the position of their arms and legs. Notice that some men lean far forward—others not so far; that all wear sweaters of various designs and that the twins' sweaters are alike. Every detail must correspond exactly between those whom you pair up as twins. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. If you can pick out the eight pairs of twins, you will have eliminated all but the different one. That is the first test. Work this out correctly and you will then be eligible for the final deciding work which I am sure you will find interesting. Who knows, perhaps you will be one of those successful in finding the different crewman?

$8,275.00 will be paid to the winners in this present offer. There are many other prizes besides the first prizes and twelve extra awards of $125.00 each as well for promptness, so that the twelve first prizes will equal a total of $625.00 each in cash.

Should there be ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. This offer is not open to persons living in the City of Chicago or outside the U. S. A. Start right now; see if you can pick out the different crewman. If you think you have found him, rush his number to the address below. You will be notified at once if your answer is selected as correct.

W. M. CLARK, Manager,
Room 92, 52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois.

DOLORES DEL RIO

—Robert W. Coburn

A year in retirement has changed Dolores Del Rio. Happily married to Cedric Gibbons, the art director, and established in an ultra-modern home, she spurns her former old-fashioned roles and emerges as the fascinating, fast-living daughter of today's world in "The Lost Virtue"

Last Minute News

[*Continued from page* 16]

Pathé is to appear in the cast of *Suicide Fleet,* now being filmed. William Boyd heads the list, with other such well-known actors as Robert Armstrong, Harry Bannister, Tom Keene and James Gleason. What a cast!

Music Coming Back

The screen may be singing away at a great rate soon, if present rumors seeping out of the mysterious depths of the studios are any indication. The great success of Maurice Chevalier's *The Smiling Lieutenant* and Eddie Cantor's *Palmy Days* are the reasons why the big executives are beginning to think about musical screen plays again.

Gloria Home Again

Gloria Swanson is back from Europe after an extended vacation, taken to improve her health, and is now hard at work in *Tonight Or Never.* Gloria has been away from Hollywood ever since she completed *Indiscreet,* and the natives are mighty glad to see her back.

Has Her Fling

Marian Marsh is back in Hollywood again working on a new picture, following a brief vacation in New York. She saw all the sights in the big town, and even made a hurried trip to Washington to pay her respects to Herb Hoover, who, if anybody is interested in politics these days, is the president of these United States.

Seven More Smashes

Dick Grace, intrepid movie stunt man, who has crashed planes for pictures ever since anybody can remember, isn't taking any chances on being permanently cracked up. He is now working in *The Lost Squadron,* the story for which he wrote himself. Dick has crashed thirty-four times and suffered a grand total of one broken neck and forty-eight fractures of ribs, arms and legs. When he crashes the fortieth plane, Dick declares, he is going to hang up the goggles and stay on the ground for awhile.

Tom Mix has started work in *Destry Rides Again,* the first of the six western thrillers he is to make for Universal. According to studio announcements the second picture in the series will be an adaptation of *Christmas Eve at Pilot Butte,* a novel by Courtney Riley Cooper.

Harry Carey has signed a long term contract with Weiss Brothers, independent producers, and will be starred in six western melodramas.

Edwina Booth, the "blonde goddess" of *Trader Horn,* has been signed for the feminine lead in *The Vanishing Legion,* a serial that will be produced in thirteen episodes.

Ann Harding's next starring vehicle for RKO-Pathé will be *Prestige,* an original story by Harry Hervey.

[*Continued on page* 77]

No woman should risk

unknown substitutes for Kotex

Kotex is safe, secure; it can be worn on either side with equal protection.

THERE'S one time to be cautious—that's when you hear the expression, "just like Kotex."

How do you know it's just like Kotex? Who stands back of it? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Those words, "just like Kotex," mean much more, you see, than surface resemblance. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of purity, of cleanliness, of perfect hygienic safety.

Why risk health?

After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. It is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone—their choice of Kotex should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute, of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness, as well as hygienic safety.

You have every possible comfort in Kotex. Careful shaping, for comfort and inconspicuous lines. Super-softness . . . that lasts . . . because Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, which absorbs scientifically, away from the surface.

The feeling of security that comes with perfect fit, perfect adjustment. And the fact—how important, too—that you can wear Kotex on either side. There's no worry about inadequate protection. No chance of embarrassing situations.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

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2. ***Kotex is soft . . .*** Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
3. ***Can be worn on either side*** with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
4. ***Disposable,*** instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

THE EDITOR'S MAIL BOX

Where movie fans express their frank opinions

Likes It

Chicago, Ill.

I AM sure you are waiting to know what the movie fans think of the new SCREEN BOOK. For my part, I like it immensely. Not only is the price attractive, but the movie reviews and interviews are interesting and plentiful.

I especially liked the story on Clark Gable, since he is my favorite. I hope you keep all his fans posted on up-to-the-minute news about him in future issues.

Aileen Ohm.

Doesn't

New York.

THE new SCREEN BOOK didn't make much of a hit with me. It was absolutely barren of any real interest because you didn't carry a large picture and story about Greta Garbo. I liked the story about Clark Gable, Greta's new leading man, but I won't buy another copy until you realize that Garbo is the only really important actress in pictures.

Evaly Olsen.

—*Longworth*

The Editor's Mail Box was filled to the brim this month with letters of congratulation for William Powell and Carole Lombard, who are now back in Hollywood after a glorious honeymoon in Hawaii

Picks Barry

Bronx, N. Y.

WHERE is Barry Norton? Americans want him; Argentines want him. Who is going to keep him? Any actor with his talent should be popular on the American screen, and that's what Barry Norton fans are crying for. They want to see him in English pictures—not in Spanish versions. We don't understand why directors don't give him a fair chance to show what he can do. His masterful performance in *Dishonored* showed what he can do. Let's see more of him in SCREEN BOOK. Long live Alfredo de Biraben, alias Barry Norton!

Kitty Lane.

Wants Screen Stories

San Francisco, Calif.

I AM greatly pleased with the new SCREEN BOOK—except for one thing. You are devoting less space to fictionization of motion pictures than before, and I for one think that these stories are read and appreciated by every movie fan. Please don't discontinue them completely.

Ethel Anderson.

Likes Carroll Cover

Syracuse, N. Y.

I WANT to tell you how much I liked the picture of Nancy Carroll on the cover of SCREEN BOOK. It is the best colored picture I have ever seen of her. I also want to congratulate Nancy on her marriage to Bolton Mallory. I hope they will be happy.

Helen Ellis.

"Tabloid" a Hit

Denver, Colo.

WHAT a magazine SCREEN BOOK is! I don't see how you can put out such a live and interesting magazine for only ten cents. I saw the September number and I won't miss one of them from now on. I like your idea of having a "Screen Tabloid" with all the latest film news in pictures.

How about a story about Marlene Dietrich? After all, she is the one who really matters.

Harry Holman.

Jungle Pictures

Des Moines, Iowa.

I THINK SCREEN BOOK ought to be congratulated on printing a story about the faking of jungle pictures. It was about time somebody gave fans the real low down on which ones are faked and which ones are not. Personally, I suspected *Ingagi* all the time of being a man in disguise, but I was not quite sure that all the scenes in *Trader Horn* were real.

Why not give us the dope in advance on the next jungle picture?

Stella Meeker.

More Big Stars

Madison, Wis.

SCREEN BOOK is the answer to a movie fan's prayer. At last we have a magazine for a dime. But please give us more news about the big stars. In the next issue or so I hope to see stories about Richard Dix and Jackie Cooper, who starred in *Young Donovan's Kid*.

James Harker.

—*Richee*

We wouldn't have room to print all the letters from fans who have written us this month begging for news and stories about Adrienne Ames. Watch for a story about this charming newcomer soon

Poor Marlene

Detroit, Mich.

I HATE to see Marlene Dietrich get so much publicity in the papers about the alienation of affections suit brought against her by Director von Sternberg's former wife. It seems as if everything a film star does has to get in the papers and a woman doesn't have any rights about her personal affairs. Come on, Dietrich fans, let's make a big protest and put a stop to this publicity.

Tessie Jones.

A New Favorite

New York City.

HAT'S off to the most dazzling screen discovery in recent years! I'm talking about Adrienne Ames who displays her remarkable beauty and talent in *Twenty Four Hours* and *The Road to Reno*. Please tell us all about her in a story soon!

Jerry Smith.

Happily Ever After

Denver, Colorado.

CONGRATULATIONS to you, William Powell, for having wed the screen's loveliest blonde—and to you, Carole Lombard, for capturing the heart of Hollywood's most interesting man. May your years of married life be long and full of contentment. A devoted admirer,

Kay Rankin.

Paging Sylvia

Washington, D. C.

I HAVE just seen *An American Tragedy* and I would like to read something in your magazine about Sylvia Sidney, whom I consider one of the most talented young actresses on the screen. Her performance there was superb. I am wondering now how she is getting along with her broken ankle.

Ethel M. Harris.

Wants Single "A"

Fargo, N. D.

YOUR rating of the pictures in the department called "Let's Go to the Movies" is very fair, and provides an excellent guide for theatre-goers. I would suggest, however, that you also make use of the single "A" to distinguish between the pictures that are fair and the ones that are poor. When a picture actually is punk (as some are), I like to see it branded so.

H. K. Thorson.

Doug, Junior, Fan

Orange, N. J.

PLEASE give us a story about Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. I think he is one of the most interesting personalities in Hollywood and I would like to read more about him. Also, I wish you would print a real good picture of him that I could clip for my collection. I am a one hundred per cent booster for SCREEN BOOK.

Mary Alice Keenan.

Clara's Nonchalance

Cleveland, Ohio.

IT SEEMS to me that the height of nonchalance during these days of "depression" is Clara Bow refusing a

[*Continued on page* 81]

This unpleasant job ended forever by . . .

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DISPOSABLE TISSUES

NO one likes to wash handkerchiefs. It's the most unpleasant task imaginable. Why do it?

There's no longer any necessity whatever for any woman to perform this disagreeable task. Kleenex costs so little, and it's sold the country over.

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It brings a natural ruddy glow into even the most sallow cheeks and revitalizes the skin with a charming beauty that is almost unbelievable. This revitalizing power of the vacuum suction cup used with **Rae Juvenay** cream is so effective that it even smooths out wrinkle lines with faithful daily application. Yet the complete Ensemble is priced at only $2.50, cream $1.50, suction cup $1.00. If your favorite department store cannot supply you, send check, money order, or currency direct to us and your order will be mailed same day it arrives. If you do not instantly agree that this is the finest facial combination you have ever possessed, your money will be instantly refunded without question. Harriette Arms Laboratories. 508 Keith Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

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The Truth About Movie Accidents

[*Continued from page 35*]

eighteen aviators who figured prominently in the picture, less than half are alive today. A number of them have been killed while "stunting" for pictures.

AERIAL work that has no connection with airplanes is another frequent cause of disaster. Cameramen are often victims in these cases, as stars take no chances on dangerous shots, being provided with doubles. One photographer nearly lost his life while working on Joe Cook's big circus picture, *Rain or Shine*. Perched on a scaffolding thirty feet high, he was adjusting his lens when one of the heavy guide ropes which held the main pole of the tent erect swerved against the platform. The insecure support, hastily put up, toppled over and he was crushed beneath it.

No less harrowing at the time they occur than these tragedies, are the set accidents, which supply part of the daily routine in all studios. For the legitimate actor, imbued with the age-old tradition that "the show must go on," keeps working in spite of them, no matter how great his suffering.

For downright nerve and ability to endure pain, no one can surpass Barbara Stanwyck. When *Ten Cents a Dance* was being filmed, she fell down a long flight of steps on the sound stage and hurt her back. A well-meaning actor picked her up and started with her to the first aid station, but, before he could reach it, he stumbled, dropping the already half-stunned girl to the cement sidewalk. Badly injured, she was taken to the hospital in an ambulance. But she reappeared on the set the next day, trussed up in a tape jacket that reached from her shoulders to her hips! It was not until she had finished her part in the picture that she permitted her physician to place her in a plaster cast, in which she remained for several weeks.

A stoic herself, Miss Stanwyck gave Ben Lyon a chance to prove his stamina while *Night Nurse* was in the making at First National. In her rôle of a trained nurse, Barbara was called upon to rip open Lyon's shirt with a large pair of sharp shears and administer first aid. In the excitement of the moment, she clipped off a two-inch strip of flesh. Lyon was hustled to the big medic who takes care of serious studio cases and patched up.

Joe Cook had his accident troubles in *Rain or Shine*. Pansy, the trick elephant, swished her tail unexpectedly one day, and struck Cook in the eye. Should you not know, an elephant's tail is a deadly weapon, fashioned on the pattern of the medieval knout, with a knot of gristle on its end. The actor was knocked flat —and unconscious. It is characteristic of him that his first action on being helped to his feet was to assure Pansy that "she was a nice girl not to have used her foot." Cook carried a black eye to the end of the picture.

CHARLES BICKFORD had the unique and painful experience of being bitten by an alligator while working with Rose Hobart in *East of Borneo*. A shallow river, part of an exterior set on the Universal lot, had been stocked with a score or more of the dangerous reptiles. As Bickford walked up the bank in the darkness, he failed to notice that one of the alligators was directly in his path. Before he could withdraw, its great jaws grasped his right foot, and its teeth penetrated his rubber boot with the ease of a stiletto. Bickford was given emergency treatment and was back on the set within an hour.

Romance played a conspicuous part in the accident which occurred to Gavin Gordon while he was appearing as Greta Garbo's leading man in *Romance*. Soon after he began rehearsals, the actor fell and broke his collar bone. The next day, despite excruciating pain, he reported for work. It was not until he had collapsed from the ordeal that he admitted the truth. The Swedish star was filled with admiration at his courage. When he furthermore revealed that fear of losing the rôle opposite her had prompted him to make the heroic effort, she was so touched that she scorned all suggestions of a substitute and insisted that production be held up until he was well enough to resume work.

There are some actors whom calamity seems to pursue. George O'Brien is one. He was so badly bruised and battered from a too realistic scene in *Fair Warning* that he had to be removed from the studio in an ambulance. The jinx still trailed him in *The Last of the Duanes*. As O'Brien rested quietly on the sidelines, congratulating himself that he had escaped misfortune at least once, a big overhead spotlight broke loose from its moorings and dropped on his head. He suffered a badly injured neck and spine and production had to be delayed for nearly a week.

Misery atmosphere was in demand when the South Pole sequences of *Dirigible* were being shot and one of the huskies was pressed into service to add to the general effect of desolation. Clarence Muse, a famous colored actor who played the cook, was delegated to dangle a piece of meat in front of one of the animals and keep him looking hungry until the cameraman did his work. Muse did his part all right, and the dog did his—for a time. But when he thought things had gone far enough, he jumped at the meat and grabbed Muse's hand into the bargain. Heavy fur gloves failed to protect the actor completely. His hand was badly lacerated, and he was compelled to wear his arm in a sling for a week or more.

STUNT men are in a class by themselves. They are literally the "fall guys" of the movies who, for the consideration of a few hundred dollars, cheerfully risk their lives daily to supply thrills. Studios assume no liabilities in engaging them. It is stipulated in their contracts that they must carry all responsibility for anything they do. Their business is to perform hazardous feats allotted in the scenario to stars and featured players.

Dick Grace is perhaps the most famous of them all. His reputation rests not only upon his daring work in *Wings*, the first great air epic, but upon certain other amazing risks he has taken on terra firma. No stunt has ever surpassed, in spectacular features, the one attempted by Grace for a Fox picture starring Evelyn Brent. Scheduled to

Phillips Holmes has a new hound—that's it, the little speck on the carpet at the left. His name is Pete and he isn't stuffed—except at mealtime

double for a ballet dancer whose dress becomes ignited by a carelessly thrown cigarette, Grace was painted with asbestos, then drenched in gasoline. The asbestos failed to afford the protection anticipated, and had it not been for the quick action of an assistant director, tragedy would have resulted.

Grace, who has been desperately injured scores of times, is the sole survivor of a famous quartet of stunt men, three of whom—Locklear, Burgess and Curwood—have already paid the price of death for their daring. All three met their fates in airplane accidents: Locklear was killed while bringing a flaming plane down in a tail spin. Burgess died from a fall sustained while treading the wings of a ship some twenty-five hundred feet in the air. Curwood was the victim of two mishaps. He first hurt his back by a drop from a burning parachute in which he tried to descend after exploding an airplane in mid-air. Before he had fully recovered from his injury, he attempted to climb down a rope fastened on the bottom of a plane, for a Fox picture, and lost his hold.

Altogether, picture making is a dangerous business. It will continue to be as long as realism at any cost is the slogan.

Now, Ben!

WHILE Bebe Daniels is at home, waiting for the stork, her handsome husband, Ben Lyon, is out making love to his former sweetheart, Marilyn Miller. Oh, it's quite all right. He plays opposite her in *Her Majesty, Love.*

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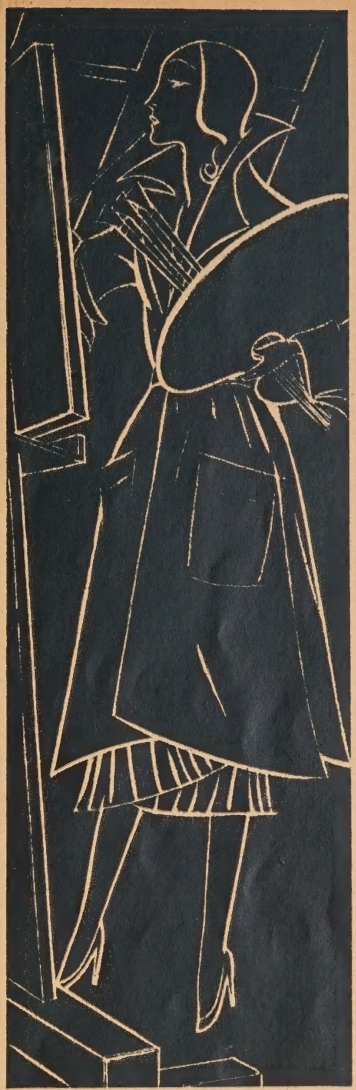

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One Lucky Man

FOX studio has been letting writers, and other people also, go at a great rate of speed. In fact, they have been coming and going so rapidly of late that Hollywood says, "The only man sure of his job is the one who paints the signs on the door."

Hollywood Briefs

[*Continued from page 6*]

to get Thelma away from two-reeler memories. To which Mr. Roach's reply is a whole dish of razzberries. Here's hoping Thelma—we mean Alison—doesn't get middled-up and lose out on both ends.

Rumania, N. J.

DUNCAN RENALDO'S wife insists that he comes from Rumania, despite the fact that Dunc claims he's from Joisey. The Mrs. wants to send him far, far away and is trying to prove the lad an alien.

Tough Breaks

YEARS ago Harold Lloyd was hurt when a prop bomb exploded—now his brother, Gaylord, has lost one eye through the premature explosion of a similar device on the *Scarface* set. They say that the Lloyds don't like the way Howard Hughes acted about it, either.

Remembah?

PHIL BAKER'S latest line is sad but true. "I remember," cracks Phil, "when men used to rob banks!" Get it?

Skidding?

AMONG other things Jack Oakie has to worry about is his recent motor car collision, in which six persons were hurt. According to the cops, Jack wasn't watching his speedometer.

Checking Up

WHEN a divorce was granted to a couple of Hollywood figures not long ago, it was discovered that they were wed in London in 1926—although there was reason to think that the wedding took place in New York several weeks earlier.

Hard Times

NEW YORKERS say things are so slow on Broadway that the colyumnists are printing the dirt on one another.

Raffles

THE crook who picked up Evelyn Brent's automobile wore soup 'n' fish plus topper according to information upon which the cops are basing their search.

Just A Tom-Boy

SALLY O'NEILL and Molly O'Day experience troubles with their relatives which are as great as those of Mary Pickford. A while back, brother Eddie got thirty days for smacking the law. But the Irish-eyed sisters got the sentence suspended.

Don't Blame Hollywood

NEITHER the movie star from the grand opera stage nor his wife blame the movies for their recent split-up—which is unusual because Hollywood is generally blamed for every domestic ruckus. Both parties to this disagreement agree on the fact that they've been battling like Joan Bennett and Carmen Pantages for over ten years, and are glad the final bell has sounded.

Foolish Fatty

THE folk behind the move to re-establish Roscoe Arbuckle as a screen star are disappointed that he selected this particular time to announce his forthcoming marriage to Addie McPhail, a lady who is not yet divorced. Others have done it, of course, but it's liable not to set so well with the estimable ladies who have thus far made it their business to see that Fatty has received the rawest deal in the indu try. Well, one of the rawest deals, then.

Jill Esmond, Ivan Lebedeff and Dolores Del Rio at luncheon on the historic palm grove site back of the Hollywood Plaza hotel, where some of the industry's first pictures were filmed

Always Skippy

PERCY CROSBY created "Skippy" but he realized that it was none other than little Jackie Cooper who immortalized his creation by his portrayal of the character in a picture by the same name. To show his appreciation, he sent Jackie a watch.

When Jackie wrote to thank the donor, he once more proved to be just a little "Skippy." He wrote: "And gee, Mr. Crosby, it's real gold, too, ain't it?"

Ambition Achieved

MR. HAL E. ROACH'S boyhood ambition to be a policeman, was realized recently when he was made honorary Captain of the Culver City Police Department. This gesture was made in appreciation of his interest and support in Culver City municipal and civic affairs. Sure, he has a badge and it's real gold!

Tit For Tat

WILLIAM HAINES is always jesting and wisecracking. His younger brother George is the exact opposite and never has anything to say. One day recently Bill had to go to the dentist. He had been teasing George and was somewhat surprised when George insisted upon accompanying him. But he soon found out why.

Just as soon as the dentist put the drill in Bill's mouth and he couldn't reply, young George gave him the lecture of his life!

More Wongs

THE practice of bringing the rest of the family to the screen isn't limited to any one race, sect or creed. Mary Wong, sister of the Chinese star, Anna May Wong, made her screen début in *Daughter of the Dragon*, for Paramount.

Just A Double

IF YOU meet a blonde girl on Hollywood Boulevard and you walk up to her and greet her with something like this, "Why Anita Page, what are you doing here?" and she just gives you a rather cold stare, don't blame Anita because the girl isn't Anita at all. She is Lois Newman, San Francisco beauty contest winner, giving Hollywood the once over.

Grand Slam

A PICTURE comedian, who has one of those dual contracts using his services as a writer and actor, was being panned by another comedian.

"If that guy was a ventriloquist," said the panner, "he wouldn't even let the dummy have an answer."

Clara Returns

CLARA BOW is back from her ranch, looking more like the Clara of old than she has for the past three years. Gone is all her Hollywood sham, red hair, and gay manner. Now she is just a little dark haired, dark eyed girl, very much in love with an actor, and she drives out to Universal studios every day to lunch with him. Rex Bell, you know, is making a western on that lot.

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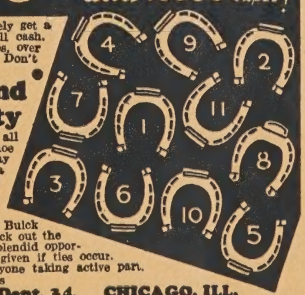

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Is Marlene A Love Pirate?

[*Continued from page 27*]

heated quarrels—and as many reconciliations. Von Sternberg was engrossed in his work and tremendously excited by his discovery of an actress that he knew would sweep the world like wildfire. He resented his wife's seeming jealousy and impatiently vowed that he did not love Marlene Dietrich—that he was only interested in her as a psychological problem and a great artiste. He was already planning to obtain an American contract for his protege.

According to all accounts, neither Riza Royce nor Marlene made any effort to conceal their mutual dislike. When Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg visited Berlin, the Sternbergs dined with them in a café. During the course of the evening Marlene joined the party—probably by arrangement, for on that evening von Sternberg broached the matter of a contract for his find to Schulberg, who is the executive in charge of Paramount production. Marlene was delightful to everyone but Mrs. von Sternberg. She treated her as if she were non-existent.

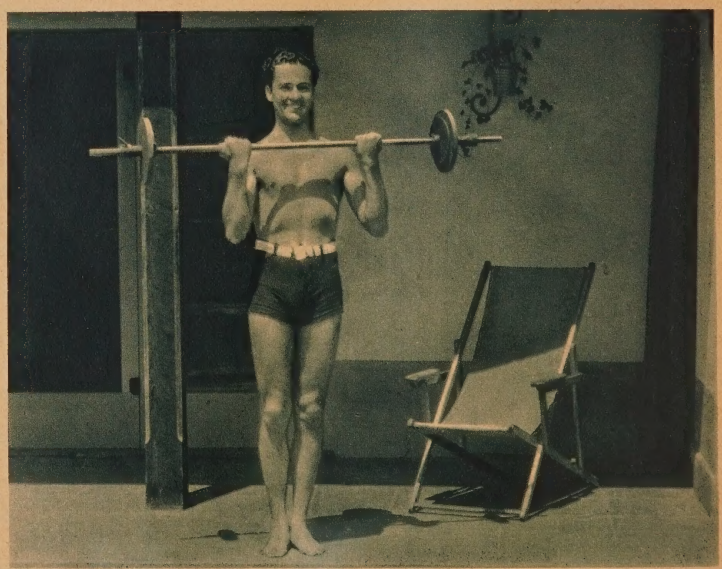
A FEW days later von Sternberg took Marlene to tea and forgot to keep an appointment with his wife. A bitter quarrel ensued and, shortly thereafter, Riza Royce returned to New York—alone. Josef remained in Berlin to finish *The Blue Angel*.

After the picture had been completed, von Sternberg and Marlene rushed to the United States—to Hollywood, where Marlene almost immediately started work in *Morocco*, her first American-made picture. Riza Royce still remained in New York.

Hollywood, always prone to gossip, immediately started talking about the director and his foreign discovery. They were constantly seen together. Von Sternberg was eulogistic in his praise for Marlene's talent. But the very frankness of his admiration soon stilled the gossip. Hollywood decided that here was nothing more than a platonic friendship, based on mutual interests and mutual respect.

Six months later Riza Royce arrived unexpectedly in Hollywood, stayed for four days, and then moved to Long Beach, acknowledging that she and Josef had agreed to a friendly divorce. The understanding was that Riza Royce would sue on a charge of mental cruelty. Von Sternberg, on his part, promised that he would not parade his liking for Marlene and thereby give cause for further gossip.

Until a few weeks ago the arrangement worked out very smoothly. Rudolph Sieber, Marlene's husband, arrived in Hollywood for a visit with his wife and their baby daughter, Maria. Von Sternberg drove Marlene to the station and during Sieber's visit was in constant attendance on the family. Marlene worships her baby and is obviously devoted to her husband. It is equally obvious that she can see no harm in acknowledging her friendship for the director who has made her a world-famous star. Sieber apparently shares her liking and admiration for von Sternberg.



Charles Rogers may have his little difficulties, but he probably knows that thousands of fans still clamor for his pictures. Maybe that's why he's grinning and keeping in trim for a big comeback

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Then, shortly after Sieber's arrival, Riza Royce, seemingly furious because of the deluge of publicity that Marlene and von Sternberg were sharing, sprung her bombshell. She filed suit in a New York court, charging Marlene with alienation of affections and libel. To say that Hollywood was thrown into a frenzy of interest would be putting it mildly.

MARLENE'S only comment was: "Mr. von Sternberg would have secured a divorce even if he had never met me. Serious difficulties had arisen between him and his wife. In him I value not only the artist but the man. He himself once related to me the story of his divorce. I could talk of many things in connection with that which are not generally known, but I prefer to spare the feelings of Mrs. von Sternberg. Toward me, however, Mrs. von Sternberg has not been so considerate. It is generally known that it was she who initiated the movement among a certain section of the American press to boycott me. It was likewise she who launched the untrue report that I am divorcing my husband."

Riza Royce does not hedge in declaring that her ex-husband is in love with Marlene. She said recently:

"I still love Joe. To say that he would have divorced me whether he met Dietrich or not is absurd. Hadn't he just married me for the second time? He is madly, heart and soul, in love with her!"

And there you are. As I said before, you can roll your own. The only undisputable fact seems to be that Riza Royce has sued Marlene Dietrich, charging alienation.

And Hollywood would like to know the real "lowdown."

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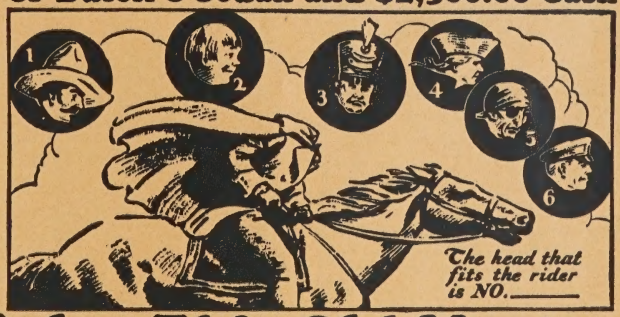

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ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS

German Spy In Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 28]

boast the addition of a real German spy? Such an acquisition would be all that was needed to confound forever the poor butcher, baker and candlestick maker of Mother Goose.

WE SOUGHT out von Brincken and he admitted readily that he was the man to whom the Sutherland articles had reference. That he was guilty of all the acts charged against him is a question about which his attorneys are even now corresponding with the publishers of *Liberty*.

Von Brincken had been in America some time previous to the outbreak of the war. The English blockade prevented his return to Germany and as he was a reserve army officer, he was called to duty and assigned the post of military attache at San Francisco. There he served his country until 1917 when he was convicted with Consul General Franz Bopp and others of "suspicion of violation of American neutrality" and interned for the duration of the war.

Upon his release, von Brincken found himself the proud possessor of the suit of clothes he wore and "five dollars Uncle Sam had given me." He had been a wealthy man previous to the war, a sportsman and world-traveler. But his estates, in fact everything he owned, had been lost in the conflict or through the duplicity of those in Germany he once called friends.

Making his way East, he was reduced to selling newspapers on the sidewalks of New York. Then he solicited magazine subscriptions from house to house. Later he sold insurance, real estate, anything to earn a livelihood.

Hearing of the opportunities offered in pictures, von Brincken went to Hollywood. His first work was on an old Vilma Banky-Ronald Colman co-starring feature. From that beginning, he became one of the best known technical advisers in Hollywood.

"I have made no secret of my activities during the war," von Brincken says. I have been called a spy though the truth is I was a commissioned officer in the confidential service of my country. Spies worked for me and their experiences added to my own have been invaluable in my motion picture work."

ASKED if his personal adventures had been used in screen stories, von Brincken replied, "A few but not many. I hope some day to write the whole story. It will, I am sure, clear up many matters, but not the Mooney case about which I know probably less than you.

"This is not the first time attempts have been made to implicate me in that Preparedness Parade explosion. Had not my every movement been constantly watched by secret service agents, the attempts might have succeeded.

"It is no picnic, you know, to be a marked man in time of war. You are aware of being under surveillance by many eyes day and night. While your men watch others, their men watch you.

"I never took a drink with anyone or accepted a proffered cigarette. Knockout drops and dope are an old trick but they sometimes work. I was nearly trapped once.

"A visitor to my apartment caught me momentarily off guard. While my back was turned for a second he slipped doped cigarettes into my private box on the desk. I lighted one and with the first inhale recognized dope. I staggered to the window palpably to get fresh air but really to turn in an alarm.

"My apartment window could be seen for several blocks—the apartment house stood in a section which at that time had not been completely rebuilt since the San Francisco fire. As I am ex-

"Here's my pass!" gasps Bert Lahr, the famous Broadway comic, as he reports for work in *Flying High* at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. It's easier to enter paradise than a Hollywood studio these days

And where has Ben been all these years? Why right in Hollywood, of course, looking circles around everybody else and occasionally finding time to escort the lady of the hour to an important première

tremely fond of growing plants, I had a large window box filled with them.

"I had conceived the idea of using colored flower pots to signal my men. Certain pots in certain places called one or another of the men to a conference. All the pots turned red side out meant danger—stay away. All white called everyone in sight to my rooms in a hurry.

"It was this white signal which saved me from the doped cigarette trick. Even before I completely lost consciousness, my men had begun to arrive in answer to the emergency call."

The change in von Brincken's given name from George Wilhelm to the more familiar William was effected when he became an American citizen. His desire for citizenship was born when "Uncle Sam" so kindly gave him the five dollars which kept him from starving. Germany apparently had forgotten his service, hazardous though it was.

VON BRINCKEN turned to acting at the suggestion of Eric von Stroheim. They worked together on the ill-fated *Queen Kelly* with Gloria Swanson. Von Brincken played the second male lead in the production, being cast as the companion and friend of Walter Byron.

In *Hell's Angels* he again played a part, that of the commander of the Zeppelin from which the German crew jumped to their deaths. He also enacted the chief of the German secret service in *Inside the Lines* with Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes. His most recent part was with Helen Twelvetrees in *A Woman of Experience*. Von Brincken also has directed several foreign versions in German.

Although he likes acting, he plans some day to devote his full time to writing. He is only too aware of the vicissitudes of an actor. He remembers the time early in his career when a Hollywood casting director refused to consider him for the rôle of a German spy because he "did not look the part."

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What Happened to Sylvia!

[*Continued from page* 36]

Sidney and Del Monte, Paramount and the California Packing Corporation will can us. As soon as the public stops buying us, we'll both go back into oblivion.

"In Hollywood, no one treats me as *me*. I'm just Sylvia Sidney, an actress with Paramount. When even I think of Sylvia in the same way—that's a pretty definite influence on one whose motto used to be individualism.

"Changed me? I should say Hollywood has. Before I came here, I used to wear blue, brown and black—sombre, conservative shades. Now look at me! In an eye-assaulting yellow-green dress. And I actually wear red, all shades of red. I made a mighty vow two years ago, that I would never wear tricky gadgets on dresses. Take a look at these bows and these sleeves. It's Hollywood!"

SYLVIA was rubbing her right eyebrow, pulling it around into all sorts of angles. It was as though the skin were rubber and the eyebrow adjustable. I was fascinated. "That's a delightful mannerism, the way you play with your eyebrow," I said.

"There you go!" she said in mock anger. "That's Hollywood. I can't even fool with my eyebrow without having somebody consider the act critically.

"If I did that on the set and some director happened to like it, a whole crew would gather in front of me and tell me to do it again. I might have to do it before the camera for the rest of my life.

"Imagine the effect of having cameras photograph every move I make, day after day. Think of hearing men conferring—with purely business motives—about the merits and demerits of my legs, arms, eyes, hair, forehead, lips and —yes—even my hips!

"I'm going to confess something." Sylvia looked like a frightened, worried little girl. "I'm afraid of cameras! There are always so many of them on the set. They're likely to be peeking at you from anywhere. It's like being in a den of lions and not knowing where all the lions are.

"One of the most difficult phases of screen technique for me has been learning to walk and talk more slowly. If I did things as rapidly as I do on the stage, I would seem to be simply rushing across the screen.

"Another thing, I've had to learn to be high hat. The real me is different. I like rough, rowdy Tia Juana better than I like dignified, society Agua Caliente. I like tenements better than penthouses. I like streetcars better than limousines."

"Tut-tut! Such heresy! Let's get down to serious discussion of the moving picture business."

"Well—there's one thing I hope I never become serious about. I don't want to become one of those stars who think they know it all. I'll never fight for a contract which will give me the right to approve stories, directors and so on. I don't know a thing about stories or production, and I never will. If I chose a story for myself, it would be a big flop."

That was sweet music for ears accustomed to hearing inflated stars talk about their omnipotence. But Sylvia Sidney is that way.

"When I was assigned Clara Bow's suite here at the studio, they asked me what changes I wanted made. When I said, 'None—it's all right with me as it is,' they were simply astounded. But who am I to ask a studio to redecorate and refurnish rooms that are perfectly satisfactory?

"There is so much of bluff and pretense and selfish display of temperament in Hollywood that no help from me is needed to maintain the average."

SYLVIA is the daughter of Dr. Sigmund Sidney, a New York dentist. Her father is Roumanian, her mother a Russian. She grew up all over New York and Brooklyn.

There is a legend that Sylvia Sidney's success is the result of a series of lucky breaks. The fact is that she began painstaking study of things theatrical at the age of twelve—a study she still pursues with rare intensity. Before her thirteenth birthday she was appearing in a series of recitals at the Little Theatre. At fifteen she was studying with the Theatre Guild School. After graduation—

"I searched for work every day for four months."

"You did that? You, who said yesterday that nothing matters," I chided.

"I was mad—that was all," came the explanation. "I was mad because managers kept telling me that I was too young to act. Also, I was determined that I was going to get some value out of my four years of study. Just common sense, you see."

Finally Sylvia did land a job—a part in *The Challenge of Youth*. On the second night of the try-out in Washington,

Like every unfortunate male, the life of a movie star is just one close shave after another. Gary Cooper's scowl proves that this is no ad for the safety razor manufacturers

"Sorry, old man, but polo's entirely out of the question," Silver, the famous equine actor, informs his master, Buck Jones, as he calls attention to an injured hoof. So it's neigh, neigh to that

Sylvia fainted and was ordered to undergo an immediate operation for appendicitis. She refused, and continued in the play until it finished at the end of the week. Examination showed that she had torn a ligament—a tear she had not mentioned for fear that it would interfere with her jobseeking. Nurses had to practically hold her in bed for two weeks.

When another job came, in *That Old Fashioned Girl*, Miss Sidney fell down a stairway and fractured her ankle. She completed the run of the play with her foot in a cast.

When a chance at the films finally came, in *Thru Different Eyes*, there was anything but enthusiasm about Sylvia's performance. She was not offered another part until she had returned to New York and handled several stage characterizations with outstanding brilliance.

Lucky breaks? To me, it looks suspiciously like the success triplets known as courage, hard work and persistence.

Lucky breaks since she came to Hollywood? Ask people at Paramount Studios and they give other explanations. Her willingness to follow orders. Her conscientious effort to do her very best in every scene. Her lack of affectation and her refreshing assumption that she doesn't know very much.

SYLVIA SIDNEY is deceiving. A frail, small girl whose pathetic expression suggests an eternal need of help—yet she is shrewd and sharp. There are centuries of business training in that oval head atop the sturdy Roumanian-Russian shoulders.

"This publicity-engendered fame hasn't gone to my head," she says quietly. "The people who write me worshipfully today may forget me next week. I happen to be 'on top' in Hollywood now. A year from now I may be completely out. I haven't any illusions about myself or the business. All I want is to save enough money to do as I please.

"Do you understand just what Hollywood has done to me? As long as I'm here in Hollywood, my real self is locked somewhere in the distant recesses of my personality. I'm just a movie name masquerading in my body. In other words—do try to understand—while making me famous, Hollywood hasn't touched me at all. It has done all its wonders for someone else, someone who sometimes makes me laugh.

"Hollywood has made me somebody else! Maybe it's going to be hard to go back and be *me* again. You see—oh, I give up! I can't explain it. But you do understand, don't you?"

I told the wise, puzzled girl with the lovely, mysterious, inquisitive, passionate grey eyes that I did understand. Any man would say that he understood anything that came in that low, vibrant voice from those full, cupid's-bow lips. So if you don't understand, don't blame me.

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No actress in Hollywood can match the beauty of Ann Harding's snowy blonde hair. Now Ann has consented to divulge, for the benefit of her fans, the secret of caring for and improving the attractiveness of every girl's crowning glory. You will find this instructive article as the next of our beauty series in December

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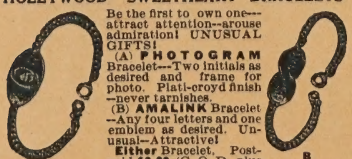

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Has Scandal Beaten Clara Bow?

[*Continued from page 26*]

"I would be getting a generous commission."

"Give me the straight goods," I begged him, "about whether Clara Bow is in demand. What jobs has she been offered? And at what salaries?"

"The highest offer came from a British motion picture company, $17,500 a week. Clara wasn't interested!

"George White, New York legitimate producer, offered $6,000 a week for stage work. His contract also involved picture work at $150,000 per picture, plus a percentage of the profits.

"Earl Carroll made a specific offer of $6,000 per week, then raised it to $7,500 when Clara said she was not interested. Still refusing to take no for an answer, he asked us to name our own figure.

"Ziegfeld was equally eager. RKO and Loew vaudeville circuits all but offered to give Clara the circuits if she would work for them. The king of all vaudeville houses, the Palace, in New York, offered what I imagine was the highest salary it has ever offered.

"NBC and other broadcasting systems have offered fabulous sums. And there have been offers from practically all of the better-known stage producers, not only in this, but in other countries. To say nothing of freak offers that we didn't even think about—from night clubs mostly.

"Offers? We've been flooded with offers by telegraph, telephone and mail, including all sorts of offers from book and magazine publishers for articles by Bow, or the use of her name.

"Why, one producer went so far as to offer me a bonus of $1,000 a week to be paid if I could induce Clara to sign with him."

I had noticed that in all Frank's list there was a reference to just one studio. I wondered about that, and asked. The agent answered:

"Practically every American studio of importance, as well as several in other countries, has made some sort of offer for Miss Bow's services. The reason I cannot give you details is that I don't want the studios to know what their competitors have offered.

"I can tell you that the studio which released Clara—at her own request, just as the publicity stated—has expressed interest in re-engaging her when she is fully recovered in health. It has made a definite offer to finance a play in which she would appear. David Selznick, one of Paramount's chief executives now in business for himself, has bid for Clara's services."

In view of this, it did not seem as if Clara had been licked by financial defeat. And yet—

Clara's expenses have been very heavy in recent years, and her income has not been as large as people have thought. Signed under personal contract to Schulberg during several of the most active years of her picture career, she received only the small salary designated in the contract, a large portion of the sums paid by Paramount for her services going to Schulberg.

I told Frank that in gathering material for this article I had asked most of the major studios: "Would you employ Clara if she wanted to work for your studio?" Not one studio would commit itself. I asked for expressions of opinion from players, directors and executives. Not one, with the exceptions mentioned in this article, would say a word about Clara or her future—not even when I pointed out that a word of encouragement would help her at this time. The Hays office was equally noncommittal.

All this was not surprising, for Hollywood is Hollywood, and there is little of friendliness and kindliness there.

"I'm telling you all this," I said to Frank, "because I want to get at the truth. Is Clara really 'out' with the industry's barons? Are you giving me 'the Hollywood run-around' with your vague references to movie offers?"

"Absolutely not!" he insisted. "There

Director Wesley Ruggles (seated beside the sound camera) watches rehearsals for a scene in *Are These Our Children?*, a new Radio Picture which presents one of Hollywood's most promising newcomers, Eric Linden

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, the comics of Radio Pictures, discovered sightseeing in England, say that the proverbial courtesy of the London "Bobby" is not exaggerated

have been definite offers from every studio. I can't tell you about any, except two which were not given in confidence. United Artists wanted Clara for *The Greeks Had a Word for It*. Universal sought her for *The Impatient Virgin*."

I STILL did not feel that I had delved adequately into the question of whether scandal has beaten Clara *inwardly*. Was there another victim of circumstances who had had an experience to be compared with Clara Bow's? Yes, one! Another, who through years has worn a brave mask to cover heartbreak, another whom fate has bludgeoned and found staunch and courageous. Fatty Arbuckle! Scandal has avalanched upon Fatty with far greater seriousness than upon Clara. I went to Fatty.

There was a wistful look in his eyes, but he still could smile. "Scandal has never defeated me as a person," he said with quiet seriousness. "In fact, it has been a great teacher. It cleared out a lot of bad traits and made me look on life with a better sense of values. Clara will be a bigger woman when this is over, and she'll do bigger things."

And Fatty Arbuckle is right, for Clara Bow is coming back. She isn't going to jump into production at once. She realizes that she is not the greatest of dramatic actresses, but she is confident that by hard work and study, she can make a name for herself in a field that is not opened by a generous amount of sex appeal.

Clara Bow will return to pictures with a contract that is practically double what she received from Paramount. The titian haired beauty will make only three pictures a year. She will receive $150,000 for each of these pictures. These pictures must not be more than six weeks in the making. Anything over that time will be at the same rate of pay as her agreement, or $25,000 per week.

With only three pictures, taking six weeks apiece, Clara will work only eighteen weeks out of the year. The rest of the time she can spend as she chooses, handling her $450,000.

The pictures will be made from stories that receive Clara's unqualified approval. The director will be of her own choosing. Naturally it will be someone whom she feels understands her and knows her capabilities.

David Selznick, formerly an associate producer with Paramount, is all set to make the first Bow picture. He is associated with Lewis Milestone in Selznick-Milestone productions, and both these young and capable motion picture men feel that Clara has a chance of being once again the greatest box-office attraction known in pictures.

Darryl Zanuck, of Warner-First National, Louis B. Mayer, of M-G-M, and Harry Cohn are also ready to take Miss Bow at her price, and the movie public is anxiously waiting her début as a star in her own right.

Has scandal beaten Clara Bow? "No," say those who know her best, "no more than damming a river beats the stream. It only serves to broaden and deepen the channel. Clara Bow will emerge, a bigger woman and a finer actress—a soldier who has vanquished the foe."

How You Can Look 90 Days From Now

Yes, you can look just like the fellow in the mirror with the same powerful fine-shaped muscles and a body full of pep, and all you need to do it in is 90 days.

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That's the way you ought to be. But are You?

Dare you face yourself in the mirror? Have you a body to be proud of or are you ashamed of it? Check up on yourself and let me help you remake that body of yours.

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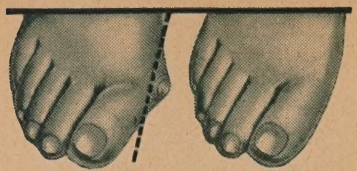

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IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Winners of SCREEN BOOK's great nation-wide disguise contest will be announced in the December issue. Watch for it!

Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page 32*]

Catch On?

Director William K. Howard nifties that a "kibitzer" is the unmarried Siamese twin!

Home Gals Best

No matter how many British beauties, Circassian cuties or Rumanian raves Charlie Chaplin went cuh-razy over while in Europe, he kept in close touch via phone and cable with Georgia Hale, the Hollywood charmer who has always been a lot on Charlie's mind.

By A Fly Cop?

And credit Anita Page with the one about the Singer's midget who turned gangster and was put on the *speck!*

Marital Mix-Up

They do say that the eyes of Ernst Lubitsch are being cast toward Miriam Hopkins these days rather than in Ona Munson's direction. Of course, Ernst isn't divorced yet—but then neither is Miriam, although both have hopes. Miriam's hubby, Austin Parker, was once wed to the writer, Phyllis Duganne, and somehow through difference in state laws it fell out that Phyllis and Austin had luncheon, while he was on his honeymoon, for the purpose of celebrating their final decree. Maybe Miriam won't have much difficulty in finding freedom.

Making Their Marx

The Marx Brothers, Groucho, Harpo, Zeppo and Chico have learned their Hollywood well and quickly. They know lots of ways to skin cats—and besides the dough for acting they'll draw down $100,000 for an original story. That's $25,000 per Marx.

Mae—Pola

Mae Murray and Pola Negri, who aren't such good friends, have lots in common. The Princess Mdvani, for instance. And their divorces from these Georgian nobles. They do say the depression has something to do with the stars cutting out all luxuries.

The Yellow Peril

The come-back of Sessue Hayakawa as a film star is indeed a menace to all the Nordics in competition with him. Sessue, after a twelve-year absence, has been lured back to Hollywood from Japan, and the fascinating Oriental is just as much in demand as he was years back. Here's hoping he and Anna May Wong are teamed in an endless series of film dramas.

Those Rumors

A director, living in the outskirts of Hollywood, worked nights on a story which was too bad to shoot. He decided while fixing it up, to check in at the Club rather than drive home and back and back and home. Someone saw him entering the Club with a suitcase and the wires sizzled that all bets were off between him and his wife. Story completed he went home—and the laugh is on the scandal seekers. As usual.

Another Busted Romance

This one, they tell me, once belonged to Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. Now, according to some of the best gossip mongers, it's all washed up. There doesn't seem to be any reason—just Hollywooditis. Yet, the wise guys predicted a split between these likeable kids when Claudette signed her first movie contract. Pictures are funny that way.

South Sea Bound

Lila Lee has sailed for the South Sea Islands to recuperate her strength. Patsy Ruth Miller decided to go at the last moment, and hurriedly purchased some new "grass skirts." Some say this may mean the parting of the ways for Patsy and her director-husband, Tay Garnett. Patsy still longs for that forbidden fruit called a talkie career.

Rudy's Bride

Everyone now wants to know something about the Mrs. Rudy Vallee—Who is she—where's she from—and you-don't-say-so! Here's a little infor. on the young lady.

She was born in Santa Monica near-the-sea on October 21, 1907. Of both Irish and French descent, she has jet black hair, olive skin and green eyes. And don't forget this—she kept Rudy guessin'. The first time he asked her for a date after having met her at a dance, she refused! Fay didn't want to appear too anxious. She must have known he'd call again—and he did, the following night. They went out and were married six months later.

Front Page Stuff

More interesting news. Lewis Milestone didn't make *The Front Page* on just exactly a gamble after all. It was primarily to pay back a debt of $20,000 which he had borrowed from Howard Hughes after his stock went boom, boom on Wall street. "Millie" made enough money on that picture to pay back half a dozen such loans.

A Band—Not Brass

Arline Judge is sparkling forth with an indescribably beautiful diamond-platinum bracelet. We peeked under the band to read the following commital: "With all my love, from Wesley"—Ruggles, of course.

Be Nonchalant

Every studio in Hollywood is quarreling over the blonde and fascinating Leslie Howard—while he's sitting back comfortably smoking *murads*. He says he

Think it will rain? Sidney Fox and Sylvia, Hollywood's famous masseuse, aren't taking any chances even if there hasn't been a shower for months. Their tomfoolery kept everybody in hysterics during the shooting of *Strictly Dishonorable*

may chuck it all and return to New York where an actor is an actor and not a willowy close-up.

Flaming Youth

Dorothy Lee stomped triumphantly into the Radio Pictures publicity office the other day to announce that she was once more in circulation. "Let's see," says she boldly, "Marshall Duffield Tuesday night; Joel McCrea Wednesday," and so forth and so forth, until we left the office, thinking how quickly things happen in Hollywood, and that it was only two days before Dorothy filed suit for divorce against James Fidler that we saw them cooing and holding hands at a premier.

Taboos

The minds of censors continue to be beyond understanding. For one thing, it is perfectly all right for a man to put his hand on a gal's limbs if done in comedy. But if it's drama—nix! The wearing of pajamas before the camera is O. K., but they must not be mentioned over the telephone.

Anyone can use the words "shotgun wedding"—unless it's a justice of the peace or minister. No one can use "Aw, nerts!"

A roulette wheel or chips may be shown—but not both!

A couple may kiss (if they are married) anywhere from the neck up. But let the kiss drop as low as the shoulders and snip go the censor's shears.

Your Guess

Edna Mae Oliver has just joined a popular beach club. Whoo! Wonder how Eddie looks in one of those "can-you-imagine-that" suits?

A New Fusser

When the ladies aren't talking about Clark Gable—it's James Dunn, the boy who was so swell in *Bad Girl*. Best of all, he's free, white and twenty-three—but he hates to comb his hair. It is his pet obsession.

In Luck

Little Mary Doran, the dark eyed blonde who plays bad girls on the M-G-M lot, may not be sure of her contract there but she is sure of good publicity from now on, for what man would dare say anything detrimental about his wife. Mary recently became Mrs. Joe Sherman and Mr. Sherman has long been handling the newspaper stories that emit from the M-G-M publicity department.

Beautiful Scribblers

There was a time when no studio cared what a writer looked like. They were interested in the product, not the producer. Then along came the exotic Carman Barnes with her *Confessions of a Co-ed*, and Paramount gave her a duel contract. She was to write and act. So far she has done little of either, but she is a decoration upon the lot.

Now they tell us that the studios are fighting for the like services of Marguerite Brener, author of *Pavement Lady*. Marguerite is even more beautiful than Miss Barnes. Her dark hair, dark limpid eyes and red sensuous mouth make everyone she encounters forget that her *book* was a best seller and see only the lady herself.

Miss Brener hasn't decided which studio she will sign with, but she is going to spend the winter in California.

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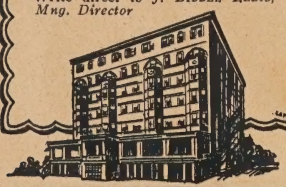

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Good and Good for You.

Let's Go to the Movies

[*Continued from page* 14]

AAAA. **NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET**—(Metro)—Impassioned, beautiful drama, laid in the South Sea Islands and based on the difficulties of inter-racial marriage. Leslie Howard and Conchita Montenegro are magnificent.

AAA. **NIGHT NURSE**—(Warner Brothers)—Outstanding entertainment in spite of the many improbabilities offered by the story. Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Ben Lyon and Clark Gable head the cast in very capable fashion.

AAA. **PHANTOM OF PARIS**—(Metro)—A weird story of a master magician's love and revenge, which gives John Gilbert his best screen rôle since the advent of talkies. Good entertainment.

AAA. **THE PUBLIC DEFENDER**—(Radio Pictures)—A thrilling drama in which Richard Dix, posing as an apparently harmless social lion, unearths important evidence in a gigantic bank swindle.

AAAA. **THE PUBLIC ENEMY**—(Warner Brothers)—A gruesome, realistic story of gangland's hoodlums, with James Cagney giving one of the best performances of the year.

AAAA. **RANGO**—(Paramount)—Ernest Shoedsack comes through again with a jungle picture of extraordinary interest. You are sure to like this picture.

AA. **REACHING FOR THE MOON**—(United Artists)—Doug Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels romp through this feature. It is Doug at his best.

AAAA. **REBOUND**—(Pathé)—Sophisticated, sparkling drama with the inimitable Ina Claire in the stellar rôle. This is great entertainment. Robert Ames and Myrna Loy head the supporting cast.

AA. **THE RECKLESS HOUR**—(First National)—Dorothy Mackaill loses her honor and all that sort of thing, but it's a good picture. Directed by John Francis Dillon.

AA. **RENEGADES**—(Fox)—A depressing story of the Foreign Legion featuring Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Victor Fleming directed.

AAA. **RESURRECTION**—(Universal)—With Lupe Velez in the stellar rôle, this talkie version of the great Tolstoy novel, is well worth seeing. John Boles appears in the male lead.

AAA. **THE RIGHT TO LOVE**—(Paramount)—As usual, Ruth Chatterton comes through with an unsurpassed performance. Worth seeing.

AAAA. **THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY**—(Paramount)—The "inside lives" of Broadway's most glamorous family—the Barrymores. Well done with Fredric March, Ina Claire, Henrietta Crosman and Mary Brian giving splendid performances. Directed by Cyril Cukor.

AAAA. **THE RULING VOICE**—(First National)—Blood-chilling and ruthless, but beautifully enacted and directed, this powerful story of a master gangster's crimes and retribution is a picture for your "must see" list. Walter Huston, Loretta Young, David Manners and Doris Kenyon head the cast.

AAA. **SCANDAL SHEET**—(Paramount)—A gripping melodrama of the newspaper "game," starring George Bancroft as the hardboiled editor. Kay Francis gives a fine performance.

AAA. **THE SECRET CALL**—(Paramount)—Distinguished by its action-crammed, thrilling plot and the excellent work of its cast, this picture can truthfully be called fine entertainment. Richard Arlen and Peggy Shannon head the cast.

AAAA. **THE SECRET SIX**—(Metro)—Wallace Beery goes in for plain and fancy gunplay in this underworld drama. Directed by George Hill.

AAAA. **SEED**—(Universal)—John Boles, Genevieve Tobin and Lois Wilson in a very human feature. Rather heavy but entertaining.

AA. **SIDE SHOW**—(Warner Brothers)—This Winnie Lightner picture is a distinct disappointment in spite of the frantic efforts made by Winnie and Charles Butterworth to get over some saving laughs. Evalyn Knapp is excellent.

AAAA. **SKIPPY**—(Paramount)—A real "kid" classic, based on one of the most human stories ever screened. Jackie Cooper, in the title rôle, is superb and Jackie Searl, Robert Coogan and Mitzi Green give excellent support.

AAA. **SMART MONEY**—(Warner Brothers)—Edward G. Robinson, again cast as an underworld character, scores another triumph in this swift moving story of big time gambling. James Cagney shares the honors.

AAAA. **THE SMILING LIEUTENANT**—(Paramount)—The best picture Maurice Chevalier has made is this delightful comedy drama of old Vienna. Charles Ruggles, Meriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert have important rôles.

AAA. **SON OF INDIA**—(Metro)—Pictorially beautiful, capably enacted and brilliantly directed, this Ramon Novarro picture is sure to make a hit with the average audience.

AAAA. **THE SQUAWMAN**—(Metro)—A time-honored classic of the stage and screen with

Evalyn Knapp is well on the road to recovery following an accident in which she toppled over a cliff while hiking, and suffered spinal injuries. Doctors feared for a time that she would be permanently disabled, but she is now back at work

a distinguished cast headed by Lupe Velez, Charles Bickford, Warner Baxter, Paul Cavanagh, Roland Young and Eleanor Boardman.

AAA. **STOLEN HEAVEN** — (Paramount) — Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes are cast in this entertaining feature. It is well worth seeing. Louis Calhern, newcomer, makes a good impression.

AAAA. **STRANGERS MAY KISS**—(Metro) —Norma Shearer in a picture admirably suited to her. It is an unusual picture and one you are sure to enjoy.

AAA. **SUBWAY EXPRESS**—(Columbia)—An excellent mystery affair, in which Jack Holt finds the solution. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.

AAAA. **SVENGALI**—(Warner Bros.) — John Barrymore is at his best in this latest picture. You are sure to enjoy it.

AAA. **SWEEPSTAKES** — (Pathé) — An unusually entertaining story of the race tracks with Eddie Quillan. Lew Cody and James Gleason sharing the laurels.

AA. **A TAILOR MADE MAN**—(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)—William Haines crashes society with a borrowed dress suit and makes good. Directed by Sam Wood.

AAA. **THIS MODERN AGE**—(Metro)—Joan Crawford again returns to her modern jazz girl rôles in this entertaining picture of Parisian society. Neil Hamilton and Monroe Owsley do the wooing.

AA. **THREE WHO LOVED**—(Radio Pictures) —Betty Compson fans will like this picture in which she appears as a Swedish servant girl.

AAAA. **TOM SAWYER**—(Paramount)—Jackie Coogan stages a come-back in Mark Twain's immortal story. This picture is well worth seeing. Its appeal is unlimited.

AAAA. **TRADER HORN**—(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)—An epic of Africa—its peoples and its wild animals—that is guaranteed to thrill and fascinate. Harry Carey, Edwina Booth, Duncan Renaldo and Mutia, a native, carry on. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

AAA. **TRANS-ATLANTIC** — (Fox) — Smart, sophisticated drama in which the lives of several persons become entangled aboard a palatial steamer. Edmund Lowe, Greta Nissen, Lois Moran, Myrna Loy and John Halliday give outstanding performances.

AAA. **THE UNHOLY GARDEN** — (United Artists)—Only a little less fantastic than a tale from "The Arabian Nights," this Ronald Colman picture is great entertainment nevertheless. Colman again portrays a fugitive from justice. Fay Wray and Estelle Taylor have important rôles.

AA. **UP FOR MURDER** — (Universal) — An inane, far-fetched melodrama based on the love of a young boy for a woman much his senior. Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin have the leading rôles.

AAA. **THE VICE SQUAD**—(Paramount)—Sordid drama of the diplomatic service with Paul Lukas and Kay Francis as the co-stars.

AA. **WAITING AT THE CHURCH**—(Radio Pictures)—Unusually enjoyable romance, with Mary Brian, Geoffrey Kerr, Marie Prevost and Johnny Hines.

AAAA. **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—(Universal)—A grim tragedy of the chaotic last days of the World War, based on the romance between a pathetic little girl of the streets and a returned soldier. A real masterpiece. Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass head the cast.

AAA. **WINE IN THE BLOOD** — (Radio Pictures)—Sex, villainy and heroics in about equal parts make up this screen play of life in India. Erich von Stroheim, Adolphe Menjou and Lily Damita head the cast and contribute deft characterizations.

AAA. **THE WOMAN BETWEEN** — (Radio Pictures)—The eternal triangle, laid against an ultra-modern background. Lily Damita, O. P. Heggie and Lester Vail head the cast.

AAA. **A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE**—(Radio Pictures)—Helen Twelvetrees in a dramatic war drama of unusual interest. Directed by Harry Joe Brown.

AA. **WOMEN LOVE ONCE**—(Paramount)—A new version of the triangle theme with Eleanor Boardman as the abused wife who decides to carry on her own romance. Paul Lukas and Geoffrey Kerr complete the triangle of domestic woe.

AAAA. **YOUNG AS YOU FEEL**—(Fox)—A delirious farce offering Will Rogers an altogether different rôle. Fifi Dorsay adds the sex allure in satisfactory fashion.

AAAA. **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID**—(Radio Picture)—Truly outstanding because of the inspired performance given by Jackie Cooper, the child star. Richard Dix is also excellent.

AA. **YOUNG SINNERS**—(Fox)—Chiefly interesting because it brings Tommy Meighan back to the screen, this overdrawn drama of "flaming youth" is otherwise rather trite. Dorothy Jordan heads the cast.

The Secret of True Beauty

[*Continued from page* 51]

On the other hand, I have actually heard girls say, "Oh, dear, I mustn't laugh so much! I'm getting lines around my mouth." To me, this is ridiculous. No one ever mistook the vertical laughing lines that do come at the sides of the mouth for signs of age. Instead, I think they give personality. And certainly a face with lines of that sort is better than the blank face of a brainless, emotionless doll!

While I do not recommend massage for young faces, there is one called the "bow-knot" motion that is wonderful for strengthening the muscles of sagging mouths. Place the fore-finger of the right hand lightly on the center above the upper lip; then place the middle finger and thumb at the corners of the mouth, and press gently, working upward to the sides of the nostrils. Do this ten times each morning and night, when creaming the face, and watch the result.

Let me caution you, however, that you cannot expect instantaneous results through this method, no more than a stout woman may hope to become thin over night on a new diet. You must practice the exercise regularly. I am confident that within a week you will be able to see an improvement in your facial muscles. And remember, the massaging must be gentle—otherwise, a hardening of lines in the face may result.

Of course, this is not the only way to gain facial loveliness, for, like all true beauty, the loveliest mouths come from a lovely inner self. Practice keeping a sweet expression, keeping the corners turned up no matter what your mood—I don't mean by that that you are to go around with a fixed, silly smirk! If you get the feeling that you look that way, relax the mouth, and try again. You'll find that your mouth will soon take on a better shape. Your very disposition will in some subtle way become happier. And oh, what a pleasant surprise will be in store for people who have to look at you!

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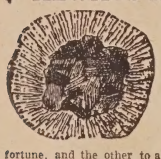

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Corsair

[*Continued from page* 47]

"I say, look!" Bentinck shouted, and Johnny rushed to the rail in time to see Slim Herman, his racketeer pal, dash madly across the deck of the "Queseda" and jump into the water. Blood was running from his mouth. Johnny frantically ordered the quartermaster to swing the "Corsair" about, in a practically impossible effort to pick up Slim before he was drowned. He saw a man from the "Queseda" aim at Slim and shoot.

"He's saying something," Chub said with his spy glass trained upon the injured man.

"Here, give them to me!" Johnny jerked at the glasses. "He taught me to read his lips. Bones. Bonds. *Bombs!*" Johnny's face went white. But no one had heard him. Several men were shooting at the man in the water now and one bullet had hit its mark. Slim sank beneath the waves.

"Eric! Peter! Chub! All hands, quick!" Johnny shouted hoarsely. "Bentinck, get Alison into the launch. Everybody, into the launch. Not a minute to spare. We've hi-jacked a cargo of time bombs!"

"Eric! Peter! Chub!" Johnny was shouting hoarsely, "All hands over the side, quick! Alison!" He grabbed the girl and lifted her to the rail, forcing her to safety almost against her will. There wasn't a minute to spare! Somewhere among those cases were time bombs that were ready to explode.

"You're coming, too?" Alison glanced back with terrified eyes, but she obediently followed instructions. For the first time in her spoiled, pampered life, Alison was thoroughly frightened, and thinking of someone besides herself. What if Johnny should be killed? She whimpered like a frightened puppy.

Johnny grabbed a light sub-machine gun and an armful of small weapons and dropped into the speed boat beside the frightened girl. Hardly had the little crew shoved off when the proud "Corsair" shuddered from the force of the explosion and in a moment became a flaming inferno. The noise of its burning stiffled the hum of speed boat's motor as it went in swift pursuit of the "Queseda."

"What are you going to do?" Bentinck's teeth chattered and his nervous fingers clawed at the gunwale. His worst fears were realized as the motor was cut off and the boat sidled up alongside the "Queseda."

"They murdered Slim, didn't they?" Johnny muttered between clenched teeth. Quietly he climbed out of the boat and up the stern of the "Queseda" followed by his men. Chub, he ordered to keep Alison and Bentinck quiet in the launch. No need for anyone to keep Alison quiet now. She was as white as a sheet as she huddled in a forlorn little heap in the stern, murmuring a silent prayer.

The crew of the "Queseda" was unprepared for a return engagement with Johnny and were caught unawares. Big John, himself, was the only one with spunk enough to offer resistance, but Johnny tried his old football tackle on him and pinned him to the deck while he pried him loose from his artillery. The machine gun from the lost "Corsair" grinned daringly at its victims as they willingly threw their revolvers in a pile on the deck. Following Johnny's swift, staccato commands, they then formed a line and marched into two of the life boats which he had lowered. Big John and his gang were set adrift at sea. Slim and the "Corsair," both beneath the waves of the Atlantic, had been avenged. And Johnny was tired, too tired to notice Alison's anguished, tear-stained face.

"Row, you murderers, row," he shouted after the fast disappearing boats . . . "before I change my mind and kill you."

He sank wearily against the rail of the "Queseda."

"Take the wheel," he ordered the quartermaster. "Steer two points sou' by sou' west. The hold of this boat is full of Pol Roger—and we're going to deliver the cargo to the 'Ventura' in the morning."

THE next morning when they brought up alongside the "Ventura" Johnny quickly had the cargo taken from the "Queseda" and loaded onto Corning's yacht. Then he ordered his men to cast the rum runner adrift. Never again did he want to see the "Queseda." He had one more little matter to attend to, and then he meant to go far away some place, some place where he could forget. But, at least, he had shown Alison Corning that he had *guts*.

Johnny nodded to four of his men as he crossed the deck, and gun in hand, they followed him to Corning's stateroom on the "Ventura," and took their positions at the two doors and windows. Johnny knocked sharply at the door and entered.

"There are two things I don't understand," Corning said as he smiled up at Johnny, "why you ever started this business, and why, having started it, you're stopping now."

"You should, Mr. Corning," Johnny said with a slight edge of sarcasm to his voice, "as I got both the ideas from you. You will remember telling me that the cardinal principle of business success is to get out from under while the going is good—and let the other fellow hold the bag."

Corning chuckled as he opened up his check book. Smart boy, Johnny Hawks. Knew when to take good advice.

"I'll write you a check for the Pol Roger F. O. B. 'Ventura'—and the risk from now on is mine. Four hundred and thirty thousand dollars were your terms, Hawks."

"Mr. Corning," Johnny said smoothly, "will you please make that check for eight hundred and sixty thousand dollars. That's only doubling the agreed price."

"What?" shouted Corning, purple with fury. "Man, are you crazy?"

He glared at Johnny but that young man continued to smile pleasantly. He heard a sound at the window and saw a man with a gun pointed into the room. The two doors opened slowly and he saw armed men posted there. It was a hold-up!

"I'm going to give you just one minute to sign the check for the amount asked,

or I'm going to take over the 'Ventura'."

"Suppose I refuse," Corning said, once more in control of himself. "If I don't let you rob me you'll shoot me?"

"I'm not going to shoot you, but write that check!"

"You admit then that you don't want to shoot me, so I—"

"I didn't say I didn't *want* to shoot you," Johnny explained irritably, "I merely said I wouldn't." He pointed at the blank check and pen. "Well, hurry up! Make up your mind, or I'll sail this ship straight to the Barge Office and deliver her cargo, you and your whole crowd—right to the Federal Prohibition authorities."

"Are you utterly and absolutely unscrupulous, Hawks?" Corning asked, as he hastily made out the check for the right amount.

"I am," Johnny said decisively, folding the check and placing it in his pocket.

"Good!" Corning exclaimed. "I'm forming an oil concern in Venezuela that I'd like to talk to you about."

"No, thanks, I've studied your methods long enough, Mr. Corning. Good day."

The "Ventura" had anchored at an East Mexican port the following day, so that Mr. Corning might go ashore to lay plans for his new oil venture. Johnny had intended slipping ashore here and taking the first train back to the United States, and his middle western town. He felt an overwhelming desire to lead a commonplace, uneventful life once more. But now that it was time to go ashore, something held him. He wanted to see Alison Corning just once more, and then he promised himself he would forget her.

He found her on the shady side of the deck sprawled out on a couch, alluringly lovely in a thin negligee.

"Steve says you nicked him most dreadfully," she said gaily as he approached. "I wanted you to beat him."

She took his hand and drew him down in a chair by her side. She rose to a sitting position, placed her hands on his shoulders, and looked him straight in the eyes.

"You've been planning it for two years, haven't you, *John, dear?*"

Johnny frowned and abruptly pushed her hands away.

"Listen, don't call me *John, dear.* I don't like it."

"Yes, you do," Alison said lightly. "I'm going to call you *John, dear*, all I want. I made up my mind to that when I told Steve we wanted the 'Ventura' for our honeymoon."

"Say, haven't you made a fool of me long enough?" Johnny snapped angrily. "Besides, you're engaged to Bentinck."

"Bentinck?" Alison said, as if she had quite forgotten that unimportant young man. "Oh, yes! You know he was awfully decent about it. In fact, I believe he was very much relieved when I told him that I was going to marry you."

Johnny could not help but smile at her audacity. He felt his good humor returning, but he continued to shake his head.

"No. I'm not used to your type. No, I don't think I care for it. I think I'd be better off with a corn-fed girl."

"I'm sorry, John," she said softly, and her white hand caressed his face for an instant. "You see, I love you."

"And when did you find this sudden love for me?" Johnny asked in surprise, hardly believing his ears.

"The first moment I set eyes on you, at the Yale-Hammer game. I've tried to tell you a dozen times, but you're so stupid."

"You mean you—you love me?" Johnny stammered.

"Yes, John, dear." She raised her eyes and looked at him adoringly. "Please," she said meekly.

Johnny looked at her sternly, hardly daring to believe she was telling the truth. Then suddenly he pulled her fiercely to him.

"I can't wait any longer, John," she whispered and pressed her lips tenderly against his. Slow, stupid Johnny then proceeded to make up for lost time.

Last Minute News

[*Continued from page* 57]

Jobyna Ralston returns to the screen after a prolonged retirement in *Sheer Luck*, an independent production co-starring Nick Stuart.

Production work has been launched at Columbia on *Revolt*, which will co-feature Leo Carillo and Constance Cummings. Leslie Fenton, Boris Karloff and Emma Dunn head the supporting cast.

Jack Holt and Ralph Graves have completed work in their latest co-starring vehicle, *The Ghost Walks*. Sally Blane supplies the love interest.

Bill Boyd has completed work in *Suicide Fleet* and is scheduled to start immediately in *Timber Beast* for RKO-Pathé.

Regis Toomey has been forced to give up his plans for an extended vacation because of an assignment to a leading rôle with Ruth Chatterton in *Once a Lady*. Ivor Novello and Geoffrey Kerr also have important parts in the Chatterton opus.

Divorce Detective, starring William Powell, is nearing completion at Warner Brothers-First National studios. Powell's next vehicle has not yet been announced.

Dorothy Jordan has been loaned by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to Paramount for the feminine lead opposite Paul Lukas in *The Beloved Bachelor*.

Virginia Bruce, one of the blonde show girls in Ziegfeld's stage extravaganza, *Smiles*, has been given a long term optional contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She is a native Hollywoodite.

Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery will again appear together in *Private Lives*, adapted to the screen from Noel Coward's stage success of the same title. Sidney Franklin will direct.

Sue Carol has been signed for the feminine lead in *In Line of Duty*, replacing Betty Bronson, who was forced to abandon the rôle because of a conflicting engagement. Noah Beery, James Murray and Frances McDonald will also be featured.

REMEMBER THESE EYES?

First a hit on the stage, this blonde comedienne now is winning new laurels in Warner Bros. Pictures. She is 5 ft., 4 in. tall, weighs 115 lbs. and has sparkling gray eyes. Name below*.

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[*Continued from page* 49]

his taffy-hued head perplexedly, "I was too young, you see. I wouldn't remember him if he came back to the world. If I'd see him on the street, I wouldn't know him. Say, you know, don't you, how it is if you're too young? Maybe it's happened to you. You know, I'd like to see some dead people, but mother dearest won't let me." He turned to her, "You know, mother dearest, you wouldn't. You wouldn't let me see Mildred's grandma when she died. You see, Mister, she doesn't want to go because she'd cry. So I said to her 'Maybe some day somebody big and famous'll die. You know, someone you don't care about. Then we can go, and walk into the place where the dead guy is, and just walk by like we was friends who knew him at his office. It would be easy, just like that, and nobody'd know anything."

"JACKIE!" warned his mother, biting her lips to repress a smile.

"Oh, he doesn't mind, do you?" pleaded Jackie. "You know, I had a rabbit that died, and I touched it, and gee it was hard and stiff, I'll tell you. And I dug a hole three feet deep right in our back yard and buried him and put a big rock on top of his grave. And two days later, what do you think happened? I saw the dirt looked funny around that grave and there was no more rock there so I dug down, and the rabbit had gone. So I told mother dearest, and I told her, too, that maybe that's what all the dead people do. They get out of their graves, I guess, and go up to heaven to see God."

"Jackie! Please go out and play for a while. There's little Mary Ann Jackson out in front. Now go!" Mrs. Cooper smiled firmly.

Jackie went.

"He just hates to play with girls," Mrs. Cooper assured me, "and he'd far rather play with boys four or five years older, boys who rough him about, than with boys his own age. A girl to him is just a sissie and that's all. He's not mean to them, but he just avoids them if he can. However, I wanted him to go because I don't want to get him going any further about dead people. He has a powerful imagination. He's written several stories already. He'll stay in front of a typewriter for three or four hours. Lots of guns—*gats*, he calls them—are in his stories, and lots of people, of course, are *killed dead*. He's a real boy in that he likes western and gangster stories best. But he's impressionable, has a marvelous memory, and has to know the why, where and when of everything. And he talks much of death and God.

"And what's more, he talks *to* God. He and God have wonderful conversations. You remember the scene in *Skippy* where he prays? Well, that was almost exactly as Jackie has prayed since he's been old enough to talk. He cries bitterly, he talks to God and asks God the whys and wherefores. Once—and I never thought this had entered his little head—I overheard him praying to God, and telling Him to send him a father like other kids have. He said, 'You know yourself, God, it isn't right. You've given nearly every kid I know a father. Now, God, admit it, 'cause you know, God, I never have asked you for very much.'

"He always starts his prayers with an *Our Father* and a *Hail Mary*, which he says swiftly, and then prefaces his heart-to-heart talk with the words 'And furthermore, God . . .'

"He literally worships priests and nuns. He thinks they are far greater than human beings. He doesn't think they are human beings at all. He becomes as meek as a lamb around them.

"Once, a year or so ago, he asked the priest at Santa Monica why God didn't answer a prayer of his, and the priest told him 'Because God knows what's best for you' and Jackie nodded and said 'Yes, that's what I've been thinking myself. I sort of figured out that was probably the reason.'

"Strange, isn't it, that Jackie should have gotten so far for a kid of eight! Because, you know, he nearly died at birth, and so did I . . ."

WE TALKED on, verging more and more into Mrs. Cooper's own life. She had been Mabel Leonard. She and her vividly beautiful sister, Julie Leonard, were child actresses in San Francisco, where they were born. Julie is now Mrs. Norman Taurog. Taurog, Jackie's uncle, directed *Skippy*.

Mabel Leonard, Jackie's mother, was on the stage from the age of six until she was twelve. When she was fifteen, having developed into a fairly good pianist, she began securing engagements as accompanist for concert singers. She was offered a job in Earl Carroll's *Vanities* in New York, but instead married Johnny Cooper and went on the road with him. After he died, she came to Hollywood.

"Once I thought I would be a very good pianist," she told me, knitting her brows, "and, well, I came rightly by music. You see, my right name was Polito. My father is an Italian, John Leonardo Polito, who Americanized his name to Leonard. But I loved Jackie. I wanted to be with him. I did go on the road for a while after my husband died, but I was always homesick, terribly homesick. I always was buying things out of my salary and sending them home to Jackie. And, well—I guess it was because of my own home life. We always have been great ones for kissing and hugging each other. Even now my brother, and he's nearly six feet, will sit on my mother's lap to be babied. And little Jackie, he-man that he is, and antagonistic to girls, makes an exception in the case of myself. He will throw his arms about me as if he were never going to see me again, and say, 'You'll always love me, mamma dearest, won't you?'

ALL this fame of Jackie's is so unexpected. Since my husband's death, I'd always been pretty nearly broke. Because I wanted a home, I decided to try some kind of work around the studios. I decided there were too many girls aspiring to be actresses, and I knew I couldn't bring a child up anyhow on the precarious earnings of an extra girl.

"Finally I got a job as a studio

musician, playing a piano or reed organ in three or four piece orchestras on the sets. It was humdrum, in a way. I worked for Fox for two years. I was working there three years ago when I was called on to play accompaniments for children trying-out for a part in *The Fox Movietone Follies*. I tried out about two hundred voices for the one part, which consisted of singing the song, *She's My Baby*. I knew Jackie could sing better than any of them, but I was scarcely in a position to say so. It would have looked too much like a mother's prejudice.

"However, I had *my* mother bring him out, and told Jackie not to even look at me or in any way seem to recognize me. Jackie was immediately engaged! A little while later he appeared in a scene in *Sunny Side Up*, reciting a little poem, and it was this bit, done very tenderly by Jackie, that caught the attention of Hal Roach, producer of Our Gang comedies. And it was Jackie's work in those comedies that won him the rôle of *Skippy*. And well—now mamma doesn't have to play a piano all day long till she's worn out—" Mrs. Cooper smiled. "And Jackie is thrilled, yes, deeply touched, by the thought that he is the man of the house, supporting his *mother dearest*.

"He has had the usual child diseases, from whooping cough to chicken pox, and he always has been a brave, imaginative, affectionate boy. And now, my own music doesn't matter at all. All that I ever could have been couldn't mean much alongside of having brought this strangely intelligent boy, with his great generous heart and high spirits, into the world. I cried myself when I saw *Skippy*, because Jackie was giving to the world the wonderful thing I'd seen when he was on his knees, not exactly praying, but rather talking with God. Life, I assure you, has given me all I ever could have hoped for, in making me *the mother of Skippy*."

Joan's Private Baby

[*Continued from page* 33]

An important person recently visited Joan at her beach home by appointment. This man arrived a few minutes ahead of the hour scheduled and was ushered into the drawing room. On the lawn, Miss Bennett was engaged in a bridge game with three feminine guests and at the precise moment she was in the midst of an important hand. The guest, perceiving the game and noting that Miss Bennett continued playing instead of coming inside, became furious. This, despite the fact that Miss Bennett had sent in word by the maid that she would see him immediately upon completion of the game and also despite the fact that he was several minutes early. He called the maid:

"KINDLY send out word to Miss Bennett that I have other engagements to keep and that I cannot wait if she is too busy to see me," he instructed.

Presently the maid returned. "Miss Bennett says she is sorry, sir, but the ladies with whom she is playing are her guests and you were not expected for ten minutes yet. She says she regrets that you cannot wait, but if your other engagements are so pressing, by all means do not wait."

Since the gentleman was there for the purpose of completing a transaction that meant money to him as well as to Miss Bennett, he waited. The engagement meant quite a few thousands of dollars to her but she felt that her visitor exceeded his rights in expecting her to leave her other guests to see him when he was several minutes early. She finished the game, it happened, at least three minutes before the time he was to have arrived.

The purpose of that anecdote is to demonstrate the trend of Joan's mind. She is extremely friendly and peaceable until she feels that she is being presumed upon, at which time she becomes very independent. This is true at home, or inside the studios. She seldom makes a temperamental display; when she does, investigation will reveal that someone tried to slip something past her eye.

CONTRARY to reports, Joan and Constance are on the friendliest of terms. If there is the slightest jealousy between them because of their screen successes or other good fortune, it is absolutely concealed. They are constantly visiting each other's homes in Beverly Hills and their beach houses are almost adjoining. Joan is almost as fond of Constance's adopted child as of her own. Connie is equally mad about Joan's tiny daughter. They enter into mutual business investments, discuss their pictures and business together and are generally more friendly than ordinary sisters.

Joan dislikes publicity of the personal sort, and it is the irony of life that since she left the cradle she has been forced into the limelight. In her short term of twenty years she has run the gamut of attention-devouring events—stage success, elopement, marriage against parental wishes, motherhood, divorce and more recently, tremendous motion picture success. One thing after another has made of Miss Bennett's life a veritable scrapbook of newspaper bannerlines. She is weary of that side of the profession and longs for the day when she will be able to retire gracefully from active life and live exactly as she'd like.

MOST of these things just stated are contrary to public opinion, but they actually express the real Joan Bennett. A number of statements just made refute absolutely past impressions given out about her, but nevertheless they are the whole truth and nothing but.

She doesn't love motion pictures as an art but gives herself wholeheartedly to the business because it is her chosen career. Had she become an artist or designer or decorator, she would have thrown herself with equal fervor into her work and would have been as careful about saving and investing her money.

Don't be surprised, one of these days, when Joan Bennett publicly declares herself finished with her career. It is written down in the books that she'll do that little thing.

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Who is Hollywood's most married male star? Find the surprising answer in December SCREEN BOOK.

Hollywood's Marathon Engagements

[*Continued from page* 53]

drown their cares and sorrows. He sowed his oats up and down Broadway. He almost eloped with Dorothy McCarthy, a dancer. And then, as unexpectedly as she left him, Connie came tripping back from Europe with a friendly divorce and an apparent willingness to resume relations with Buster where she had left off. Was Buster happy? He talked of marriage and defied his mother, who warned him that Connie, darling girl that she was, was not the wife for him.

Connie refused to set a wedding day, but for two years Buster continued to remove the fishbones from Connie's fish so that the dear girl wouldn't strangle. Connie loves fish but she hates fishbones! You couldn't talk to Buster about anything or anyone but Connie, because he wouldn't pay any attention. Then, one morning, Connie was gone and Buster received a wire telling him about her marriage to Townsend Netcher. He disappeared from his usual haunts. When he returned, he found consolation in Marie Prevost, who wasn't feeling any too happy over her new divorce from Kenneth Harlan.

Now Buster is devotion itself to Marie. I've never seen him do it, but I'll bet you anything he removes tiny bones from Marie's fish every Friday! They've been engaged three years. Marriage? Buster is all for it but Marie is cautious. She has already tried marriage twice and she insists that the third attempt should be the charm. She wants to be certain that Buster is the right man.

But if you remember how very much in love Marie and Ken used to be; how they waited patiently a whole year for Marie's divorce to become final from her former husband; and how they dropped their first divorce suit, only to separate again without further reconciliation; how Ken begged Marie by letter, wire and telephone to take him back after the final divorce decree; you might think, as I do, that there is another reason for the delayed Collier-Prevost marriage. You might wonder if Marie isn't still in love with her former husband and waiting for him to mend his ways.

As Marie explained to the divorce Judge, their marriage failed because Ken was too much the playboy. There were too many occasions when he was not quite sober. Whether Buster is again destined to lose the girl of his heart remains to be seen. If Ken decides to behave, Marie *might* decide to take him back. In the meantime, Buster is a model fiancé.

LILA LEE recently sent out an announcement from an Arizona sanitarium, to the effect that there will be an early marriage to Johnny Farrow, the scenario writer. Lila and Johnny have been engaged for three years and when the doctor sent Lila away for an indefinite stay, everyone pitied her. Poor Lila, who had been so unhappily married to James Kirkwood and who had just signed a new contract at a large salary, after years of indifference from the producers. During Lila's forced retirement, Farrow was seen here and there with lovely stars. Poor Lila, they said again, whose ill-health was keeping her from love and a career.

What Hollywood did not know all those months was that Johnny had flown to Lila's bedside every week-end to assure her of his love and devotion and to give her encouragement and incentive to regain her health.

Lila is back now, greatly improved, but still not well enough to resume her work or social activities. It may be another year before she can enter into the strenuous life of the picture colony. It may be two years before she can marry. But when she does, Johnny will be the bridegroom and she hopes to prove that long engagements end in happy marriages.

Lewis Milestone, who since *All Quiet on the Western Front,* is the white-haired boy among directors, has been squiring the lovely Agnes Ayres about, since her divorce from Manuel Reachi. Lewis has long been bait for unattached female stars, to whom a successful director is the perfect marital alliance, but Lewis has had eyes for no one but Agnes. She has worn his ring ever since they started going places together. Surely, Hollywood ventured to guess, she and the director would be married immediately after the tremendous success of the war picture. Agnes is financially independent and Lewis wanted to match her fortune with his own. When his weekly salary went away up in the four figures, they expected Milestone's trip to New York to attend the opening of *All Quiet* to end in a European honeymoon, for Agnes was already in the East.

I saw her there, before Lewis' arrival, looking radiant and even more warmly beautiful than in her starring days. She was escorted rather frequently by *two* distinguished-looking gentlemen. She was perhaps diverting jealousy by finding safety in numbers. But the marriage did not take place. Had Agnes found the flattering attentions that even an ex-star receives away from the home ground, more desirable than the fetters of an engagement?

It couldn't be that, because she is back in Hollywood attending *premiéres* with the director and is again the subject of whispered conjectures.

They are still engaged. But mention marriage to either one and Agnes reminds you that she has had two previous marriages which were fiascos and what was the hurry to try again, anyway?

And Lewis tells you he is busy. Figure it out for yourself.

LOLA LANE'S engagement to Lew Ayres is one of those now-it's-on, now-it's-off affairs. It may culminate in a wedding but I doubt it. Their temperaments clash too frequently, their responsibilities are too often at variance with each other. And Lew is afraid of the effect marriage will have on his popularity. The public is too fickle about it's matinée idols to risk the chance of a decrease in fan mail so early in his career, is Lew's opinion. There is no danger of an impulsive marriage where Lew is concerned, for Lew has a serious mind.

Even if their engagement has endured for three years, there is little change of hearts.

"Never again!"

That's what Charles Chaplin said about any further matrimonial attempts when the ink was scarcely dry on the papers signifying that he was no longer the husband of Lita Grey. Looking at his snow white head, which greyed rapidly during the unpleasant divorce proceedings, recalling that he parted with a million dollars to regain his freedom, one can understand the vehemence with which he uttered that very emphatic statement.

But it wasn't a month later, before Georgia Hale, his former leading lady, was his favorite dancing partner. The Cocoanut Grove, the fights, the openings, everywhere you went you saw Charlie, and always with Georgia. That's been going on for four years. They've never given out an official engagement announcement, but there's something very permanent about this affair.

Georgia is an intelligent, worldly young woman. She has given Charlie a fine friendship, an understanding companionship, that neither Mildred Harris nor Lita Grey, in their extreme youth, could give him. Georgia knows that the little comedian is temperamental and moody and she makes allowances for his eccentricities. She knows that the sweetheart or wife of a genius must not expect the small attentions, the demonstrative affection, the wife of the average man receives. She knows that genius and ego are inseparable, and that Mrs. Charles Chaplin must be subservient to her husband's whim, and remain in the background.

If Charlie and Georgia marry, it will be quietly and may not take place for several years. An association that has weathered two years of professional association and a four year engagement, augers well for a happy marriage.

Not so long ago, Richard Dix and Lois Wilson set a wedding date. They had been engaged for three years. That Dix, who cannot resist a new beauty's charm or a new leading lady's smile, could be contented with one lady's society for three years, made Hollywood sit up and notice. This must be love! But when the wedding day came around, Lois boarded a boat for Europe and Dix began escorting a succession of girls, which included the charming Alyce Mills, Marceline Day, and Ruth Elder.

WHEN Lois returned to America, she bobbed her hair, blossomed out in daring clothes, ensconced herself in a gorgeous New York apartment and became a whoopee girl—Lois, who had always been so demure and quiet, and who was held up to the world to refute the assertion that the movies harbored only people who got the front page under unsavory circumstances!

People gasped. Lois came back to Hollywood, smartly dressed, sophisticated, polished—a more interesting girl than the old Lois, and a more subdued girl than the New York Lois. She and Richard were polite and friendly. That was all.

Aside from the short-lived coupling of Lois' name with Bernard Baruch, the financier, there has not been the suspicion of a new romance. Richard is still the movie colony's most eligible bachelor. He is still the favorite escort of innumerable studio beauties. But even today there is no girl quite like Lois to Richard. She has been the guest of honor at many of his parties. Whatever it is that interfered with their marriage, there is still a strong band of affection between these two young people. They may surprise us. While they are still enjoying the bachelor estate, there is hope!

Marriage in Hollywood may be a seasonal affair, but I'm sure you'll agree that a Hollywood engagement goes on forever.

The Editor's Mail Box

[*Continued from page* 59]

salary of $10,000 a week. And at that, Earl Carroll's offer included an extra $1,000 a week for her play-boy friend, Rex Bell. Oh well, I take off my hat to the gal. She knows what she wants, and goes after it.

Robert W. Chase, Jr.

Bon Voyage!

New York City.

I PREDICT a brilliant future for SCREEN BOOK. Along with the Ford car it supplies the need for a product of quality at low price. Years ago Vice President Marshall said, "What this country needs is a good five cent cigar." In 1931 the cry might well have been changed to "What this country needs is a good movie magazine for ten cents." And now here it is—a film book that everybody can buy. Bon voyage to the new SCREEN BOOK!

Charles M. Palms.

How's Pola Coming?

Phoenix, Ariz.

I AM an old admirer of Pola Negri and am anxiously waiting to see how she goes in the talkies. I hope you will give us all the latest news on Pola in SCREEN BOOK so her many friends can follow her work as she makes her first picture since returning to the screen colony. Long live Pola!

Harriet Helmer.

We Want Kay

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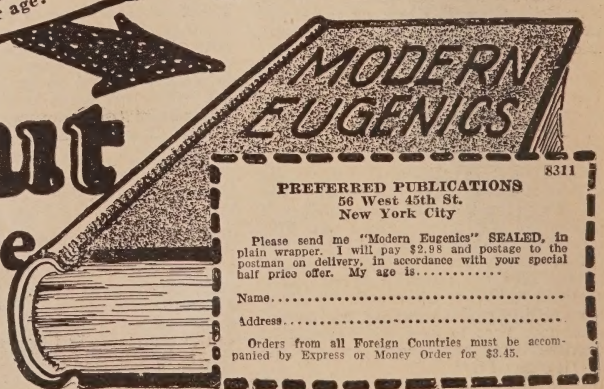

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$1,100.00 Extra Cash For PROMPTNESS

in addition to First Grand Prize. In winning First Grand Prize nothing more to do than *ACT QUICKLY to be absolutely sure of getting this extra $1,100.00 cash!* Don't delay—don't let this opportunity of a life-time slip through your fingers.

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ScreenBook Magazine

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MARTHA SAWYER.

Hollywood's Five *Most Dangerous* Women

His disguise was perfect—*did she really know it was her husband when she surrendered to him...?*

Don't miss this new type of love story—saucy—witty—naughty—gay!

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Idols of the American Stage, they bring their genius to the talking screen in the prize picture of the year. A new triumph for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

The GUARDSMAN

with

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From the play by Ferenc Molnar

Screen play by Ernest Vajda

Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

By Courtesy of the Theatre Guild, Inc.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Who Can Find the Lost Flyers?

Qualify for this Opportunity to

Win $4,000.00 Cash!

S.O.S. **HELP! HELP!** — Frantic radio messages flash out! — The air is electrified with S.O.S. distress signals. "S-E-V-E-N — F-A-M-O-U-S — F-L-Y-E-R-S — L-O-S-T!" Great ocean liners, airplanes, and even the Graf Zeppelin are searching the seas and sky to find them. But even now, dark treacherous storm clouds are endangering their lives and YOUR help is needed QUICK! Look! — Old Father Neptune is already reaching greedily out from his stormy black sea to claim these brave flyers for his watery grave.

CAN YOU FIND THE LOST FLYERS? Are your eyes SHARP ENOUGH to save them from the hungry clutches of the Old Man of the Sea? Only dim visions of their faces appear through the storm, and they are almost entirely lost to normal eyesight. Try to find at least FOUR out of the seven. To see them, it may be necessary for you to turn the picture upside down, sideways or even cornerwise. They may be in the clouds or in the sky — almost anywhere — perhaps in the sea itself.

THERE IS $14,000.00 CASH TO BE GIVEN and you will be eligible for the opportunity to win a sum as large as $4,000.00 cash if you are clever enough to find at least four of the seven flyers and I will advise you at once if your answer is correct. There are FIFTEEN big prizes ranging from $4,000.00 to $515.00. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. And, in addition, A LIBERAL CASH AWARD WILL BE PAID TO EVERYONE who takes an active part toward winning these wonderful prizes.

I'LL PAY $2,400.00 EXTRA CASH FOR PROMPTNESS

YES SIR! — $2,400.00 EXTRA cash will be given to the first prize winner just for being quick, making $4,000.00 in all. So, study this picture carefully — see if you can qualify for the opportunity to win that big $4,000.00 FORTUNE. Just find at least FOUR flyers — mark their faces, cut out the picture and mail it to me with your name and address, that's all. I'll immediately tell you without obligation or a penny of cost just what else to do to win that tremendous prize of $4,000.00.

Some one is going to get that wonderful $4,000.00 cash reward. Why not you? Anyone in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago, Illinois, may enter for nothing — so send your answer today. Rush it!

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4619 E. Ravenswood Ave. Dept. 103, CHICAGO, ILL.

Screen Book Magazine

H. FREDERICK GARDENER, Executive Editor

VOLUME VII DECEMBER, 1931 NUMBER 5

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SCREEN BOOK is quick to recognize the arrival of a new star who promises to rise to heights of unsurpassed popularity. Romantic, dashingly handsome, talented and human, he has conquered the hearts of theatre-goers everywhere in an amazingly short space of time. You will find

CLARK GABLE'S AMAZING LIFE STORY

one of the most unusual star biographies ever written. Watch for the first installment in

January SCREEN BOOK

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Get acquainted with

Joe E. Brown

The Clown Prince of the Talkies

in

"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"

with DOROTHY LEE

Based on a play by
J. C. and Elliott Nugent

Directed by MERVYN LEROY

He is a storm of laughs just being himself, and when he is "two other fellows" he is a cyclone of merriment . . . Get acquainted with this merry madcap of nonsense! . . . this hilarious and uproarious comic! . . . the laugh-master of them all! . . . His next picture is "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD". . . . Don't miss it, or the other blues-chasing comedies featuring this Gulliver of Glee soon to appear at your local theatre . . . You'll have the laugh-time of your life.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE STAR

Hollywood Briefs

Intimate glimpses of the movie colony at work and at play

Roberta Gale, Radio Pictures starlet, samples the thrill of driving the Diesel-powered Cummings racer which recently broke speed records at Indianapolis

Tricky Raiders

HOLLYWOOD no sooner finds a little quiet corner where it can have some pre-war fun than in step the police and spoil everything. Wasn't Arbuckle's raided, and Ken Harlan's and Olson's?

They were all on the Culver City side of town. That side was no longer safe. So Hollywood's gad-abouts moved over toward Glendale to a little club called The Airport. Here the guests could dine and dance, and, if they didn't mind the dampness of an underground playroom, they could order anything served across the Mexican border.

Maybe they liked the prices, maybe they liked the food, maybe they liked the liquor, maybe they liked the atmosphere; but the motion picture celebrities were all there. Then the raid came. All the lovely bottles were confiscated and the revelers who weren't arrested were sent home to bed.

"Why did you let those raiders in?" the proprietor asked his doorman.

"Well," the doorman explained rather sheepishly, "they looked like directors."

Triumph!

SEVERAL years ago a little blonde, blue-eyed young lady stepped into Hollywood. She had plenty of faith in her beauty and ability. She knew she could be a star.

She succeeded. Not only as a star but she has reached the point when she can stand on her own dainty feet and look down upon a producer anytime she wants to. The girl is Anita Page, five feet, five inches tall. The producer is Carl Laemmle, Jr., five feet tall.

Good News

REMEMBER *The Merry Widow*? That delightful story of romance along the Danube which Mae Murray and John Gilbert made in the silent days?

Town-talk has it that a technicolor production of the operetta is on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer shooting schedule for 1932—and that Jeanette MacDonald and Reginald Denny will be assigned the leads.

Everybody's Doing It

DIVORCE seems to be an epidemic in Hollywood this year. In fact, a femme star isn't popular unless she has a divorce, a new husband or a new baby.

The divorce epidemic has even spread to the parents of stars. Edith M. Shearer is up in Reno getting a divorce from Andrew Shearer, charging non-support. They are the parents of Norma Shearer.

And now smart young reporters are making the rounds of star's parents, asking just when they intend to divorce and why.

Oakie Wisecracks

WE WERE on the set of *Touchdown*, Paramount's big football feature, the other day. Seeing Jack Oakie clowning in one corner of the set, we ambled over to hear his newest story. This time, however, Jack was only insisting that the title of the picture *Touchdown* should be changed to *After The Ball Is Over*.

The Latest Rage

THE fortune-hearing craze has reached such proportions in Hollywood that the denizens of the movie capital can't eat without learning what the future holds.

One restaurant on Cahuenga Boulevard advertises a "Fortune-Telling Lunch," your future being included in the menu.

Idyll Shattered

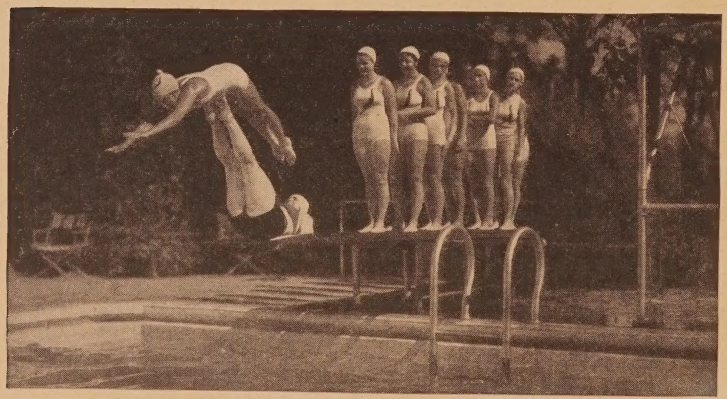
DON ALVARADO and his beautiful wife, Ann, had long been pointed to with pride by Hollywoodites. Not only did they make a beautiful couple but they were one of the happiest little families in Cinemaland. They had been married eight years. Last fall their little daughter started to school.

Now it's all over. The Alvarados are separated; irreconcilably, they say.

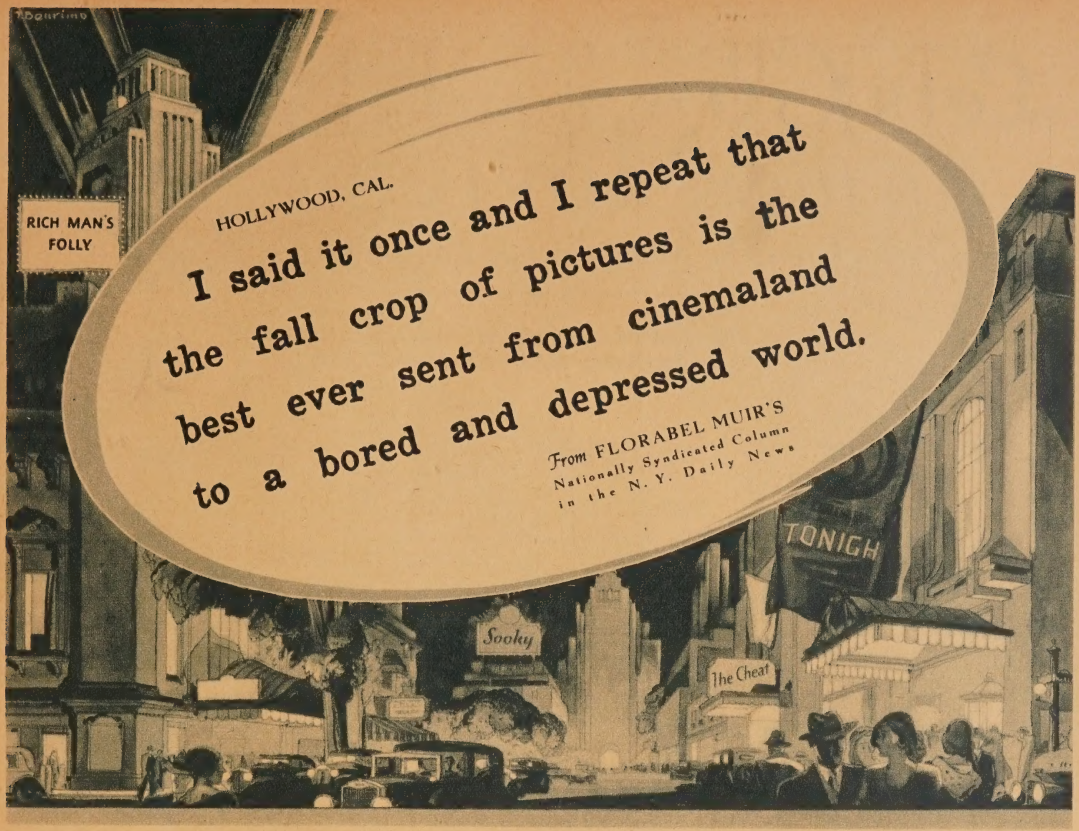
Finders, Keepers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER has suddenly become exceedingly jealous of their newest pride and joy—Clark Gable. Warners wanted him to take James Cagney's place in *The Blind Spot*, but Mr. Mayer just as much as said, "Why, you talk like crazy people."

[*Continued on page 67*]



This bevy of comely mermaids soon will be seen in a series of two-reel aquatic pictures now being filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Among the principals in the productions are many celebrated swim stars who have won international honors in the Olympic Games


RICH MAN'S FOLLY
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.
I said it once and I repeat that the fall crop of pictures is the best ever sent from cinemaland to a bored and depressed world.
From FLORABEL MUIR'S Nationally Syndicated Column in the N. Y. Daily News
TONIGH
Sooky
The Cheat

and most of them are PARAMOUNT!

Never were they better—the Paramount Jubilee Pictures you can see now! And never was great entertainment more necessary than now. In good pictures we lose ourselves completely in the affairs of others—forget the trials and tribulations of a day—get renewed strength and vigor for the next. ¶ Go regularly and often—and take the whole family with you! It keeps you together, and great pictures, such as Paramount, give you something to talk about for days! *"If it's a Paramount picture, it's the best show in town!"*

"24 HOURS"
with Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins and Regis Toomey
Based on the novel by Louis Bromfield
Directed by Marion Gering

"THE BELOVED BACHELOR"
With Paul Lukas, Dorothy Jordan, Charlie Ruggles Vivienne Osborne. *Directed by Lloyd Corrigan*

RUTH CHATTERTON
in **"Once A Lady"** *with*
Ivor Novello, Jill Esmond, Geoffrey Kerr
Directed by Guthrie McClintic

"TOUCHDOWN!"
With Richard Arlen, Peggy Shannon, Jack Oakie, Regis Toomey and Charles Starrett
Directed by Norman McLeod

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y.

Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Guide for Motion-Picture Theatre-Goers

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture:
AAAA—Excellent; AAA—Good; AA—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AAA. **THE AGE FOR LOVE** — (Howard Hughes)—Billie Dove is more beautiful and talented than ever in this modern drama dealing with the problems of a business girl who tries to be a dutiful wife. Edward Everett Horton is outstanding.

AAA. **BAD COMPANY** — (RKO-Pathé) — Ricardo Cortez gives a striking performance as the head gangster in this underworld picture that packs a decided wallop, thanks to excellent direction.

AA. **BUSINESS AND PLEASURE**—(Fox)—Will Rogers in a frequently amusing picture that slips down several notches from the mark of his previous productions. As a razor manufacturer, Rogers tries to stop tribal wars caused by beard-pulling.

AA. **CONSOLATION MARRIAGE** — (Radio Pictures)—Somewhat laughable farce concerning two persons who marry after being jilted by their respective flames. The complicated romance is made passable by Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien, who acquit themselves creditably.

AA. **GRAFT**—(Universal)—Luke-warm newspaper thriller, partially redeemed by Regis Toomey, who does a good piece of work in another of his reportorial rôles, and by Sue Carol, who supplies the romantic interest.

AA. **HEAVEN ON EARTH**—(Universal)—A drab but rather interesting picture of life on the Mississippi and the enduring hatred between the steamboaters and shanty-boaters. Just fair, with characteristic performances by Lew Ayres, Anita Louise and Harry Beresford.

AAAA. **HONOR OF THE FAMILY**—(First National)—Bebe Daniels scores heavily as the glamorous adventuress in this brilliant comedy dealing with the efforts of amiable rogues to obtain the wealth of a baron. An exceptional picture.

AAA. **LARCENY LANE**—(Warner Brothers)—A swift and amusing picture wherein a cagy bellhop and a sweet maid enter into partnership for the purpose of scaring society out of some of its dollars. James Cagney and Joan Blondell are the merry crooks.

AA. **THE ROAD TO RENO**—(Paramount)—A sophisticated and melodramatic divorce tale that is saved from absurdity by good acting and fine direction. Lilyan Tashman turns in a splendid performance as the divorcée. Peggy Shannon and Buddy Rogers are in it.

AAA. **SECRET SERVICE**—(Radio Pictures) War and romance—the exciting story of a spy's interesting adventures. Richard Dix gives his usual faultless performance in the title rôle. Shirley Grey is refreshing. You will enjoy this picture.

AAA. **SKYLINE**—(Fox) Thrilling melodrama in which a wealthy contractor becomes attracted to a hungry lad, educates him, then learns that he is his own son by a girl he betrayed years before. Thomas Meighan and Hardie Albright give powerful performances.

AAA. **THE SPIDER**—(Fox)—The most spell-binding murder mystery ever filmed. Edmund Lowe, as a master hypnotist, gives a performance that establishes him as an actor of hitherto unappreciated power.

AAAA. **STREET SCENE**—(Samuel Goldwyn)—Poignant picturization of the Elmer Rice Pulitzer Prize play giving a cross-section of tenement life. One of the year's most powerful dramas. Sylvia Sidney, William Collier, Jr., and Estelle Taylor are the co-stars.

AAA. **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE**—(Universal)—Sidney Fox, Paul Lukas and Lewis Stone exposing how simple it really is for a modern young lady to retain her reputation and still occupy a young man's apartment. For grown-ups only.

AAA. **TWENTY-FOUR HOURS** — (Paramount)—A thoroughly enjoyable drama which brings the upperworld into intimate contact with the underworld in a night club. Clive Brook, Miriam Hopkins and Adrienne Ames give excellent performances.

AAA. **TWENTY GRAND** — (Universal)—A fast story giving a close-up glimpse into the lives of gamblers and the part they play in the fates of a girl and two men. Mae Clarke again plucks the plum of perfect characterization, while Ricardo Cortez and Norman Foster add materially to their acting laurels.

AA. **WEST OF BROADWAY** — (M-G-M) — Story of a man who imbibes too freely and a gal who loves him because he's such a swell cad. John Gilbert falls short of his acting in *Phantom of Paris*, while Gwen Lee steals the show. Passable entertainment.

AA. **WICKED**—(Fox)—Elissa Landi proves her ability as a dramatic player in a drab and heavy drama. She shoots a policeman, is locked up for it, then wages war with Irene Rich, who has adopted her child. Victor McLaglen is capable in his rôle.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE**—(Fox)—Jeanette MacDonald's best picture to date is this rollicking comedy drama in which Victor McLaglen plays the male lead.

AAAA. **ALEXANDER HAMILTON** — (Warner Brothers)—One of the finest historical dramas ever screened. The story is excellent and the players, particularly the star, George Arliss, give superb performances. Doris Kenyon, June Collyer and Dudley Diggs have important rôles.

AAAA. **AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY**—(Paramount)—A grim, gruesome drama of great power, culminating in the execution of a murderer. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney are superb in the leading rôles.

AAA. **BAD GIRL**—(Fox)—The human, convincing story of a girl who loved too well. Sally Eilers, in the title rôle, marries, and her struggle and preparation for her child make this picture one of outstanding merit. James Dunn, Mina Gombell and Frank Darien do good work.

AA. **BAD SISTER**—(Universal)—The story of a good and bad sister with the usual complication. Slightly above average. Directed by Hobart Henley.

AA. **BEHIND OFFICE DOORS**—(Radio Pictures)—A rather spiritless drama of *The Office Wife* type with Mary Astor and Robert Ames in the leads.

AAA. **THE BLACK CAMEL**—(Fox)—Another of the "Charlie Chan" mystery stories, with Warner Oland playing the Oriental sleuth. Sally Eilers and Bela Lugosi are featured.

AAA. **BODY AND SOUL** — (Fox) — Charles Farrell's best picture since *Seventh Heaven* is this wartime aviation drama. It also marks the American début of Elissa Landi.

AA. **BORN TO LOVE**—(Radio-Pathé)—Constance Bennett as a war nurse and the mother of a nameless child. A rather complicated situation but it ends well. Directed by Paul Sloane.

AA. **BOUGHT**—(Warner Brothers)—A rather weak, unconvincing drama glorifying the tarnished ladies. Constance Bennett plays the snobbish girl who is betrayed by her lover. Richard Bennett and Ben Lyon give excellent characterization and do much to redeem a mediocre story.

AAA. **THE BRAT** — (Fox) — A very human story of a little street gamin who breaks into society. Sally O'Neil gives a fine performance which will re-establish her popularity. Frank Albertson deserves credit for his excellent acting.

AAA. **BROADMINDED** — (Warner Brothers) —A laugh panic with the inimitable Joe E. Brown indulging in his craziest capers. Don't miss this one.

AA. **CAPTAIN APPLEJACK**—(Warner Bros.) —A weak story that might go over with juvenile audiences. Directed by Hobart Henley.

AAA. **CAUGHT**—(Paramount)—A remarkably fine, almost inspired, performance by Louise Dresser, who is cast in the rôle of that lawless and picturesque pioneer, "Calamity Jane," saves this Richard Arlen western from mediocrity. Tom Kennedy and Frances Dee have important rôles.

AA. **CAUGHT PLASTERED**—(Radio Pictures)—Better than average gag comedy with Wheeler and Woolsey, assisted by Dorothy Lee, providing the laughs. It's dizzy but very enjoyable.

AAA. **CHANCES**—(First National)—A somewhat disappointing love triangle laid against a World War background. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Rose Hobart and Anthony Bushell are excellent.

AAA. **CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON**—(Fox)—Warner Oland solves the mystery of untold murders and gallons of blood. Good old hokum. Hamilton MacFadden directed.

AAAA. **CIMARRON** — (Radio Pictures) — Richard Dix does some of the best work of his career in this Edna Ferber story. See it by all means.

AAAA. **CITY STREETS**—(Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney in an exceptionally clever gangster picture. Beer-runners, machine guns and everything.

AA. **CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED**—(Paramount)—Another of the interminable "Flaming Youth" pictures that lack conviction. Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney and Norman Foster are as excellent as the plot permits.

AA. **THE CONQUERING HORDE**—(Paramount)—Richard Arlen proves a noble cowboy in this above average Western story. Directed by Edward Sloman.

AAA. **THE CRIMINAL CODE**—(Columbia)

[*Continued on page 10*]

The Love Story of a Modern Pirate

Mightiest Sea Drama of the Talking Screen

A young man—just out of college—he found himself a failure in the eyes of Big Business—and a Woman. "It makes no difference how you get your money—it's how much you get that counts," they told him. So he turned pirate—a Modern Pirate!—merciless, cunning, a quiet society boy on land—a cold, cruel brigand on the sea.

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Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

Let's Go To The Movies

[*Continued from page* 8]

—Easily the best of the prison dramas, this grim offering should find great fan favor. Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes are excellent.

AAAA. **DADDY LONG LEGS** — (Fox) — A whimsical, "Cinderella type" romance that seems made to order for Janet Gaynor. Warner Baxter gives a fine performance in the male lead.

AA. **DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON**—(Paramount)—Although marked by the fascinating acting of Anna May Wong and Sessue Hayakawa, *Daughter of the Dragon* is too overloaded with gun-play, knives, shadows and secret doors for the good of the story. We just can't believe it.

AAA. **DAYBREAK**—(Metro)—A typical Ramón Novarro starring vehicle, highly romantic and colorful but handicapped by an unconvincing plot. Helen Chandler and Jean Hersholt head the supporting cast.

AAAA. **DIRIGIBLE**—(Columbia) — The best of the Jack Holt-Ralph Graves melodramas is this enthralling story of an aerial race to the south pole.

AA. **DOCTOR'S WIVES** — (Fox) — Warner Baxter as a doctor and Joan Bennett as his jealous wife try to make something of this but it is weak. Directed by Frank Borzage.

AAA. **DOORWAY TO HELL** — (Warner, talkie)—Lew Ayres is the young gangster who finds it isn't so easy to quit the racket. Dorothy Mathews is the girl of the piece. Archie Mayo directed.

AAA. **DRACULA**—(Universal)—The story of the most horrible vampire in Central Europe loses none of its horror and hair-raising thrills on the screen. Bela Lugosi plays the vampire and Helen Chandler his pretty victim. Directed by Tod Browning.

AA. **DUDE RANCH**—(Paramount) — Jack Oakie at his funny best, ably supported by Mitzi Green and Eugene Pallette in a story apropos of the title.

AA. **EAST LYNNE** — (Fox) — Ann Harding and Clive Brook manage to make something of this old timer. It is the old hokum slightly dressed up. Fair. Directed by Frank Lloyd.

AAA. **EAST OF BORNEO** — (Universal) — Love and adventure in the jungles of a Malayan island afford rich entertainment in this melodramatic offering. Charles Bickford, Rose Hobart and Lupita Tovar are featured.

AAA. **ESCAPE**—(Radio Pictures)—A finely directed, excellently acted talkie based on Galsworthy's play about a man who could escape from prison—but not from himself. Sir Gerald Du Maurier stars. Basil Dean directed.

AAA. **EVERYTHING'S ROSY**—(Radio Pictures)—Robert Woolsey as a side show charlatan and patent medicine vendor contributes his most hilarious bit of work to date.

AAA. **EX-BAD BOY**—(Universal) — An uproarious, enjoyable farce which hinges on one momentous question—did the small town's bashful paint salesman have a torrid love affair in Hollywood with Letta Larbo, the screen star? Robert Armstrong and Lola Lane are excellent.

AA. **EXPENSIVE WOMEN** — (Warner Brothers)—Dolores Costello's return to the screen in this underworld drama is unfortunate, for, through no fault of hers, the picture is dull and draggy. Warren William heads the supporting cast.

AAAA. **THE FINGER POINTS** — (First National)—Dick Barthelmess in another reporter-gangster picture. Directed by John Francis Dillon.

AAA. **FIVE AND TEN** — (Metro) — Marion Davies gives the best performance of her career in this unusually entertaining society drama. Leslie Howard, Kent Douglass and Irene Rich have important parts.

AAAA. **FIVE STAR FINAL** — (Warner Brothers)—This thrilling, melodramatic story of the newspaper "game" is one of the year's best pictures, perfectly enacted by a well-balanced cast which includes Edward G. Robinson, Marian Marsh, H. B. Warner, Francis Starr and George E. Stone.

AAA. **THE FLAME OF LOVE**—(British International, talkie)—Anna May Wong is featured in this British talkie which involves the Russian army. Richard Eighberg directed.

AAAA. **A FREE SOUL** — (Metro) — Distinguished by a powerful plot and unusually brilliant performances by Lionel Barrymore, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable, this picture can truthfully be called great entertainment.

AAA. **FRIENDS AND LOVERS** — (Radio Pictures)—Sex, villainy and heroics in about equal parts make up this screen play of life in India. Erich von Stroheim, Adolphe Menjou and Lily Damita head the cast and contribute deft characterizations.

AAAA. **FRONT PAGE** — (Caddo) — The best newspaper story of all time. See it twice and enjoy it each time. Stars Adolphe Menjou. Directed by Lewis Milestone.

AAA. **THE GAY DIPLOMAT** — (Radio Pictures)—Revealing the methods of international spies, Ivan Lebedeff definitely establishes himself as a new type of hero in the rôle of Captain Orloff. Genevieve Tobin and Betty Compson are co-featured.

AAA. **GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN**—(Warner Bros.)—A screaming farce starring Frank Fay. One of his best to date. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

AA. **GOLDIE**—(Fox)—This rough and ready drama of the waterfronts is cut out by the same pattern that was used for the Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen comedies. Spencer Tracy, Warren Hymer and Jean Harlow head the cast.

AA. **THE GREAT LOVER** — (Metro) — In spite of their excellent performances, Adolphe Menjou, Irene Dunne, Ernest Torrence and Olga Baclanova are unable to redeem the trite plot of this picture, which is based on the life of a libertine opera star.

AAAA. **THE GUARDSMAN** — (M-G-M) — A very naughty, very sophisticated screen play in which Alfred Lunt disguises himself as a soldier and becomes his wife's lover. Lynne Fontaine, co-starred as the wife, gives an excellent performance. Roland Young and ZaSu Pitts handle their small parts with finesse. Adult audiences will enjoy this superlative comedy-drama.

AAAA. **GUILTY HANDS**—(M-G-M)—Lionel Barrymore gives one of the most inspired portrayals ever brought to the screen in this sombre, thought-provoking screen masterpiece which deals with the questionable right of a man to take justice in his own hands and commit murder in order to protect his family. Madge Evans, Kay Francis and William Bakewell do the best work of their respective careers.

AA. **GUN SMOKE** — (Paramount) — Richard Arlen and Mary Brian in a wild and woolly shoot 'em up Western. Fairly interesting.

AAAA. **HELL'S ANGELS** — (Caddo) — The best of all the wartime aviation thrillers. Don't miss this spectacular production. Jean Harlow, Ben Lyon and James Hall share the histrionic laurels.

AA. **HOMICIDE SQUAD**—(Universal)—Only the fine work of Leo Carillo speaks for this gangster thriller which is like a dozen others. Mary Brian and Russell Gleason are little better than fair.

AAA. **HONEYMOON LANE**—(Paramount)—Don't miss the inimitable Eddie Dowling in this corking comedy. Noah Beery, as the deep-dyed villain, June Collyer and Raymond Hatton do much to make the picture a laughing success.

AAAA. **HUCKLEBERRY FINN** — (Paramount)—Junior Durkin, Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green bring Mark Twain's immortal classic of childhood to life in one of the best "kid pictures" ever produced. Every audience will love this quaint triumph.

AA. **HUSH MONEY**—(Fox)—The story of a girl who steps from gangland into society and a blackmail plot. Joan Bennett and Owen Moore are satisfactory.

AAAA. **INSPIRATION**—(Metro)—A triumph for Greta Garbo, who appears in the rôle of a self-sacrificing Parisian courtesan and artists' model. Robert Montgomery and a distinguished supporting cast help things along.

AA. **IRON MAN** — (Universal) — Lew Ayres badly cast as a pugilist but the supporting cast hold him up and make an entertaining picture. Directed by Tod Browning.

AA. **I TAKE THIS WOMAN**—(Paramount)—This unconvincing picture cannot be highly

[*Continued on page* 12]

IS THERE A SUBSTITUTE FOR LOVE?

Howard Hughes
PRESENTS

"The AGE FOR LOVE"

- As interesting as "Hell's Angels" — as true to life as "The Front Page," this great picture answers the question — "Can the HOME survive modernism?"
- It is a modern picture based on the day's most common problem — should the young wife work? It will grip you — interest you — entertain you — let you see behind the scenes of life's greatest drama.
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WITH

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LOIS WILSON · MARY DUNCAN
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

A

FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION

WATCH FOR NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT

You Can't Go Wrong on SCREEN BOOK Reviews

[*Continued from page* 10]

rated but it does offer a few sparkling moments. Gary Cooper as the rough and ready cowboy, and Carole Lombard as the spoiled society darling are better than their rôles deserve.

AAA. **KICK IN** — (Paramount) — Clara Bow makes good as a dramatic actress. A very satisfying drama with an excellent cast. Directed by Richard Wallace.

AAA. **LADIES' MAN**—(Paramount) — Entertaining, though somewhat sordid drama with William Powell portraying a modern love pirate.

AA. **LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE**—(Universal)—The story is trite, but those who are tired of over-dialogued society dramas, will welcome this fast-moving "meller" of the cattle country. Leo Carillo, Dorothy Burgess and John Mack Brown are featured.

AAA. **LAUGH AND GROW RICH**—(Radio Pictures)—Dorothy Lee, Hugh Herbert and Edna Mae Oliver in a not too funny comedy.

AAA. **LAUGHTER** — (Paramount) — Nancy Carroll is the girl who marries for money instead of for love. Fredric March and Frank Morgan have important rôles. H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast directed.

AAA. **THE LAWYER'S SECRET**—(Paramount)—Despite its hackneyed story and improbable situations, this melodrama offers great entertainment. Clive Brook, Fay Wray, Jean Arthur, Richard Arlen and Charles Rogers head the cast.

AAAA. **LIGHTNIN'** — (Fox)—The whimsical Will Rogers in a side-splitting comedy featuring the Reno divorce colony. Adapted from the stage classic of the same title.

AAAA. **LITTLE CAESAR**—(First National) —A tense, exciting melodrama of gangland with Edward G. Robinson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., giving great performances.

AAAA. **THE MAD GENIUS**—(Warner Bros.) —John Barrymore, ably seconded by Marian Marsh, Charles Butterworth and Carmel Myers, makes the grotesque story of Imperial Russia one of the real classics of the screen.

AAA. **THE MALTESE FALCON**—(Warner Brothers)—This thrilling murder mystery offers sure fire entertainment. Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez head the cast.

AAAA. **THE MAN IN POSSESSION** — (Metro)—Robert Montgomery's second starring vehicle, a concoction of funny gags and hilarious, unexpected plot developments, is a continuous laugh panic. Don't miss it. The supporting cast includes Charlotte Greenwood, Irene Purcell and Forrester Harvey.

AAAA. **MERELY MARY ANN** — (Fox)— Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor at their delightful best in a whimsical romance that affords a welcome deviation from the erotic sex-stories and gangster melodramas that have been flooding the screen. Both stars contribute near-perfect performances and the supporting cast is unusually well chosen.

AAAA. **MILLIE**—(Radio Pictures) — Another best seller reaches the screen purged and purified, but nevertheless a fine production. Helen Twelvetrees at her best. Lilyan Tashman and Joan Blondell favor with spicy lines. Directed by John Francis Dillon.

AAAA. **THE MILLIONAIRE** — (Warner Brothers)—A. George Arliss starring vehicle, based remotely on the life of Henry Ford. Arliss is immense and David Manners and Evalyn Knapp give good support.

AAA. **THE MIRACLE WOMAN**—(Columbia) —With Barbara Stanwyck in the stellar rôle, this moving drama of a hypocritical woman evangelist's life, is well worth while.

AAAA. **MONKEY BUSINESS**—(Paramount) —The Four Marx Brothers, as dizzy as usual, begin the fun making on the high seas and end it in a brewery. Net result, one of the most hilarious laugh riots of the year. Thelma Todd and Helen Hall supply the feminine touch very satisfactorily.

AA. **THE MONSTER KILLS**—(Tiffany)—A blood-freezer in which five persons are murdered in rapid succession. Hale Hamilton, Aileen Pringle and Alice White are featured.

Anita Louise and Lew Ayres as they appear together in *Heaven on Earth*, an intensely dramatic story of the Mississippi River which packs a powerful, romantic appeal

AA. **MR. LEMON OF ORANGE**—(Fox)—El Brendel as a dumb Swede toy salesman who is mistaken for a gangster. Laughable in spots. Directed by John Blystone.

AAA. **MURDER BY THE CLOCK**—(Paramount)—A gruesome murder mystery that will enthrall adult audiences with its involved, skillfully handled plot and brilliant characterizations. Lilyan Tashman, Irving Pichel and William Boyd head the cast.

AA. **NANCY'S PRIVATE AFFAIR**—(Radio Pictures)—Another domestic triangle. This picture's one bid for popularity lies in the excellent performances of its cast, which includes Mary Astor, Robert Ames, Edward Everett Horton and Noel Francis.

AAAA. **NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET** —(Metro)—Impassioned, beautiful drama, laid in the South Sea Islands and based on the difficulties of inter-racial marriage. Leslie Howard and Conchita Montenegro are magnificent.

AAA. **NIGHT NURSE**—(Warner Brothers)—Outstanding entertainment in spite of the many improbabilities offered by the story. Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Ben Lyon and Clark Gable head the cast in very capable fashion.

AAAA. **PALMY DAYS**—(United Artists)—Eddie Cantor is at his funniest in this delightful filmusical. Charlotte Greenwood is runner-up for laugh-getting honors and Barbara Weeks does good work in a romantic rôle. This picture should do much toward restoring the popularity of musical productions.

AAA. **PHANTOM OF PARIS**—(Metro)—A weird story of a master magician's love and revenge, which gives John Gilbert his best screen rôle since the advent of talkies. Good entertainment.

AAA. **THE PUBLIC DEFENDER**—(Radio Pictures)—A thrilling drama in which Richard Dix, posing as an apparently harmless social lion, unearths important evidence in a gigantic bank swindle.

AAAA. **THE PUBLIC ENEMY** — (Warner Brothers)—A gruesome, realistic story of gangland's hoodlums, with James Cagney giving one of the best performances of the year.

AAAA. **RANGO**—(Paramount)—Ernest Shoedsack comes through again with a jungle picture of extraordinary interest. You are sure to like this picture.

AA. **REACHING FOR THE MOON**—(United Artists)—Doug Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels romp through this feature. It is Doug at his best.

AAAA. **REBOUND**—(Pathé) — Sophisticated, sparkling drama with the inimitable Ina Claire in the stellar rôle. Robert Ames and Myrna Loy head the supporting cast.

AA. **THE RECKLESS HOUR**—(First National) —Dorothy Mackaill loses her honor and all that sort of thing, but it's a good picture. Directed by John Francis Dillon.

AA. **RENEGADES**—(Fox)—A depressing story of the Foreign Legion featuring Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Victor Fleming directed.

AAA. **RESURRECTION**—(Universal) — With Lupe Velez in the stellar rôle, this talkie version of the great Tolstoy novel, is well worth seeing. John Boles appears in the male lead.

AAA. **THE RIGHT TO LOVE**—(Paramount) —As usual, Ruth Chatterton comes through with an unsurpassed performance. Worth seeing.

AAA. **THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE**—(Warner Brothers)—William Powell, in a tropic romance, wins Doris Kenyon away from an indifferent husband. Humor and drama combine to make this an exceptionally good picture. Marian Nash sets a precedent for fine work.

AAAA. **THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY**—(Paramount)—The "inside lives" of Broadway's most glamorous family—the Barrymores. Well done with Fredric March, Ina Claire, Henrietta Crosman and Mary Brian giving splendid performances. Directed by Cyril Cukor.

AAAA. **THE RULING VOICE**—(First National)—Blood-chilling and ruthless, but beautifully enacted and directed, this powerful story of a master gangster's crimes and retribution is a picture for your "must see" list. Walter Huston, Loretta Young, David Manners and Doris Kenyon head the cast.

AA. **SALVATION NELL**—(James Cruze Production)—Just another of the old stencil-favorites. Helen Chandler, Ralph Graves and Sally O'Neil carry on in a hopeless task of finding salvation in Tambourines. A poor story which expert direction could not save.

AAA. **SCANDAL SHEET**—(Paramount) — A gripping melodrama of the newspaper "game," starring George Bancroft as the hardboiled editor. Kay Francis gives a fine performance.

AAA. **THE SECRET CALL**—(Paramount)—Distinguished by its action-crammed, thrilling plot and the excellent work of its cast, this picture can truthfully be called fine entertainment. Richard Arlen and Peggy Shannon head the cast.

[*Continued on page* 58]

CURVES MUST BE ENCOURAGED . . . BUT NOT TOO GENEROUSLY

LEILA HYAMS, *lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, is equally charming in sports and evening wear. For tennis, she wears a three-piece ensemble—with sweater, pleated skirt, and cardigan jacket. For riding, she chooses open-neck, short-sleeved shirts tucked under slenderizing jodphurs. And for evening, she prefers a sophisticated gown of black lace.*

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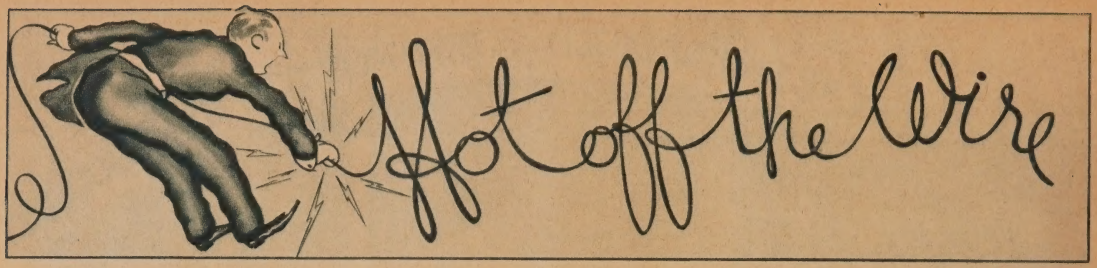

Glancing Through The Telegrams As We Go To Press

Mary Turns Journalist

A number of Hollywood stars have written books and plays, but Mary Pickford is the first to announce plans for becoming a newspaper columnist. Her début on the printed page is scheduled for November first, and her column will appear once a week.

What she will write about is still more or less of a secret.

Madge Evans Cast

Filming of *The Greeks Had a Word For It* has been resumed by Samuel Goldwyn following a suspension in production caused by the withdrawal of Carole Lombard from the cast because of an attack of pleurisy. Madge Evans has replaced Miss Lombard. Ina Claire and Joan Blondell have the other two leading parts.

—International News

Eddie Cantor registers enthusiasm on his arrival in dear old Gotham after the completion in Hollywood of his latest filmusical, *Palmy Days*

Buddy Quits Films

After six years on the Paramount lot, Charles (Buddy) Rogers has decided to abandon his screen career and become an orchestra leader. Following his appearance in the films, *Mary Makes a Call* and *Working Girl*, Buddy will take his orchestra into the Hotel New Yorker in New York City where it is reported he will receive $10,000 a week.

Chevalier Returns

Maurice Chevalier has returned to Hollywood after a visit to his native Paris. His next picture for Paramount may be *Only a Dream*, with Jeanette MacDonald playing opposite.

Vicki Baum Leaves

Vicki Baum, author of *Grand Hotel*, has gone back to Berlin to resume the editorship of *Der Dame*, the magazine from which she took a leave of absence to write for pictures. She did not succeed in producing a satisfactory story during her stay in Hollywood, but she hopes to send the producers a manuscript soon that will meet with their approval. Her story is about Hollywood and, if filmed, will be titled *The Falling Star*.

Douglas MacLean, Producer

Douglas MacLean, one-time film star, is associate producer of Edna Mae Oliver's starring picture, *Ladies of the Jury*. The story is now in preparation.

Anna May Wong Signs

Anna May Wong has a new contract with Paramount. Her next assignment is in *The Shanghai Express*, with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook and Louise Closser Hale. Josef von Sternberg is the director.

Hughes' Airport

With two air pictures now in the making, Howard Hughes has leased a large tract of ground adjacent to the Metropolitan airport to serve as a landing field in connection with the air activities for *Sky Devils* and *Cock o' the Air*. His lease on the former Hughes Airport has expired.

Rathbone Supports Negri

Basil Rathbone, who had been appearing in a current Broadway production, traveled from New York to the Coast by plane and began immediate rehearsals opposite Pola Negri in *A Woman Commands*. Roland Young arrived the same day to take his place in the cast. Laurence Olivier, who was originally signed for the rôle opposite Negri, was ill for several weeks.

Winning Novel Bought

Oliver LaFarge's prize-winning novel, *Laughing Boy*, will be made into a picture. Carl Laemmle, Jr., has purchased the screen rights to this novel of Indian life, and it is rumored that Lew Ayres will get the leading rôle.

Connie Returns

Constance Bennett has returned to Hollywood after taking a complete rest in a New York sanitarium following her trip to Europe.

Marian Marsh, pretty Warner Brothers star who won fame as John Barrymore's leading lady, visits New York for the first time—but briefly

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Frankly Speaking

About Hollywood and the Movies

IN THE past few years, Old Doctor Stork has become Hollywood's most popular guest—which is somewhat amusing in view of the horror with which he was once regarded by the luminaries of the screen.

I can remember when stars of either sex regarded the pitter-patter of little feet in their Hollywood mansions as the death knell of their professional success. It was firmly believed that the world of movie fans demanded that their screen heroes and heroines should be both young and unattached.

And now, consider the situation! Our most popular stars are not only parents—they are proud to admit it. Norma Shearer, Nancy Carroll, Bebe Daniels, Marlene Dietrich, and so on, ad infinitum, have all discovered that the possession of a family does not detract in the slightest from their favor with the public.

After all, it is only reasonable that the public should understand. They have babies in Keokuk as well as in Hollywood.

Cagney Gets A Boost

JAMES CAGNEY'S successful campaign for a salary increase will probably be imitated by most of the Cinema City's malcontents—without Cagney's success.

He came to First National with a contract guaranteeing him the modest weekly wage of $400. After scoring triumphs in no less than three pictures, he threatened to walk out of the studio unless the ante was raised to $1,000 a week. A great rumpus ensued, but Cagney got the $1,000.

Few players could get away with a similar threat. It happens that Cagney is very, very good.

A Few "Best Bets"

INCIDENTALLY, with the exception of this boy Cagney and a very few others, the last year has failed to produce any players of real promise.

Clark Gable has unquestionably scored the most sensational success of all the newcomers. James Dunn, the youngster who won such acclaim in *Bad Girl*, has a great future if given suitable rôles. Sylvia Sidney, Karen Morley, Peggy Shannon and Mae Clarke seem destined for stardom.

In view of the great horde of aspirants who have made their bid for screen fame since last New Year's Day, I can't help but feel that seven is a woefully small percentage to succeed.

Leslie Howard's Handicap

OF ALL the newcomers, Leslie Howard seems to me the most polished actor and one of the most pleasing personalities. But I am convinced that he will never be an outstanding star. His appeal is intellectual. He is the suave, cultured sophisticate, always pleasant and never thrillingly dangerous. He does not possess that elusive quality known, for want of a better definition, as "sex menace."

At first thought you may resent the implication that intellectual appeal is not a valuable asset to a player. But, think a moment—have you ever heard of a purely intellectual personality becoming a first-water star?

Chaplin's Plans

IF CHARLIE CHAPLIN carries out his announced intention to produce talkies, the rest of the Hollywood producers, in trying to keep pace with his revolutionary ideas, will probably find themselves busier than two-headed cats at a bird show. Charlie is a genius, make no mistake about that.

Several years ago he directed his one dramatic feature, *A Woman of Paris*, and the motion picture business, which had been plodding placidly along, suddenly found itself turned topsy-turvy. That one picture revolutionized the film industry as completely as steam changed transportation methods. Chaplin, in a mechanical world, stands alone because he possesses to the *nth* degree the greatest of all artistic assets—imagination.

The International Aspect

BECAUSE Garbo, Dietrich and Chevalier have proven that personality can triumph over a foreign accent, there is a rumor that M-G-M is considering signing four big German stars, Charlotte Susa, Heinrich Georgi, Vladmir Sokoloff, and Conrad Veidt. Thalberg already has signed Hans Van Twardowski, German tragedian.

Miss Susa is a UFA star. Sokoloff is a member of Max Rheinhardt's Theatre company in Berlin. Conrad Veidt once was in the United States, having appeared in several "silents" for Universal.

It may be unpatriotic to emphasize it, but Garbo, Dietrich and Chevalier—a Swede, a German and a Frenchman—are just about the biggest box office attractions on the American screen.

Art and artists are the surest obliterators of boundary lines. Did not Anna May Wong, a Chinese girl born in Los Angeles, become known as "The Garbo of Great Britain?"

H. Fredrick Gardner

One of the most compelling personalities in filmland, Billie Dove has been a steady favorite since she achieved stardom, five years ago. Now, after a year's vacation, she is being elevated to new heights of popularity with her appearance in "The Age For Love". "Cock o' the Air" will be her next picture

BILLIE DOVE

Harold Dean Carsey

WILLIAM POWELL

—Gordon

After ten years' experience on the stage, William Powell went to Hollywood where he has established himself as an actor of outstanding ability. Following the completion of his picture, "The Road to Singapore," he married Carole Lombard. Now he is at work on "The Gentleman From San Francisco"

This winsome young miss, as an extra, was practically unnoticed for three years. Then she gave such an impressive performance in "Scarface" that Howard Hughes signed her to a long-term contract. Next you will see Ann Dvorak in the feminine lead of "Sky Devils," opposite Spencer Tracy

ANN DVORAK

—Gene Kornman

NEIL HAMILTON

—Hurrell

Success did not come quickly or easily to Neil Hamilton, who worked for years in factories and a hardware store, then met many discouragements and reverses as an extra before D. W. Griffith selected him to play a lead. Now he is kept very busy at M-G-M. He supports Joan Crawford in "The Mirage"

Barbara Stanwyck became an actress against her will, but now the lovely star is grateful to the producers who insisted that she desert dancing for dramatic work---eventually to become a sensational talkie star in such pictures as "Illicit" and "Night Nurse". Slated for her next starring vehicle is "Forbidden"

BARBARA STANWYCK

—Elmer Fryer

Hollywood's *Five Most*

Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett, Jean Harlow and Barbara La Marr take their places in history with immortal enchantresses of men

Constance Bennett appeals to both the senses and the imagination for she is that unusual combination, a beauty with brains. She creates the illusion that she would give herself to love with reckless abandon

LOOKING at the ladies whose names have illumined the pages of history—Helen of Troy, Mark Anthony's little girl-friend, Cleopatra; Pompadour, DuBarry, Ninon de Lenclos, Lola Montez, Diane de Poitiers, and numerous others —we find them all to have been alike in one respect: Each was, after her fashion, an *enchanter of men.*

Can we find their counterparts in Hollywood?

If beauty were the only requisite, the search would be simple. There are enough beautiful faces in Hollywood to launch an armada which would make Helen of Troy's thousand ships look like a miserable little fishing fleet.

But beauty alone does not make an enchantress. It takes more: Chiefly, that subtle something known as—SEDUCTIVENESS.

Seductiveness is not a transient thing—here today and tomorrow gone. Ninon de Lenclos, that celebrated courtesan of the French court, still had it at the ripe old age of *eighty.* History records that her beauty had faded and that Cupid had retreated into the tiny wrinkles about her eyes—but she never lost her ability to enchant men. And the legend is that on her eightieth birthday she kept a new lover waiting! Fancy that!

Seductiveness goes beyond mere facial loveliness, even when the two qualities go together.

It attracts both sexes.

It is fascination—allure—that indefinable something which lifted an unknown Swedish girl by the name of Garbo from obscurity to the dizzy heights of screen fame and created an army of *Garbomaniacs;* that caused Marlene Dietrich to be an overnight sensation; that has made Constance Bennett front page copy ever since she was sixteen years of age; and that will keep Barbara LaMarr vividly alive in the memory of all those who ever saw her on the screen.

Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett, Jean Harlow and Barbara LaMarr, I believe, can rightfully be named as the five most dangerous and fascinating women in screen history. And here are the reasons for that contention:

THE screen has never known a more truly seductive woman than Barbara LaMarr. She might indeed have been the reincarnation of some celebrated courtesan of history. Her beauty was extraordinary—even more bewitching than the screen revealed. She was the quintessence of feminine allure, and of her it can rightly be said that she was made for love. She was an enchanter of man—and she knew it. Barbara once said to me: "I need only to purse my lips—so—and I can have any man I want at my feet." And this was very nearly true. She had a fascination, an allure, that was irresistible to men.

Like many of her counterparts in history, Barbara was a mixture of angel and devil. Of Marie Antoinette, that royal and ill-fated beauty, historians record: "She was naughty—in such surprising ways. She would not wear corsets, and she would appear at important social functions in startling

By Grace Mack

Dangerous Women

Although Greta Garbo is not phenomenally beautiful, few men can resist the subtle allure of her exotic personality. She is a direct challenge to the imagination. Men sense in her a great, but unawakened capacity for love

The secret of Marlene Dietrich's seductiveness is to be found in her expressive, slumberous eyes, which always seem to hint of tempestuous emotions. They can be, at the same moment, ruthless and yielding

Jean Harlow, Hollywood's current siren, has been one of the great sensations of the past year. In some vague way, her startling beauty suggests cruelty, but she is a real enchantress of men

and shocking costumes which belonged in the bedroom and not in the drawing room!"

Barbara was like that! Many a fierce studio battle was waged because she emphatically refused to wear a *brassiere*. During the making of one of her last pictures—*Sandra*—she was pleaded with, threatened, and finally bribed into being fitted into a *brassiere*. She wore it on the set just once and became so irritable and hysterical that she was finally permitted to return to her dressing room to remove it. She lost no time in tearing the hateful garment to shreds, so she would not have to wear it again.

I recall also that when she was returning from Italy, after making the *Eternal City*, some imp of Satan seized her one night, just after the ship's bell had sounded for dinner, and she announced that she was going into the dining *salon* in a chiffon evening gown, *sans* slip and *sans* step-ins. She got as far as the entrance when Bert Lytell discovered her and promptly ushered her back to her cabin. These devilish moods were invariably followed by intervals of angelic sweetness.

Barbara LaMarr's appeal was to the senses—and to the heart. She aroused the best in some men—and the worst in others. She was truly an enchantress.

So far as beauty is concerned, there can be no comparison between Barbara LaMarr and Garbo. But Garbo, without great beauty, is an equally high-powered enchantress.

Garbo's appeal is, primarily, to the imagination.

SINCE the beginning of time men have always been intrigued by women they do not understand. Garbo is a direct challenge to the imagination. She conjures up in men's minds the possible realization of dreams unfulfilled. They see in her a woman they could never be quite sure of. A woman, cold—aloof—in whom there seems to smoulder an unawakened fire, and with the natural male longing for conquest, each man—be he Don Juan or Babbitt—mentally toys with the idea of just what it would be like to be able to stir that smouldering fire into a burning flame.

During the interval when the Garbo-Gilbert romance was, supposedly, at fever heat, Jack told this one on himself. They had been sitting in a dimly lighted room before an open fire. For hours he had been telling her how wonderful she was. She listened with half-closed eyes, saying nothing, but indicating by her manner that his beautiful speeches were registering. Finally, the long lashes lifted. She opened her mouth to speak. Jack held his breath. Imagine his chagrin when she said, rather wearily: "Jock—I am sleepy. I think I say goodnight!" Of course it takes a Garbo to get away with something like that!

Garbo is that strange paradox—a flaming iceberg. As to what she thinks—what she feels—Hollywood will in all probability never know. Psychiatrists, psycho-analysis, astrologers and numerologists have [*Continued on page* 55]

They Take Up Arms

Now the stars limber up their shooting irons

Marian Marsh and Donald Cook, enthusiastic hunters, joined forces near Lake Arrowhead to bag the fleet-footed deer. They deny rumors that the animal they brought home was a farmer's peaceful cow

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELMER FRYER

Ruth Hall and David Manners stole away from the studio one day to bag a few ducks, but all they brought home was the flock of decoys, because the weapons they borrowed from the property room were old hammer-guns — the kind that passed out of style with grandpa's moustache cup

"There they go!" Ruth Hall points out the fleeing Mallards to David Manners, who is all set to let fly with the lead thunder. Dave says it's the only way to tame a wild duck

Much Married Robert Ames

He has had four wives. Who, Hollywood wants to know, will be the fifth?

Muriel Oaks, a New York society girl, was the fourth and latest to become the genial Bob's wife. They are now divorced

Miss Helen Lambert, a night club entertainer, aspired to become Mrs. Ames, but lost out

Frances Goodrich, stage beauty, was wife No. 2. She put in a bill for $17,500 in alimony

Many believe that Bobby Ames found his eighteen months marriage to Vivienne Seegal the happiest of all

No. 5?

Ina Claire, divorced wife of John Gilbert, is mentioned as the possible fifth Mrs. Robert Ames

There may be stars who are more popular as romantic heroes on the screen, but Robert Ames leads them all in private life. And believe it or not, friends insist that his former mates are all good friends

By William H. Gibbs

WITH months rapidly rolling into a year since Robert Ames went back into circulation on the matrimony market, Hollywood has been wondering who'll be No. 5 to win the right to call herself Mrs. Robert Ames.

For years there always has been a stream of lovely moths flying into the candle of the magnetic Ames' affections. So often has there been a waiting line, those who have followed the Ames connubial trail have learned to expect it. And, strangely, there are few broken hearts as trail markers.

Ames has had far better luck in pursuing the secret of youth than did that noble Spaniard of a few centuries back—Ponce de Leon. Although he is somewhere around the midway point between forty and fifty, he moves from one talking picture to another to play romantic leads that make feminine hearts flutter.

Perhaps it is the same magic that makes him so much in demand for screen work that has played such an important rôle in his affairs of the heart. Good-looking, magnetic, Ames has plenty of that quality Elinor Glyn describes with a little two-letter word.

Trekking back over the love-him-and-leave-him pathway established by Ames in 1907, we find four lovely and charming ladies whom Ames has taken to the altar. Of course, there have been times when matrimonially-inclined beauties have virtually raced to become owners of that coveted title, "Mrs. Robert Ames."

Helen Lambert, New [*Continued on page 73*]

DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr., and JOAN CRAWFORD

—Elmer Fryer

When Doug, Jr., and Joan Crawford hinted that they were weary of handing out "Happiest Married Couple in Hollywood" interviews, gossips immediately circulated rumors that all was not well in the Fairbanks household. Nevertheless, the two still find time to play together. They're happy, all-right—just don't want to talk about it.

DROP THAT GUN!

We know you, James Cagney! Your "hard guy" act is just a pose

By Carlisle Jones

James Cagney scores a bullseye as a gangster in *The Public Enemy* and other wild and wooly underworld pictures, but in private life he is a quiet fellow who hates motor cars, traffic, telephones, and is taking music lessons

JAMES CAGNEY gives the impression that he is dangerous. He is not altogether satisfied with the world—his world or the world in general. His red head is filled with ideas which wouldn't exactly pass as tenets of any Grand Old Party, but which live up rather well to what is known as the Golden Rule.

By some strange quirk of his Irish nature, Cagney, born amid the noise and turmoil of New York City, loves his native city but detests noise, automobiles and many other accompaniments of the kind of civilization which that native city best expresses.

When interviewed, he was making feverish preparations for a seven day vacation between pictures, a seven days in which he planned to take himself and his calm-mannered and practical wife to the mountains back of Los Angeles, where he could rent a cabin, leave his hated automobile under a canvas cover and have four or five days of what he terms "soul refreshing loneliness."

"We used to do it out of New York," he explained. "We had a shack over in Jersey. Away from everything. I built most of it myself."

This attitude is a little more remarkable because the Cagney apartment in Hollywood is a gathering place for congenial and argumentative souls who share with the young actor a dislike for bridge and a liking for conversation. With them Cagney is happiest. His feet go up and his voice goes down. The sharp staccato of his screen voice in gangster and hoodlum rôles is gone. He speaks rapidly and so softly that one has to be alert to catch all he says. And the more he argues the softer goes his voice. There is a point at which it may be wise to change the subject so that you may be able to hear him talk at all.

This son of an Irish saloon keeper does not drink. Except in certain rôles in pictures he does not even smoke. He does swear. He has all the high-lights and shadows of moods and manners to which his nationality entitles him. The injustices and inequalities of the world about him weigh on him heavily. He would, were it not for the more practical Mrs. Cagney, be continually penniless as he was so often in other days. He trusts her to guard the family finances. He has found he is not qualified to do it himself.

WHEN Hollywood's attention was suddenly focused on Cagney after the release of the picture, *The Public Enemy*, it was slightly jarred to learn that the hero of the hour had suddenly become deeply engrossed in music and was spending most of his spare time at a piano, which he had never attempted to play before.

He has attacked music with the same determination that he has used in every other conquest. He cares nothing about being just able to play the instrument. He wants to be able to play the masters with skill and certainty and he has made rapid progress in the past three months. Mostly because he has stuck to it for hours each day. Even while packing and talking Cagney would pause occasionally to stretch his fingers apart over the opposite wrist. [*Continued on page 62*]

Keep It Under

GOBS OF GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

ANOTHER of your Aunt Beverly's prophesies has worked out. It stood to reason that when Hollywood got a first-hand glimpse of Dorothy Hall, movie contracts would be signed on dotted lines. And now SCREEN BOOK may say it told you so, because that's just what happened!

The darling Dorothy has affixed her signature to a five-year Paramount contract. But that isn't all! No, indeedy! In her very first picture, *Working Girl*, a Zoe Akin original, Dorothy will have "Buddy" Rogers as her leading man. And as though that weren't honor enough for a brand-new star, Judith Wood will be in the cast and Dorothy Arzner will direct.

Dorothy's story is different. She's a Pennsylvania girl who went to the Big City of New York to make good in a small way. She worked at this and that, and found things tough. Then, on her afternoon off, she up and married a handsome young advertising man. It seems she brought him luck, for quicker than you can say "success," Neal Andrews was a millionaire—and still is.

Folks got to insisting that Dorothy's combination of brains and beauty and talent shouldn't be devoted entirely to domesticity, and finally she was persuaded to enter the theatre. Her first show was *White Collars*, since a movie. And others followed, notably, *Flying High* and *The Greeks Had a Word For It.*

A charming girl, a gracious urbane hostess, Dorothy is equally popular in Broadway, Park Avenue, Hollywood or Beverly Hills. There's no "ritz" in her make-up. She can scramble the best eggs you've ever tasted—and, moreover, will do so at the slightest provocation. She can and does make some of her own clothes. She's talented as an interior decorator. And besides her abilities as chef, modiste, decorator, stage star and screen sensation—you should taste her champagne cocktails!

Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan, who portray *Penrod* and *Sam* in the screen version of Booth Tarkington's novel, proudly present Cameo, the four-footed Thespian that gives the picture a doggy touch

Easy Money

What a cinch these movie stars and directors have! Wesley Ruggles, for instance, and his cast of players in *Are These Our Children!* While they worked on the picture the temperature on the heavily-lighted movie set was only 120 degrees—and there was no shade. The boys and girls got the picture finished on time. But if all the pounds they lost were laid end to end—there'd be enough avoirdupois to make a couple of new screen "heavies."

Would You Like To Take A Ride?

The good old tactics of Al Brown, which is Mr. Capone's social monicker, have reached Hollywood. It seems that two fellows were up for a part. The toughest one sent word to the other to lay off—or else. And, as virtue is its own reward, he got the job. But the defeated contestant retains his health and beauty.

Baby Mine

There's no pleasing these stars! When they have children the usual procedure is to hide the kids away from the glaring eye of the public. But when this practice was followed with that certain heart-snatching divorcée, and the studio publicity department issued a statement that her youngster was an adopted child—the baby of "dear friends" now sadly departed to the Next World, the blonde raised you-know-what.

"It's my own baby," she stormed, "and I'd like to see the so-and-so who says otherwise!" Which accounts for the harrassed look on the faces of press agents.

At Arrowhead Lake, just an hour or two from Hollywood, Frances Dee makes outdoor whoopee in celebration of the first snowfall of the year in the Southern California mountains

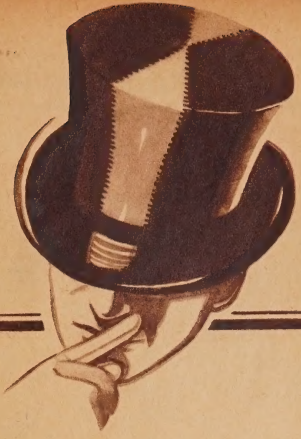
Fan Mail

Fan mail is funny. Especially when it comes from such far-off spots as the Philippine Islands. Here's a sample received by Joan Peers, admiration for whom has caused one of the "little brown brothers" to take his pen in hand. "Foremost dear madam:

I beg your most sincere pardon upon this time-killer as I stern this note, but perhaps you would be surprise to know my heartfelt admiration of your superb action in the filmdom. For actress the broad Pacific beneath azure Oriental skies frankly spreading someone idealize especially your anglicize beauty which is provoked by want of

Your Hat

by BEVERLY HILL



At Santa Monica, less than thirty minutes from the Cinema City, Joan Blondell offers proof of California's diversified climate by spreading her beach umbrella and taking her daily dip in the surf

everlasting souvenir of same. May I be honored by favorite aspect? We Filipinos are very sensitive to successful climbers of fate, and I hope with sincere regards further increases may await you."

In other words, please send him an autographed photograph, Miss Peers.

Queer People

Hollywood is coming to the conclusion that Howard Hughes is cuh-razy. Yes, crazy like the proverbial fox. And incidentally what a giggle it must have been to Howard to find himself listed among the year's "Ten Best Directors" —'cause, you know, he isn't a director at all, at all.

But, be that as it may, the old boy is getting oodles of publicity for the mediocre story called *Queer People*, the good-bad book he plans to picturize. It's an alleged exposé of we uns, you see, and the tale is that the actors are afraid to portray us for fear we'll get 'em ef they don't watch out.

So Howard has pulled the ancient on-again-off-again gag and is getting away with it. Eventually he'll make the picture. And it will be a flop. Wait and see. Meantime, ain't he got fun?

Perseverance

"If at first you don't succeed, etc.," seems to be Pat Somerset's motto. The pale, bad boy from dear ol' Lunnon has went and gone and done it again. The blushing bride is a Baltimore mam-zelle, Barbara Todd. And a red-head besides. She's No. 5 on Pat's matrimonial roster.

Margaret Bannerman divorced him. Then he took Edith Day away from hubby Carle Carleton. But Edith called quits, too. "Skeet" Gallagher's wife, Irene Martin, next succumbed to Pat's Piccadilly accent. And then he wed a beauty contest winner, Shelby Worrall, who charged that their honeymoon was a non-stop fight. Shelby passed on to leave Pat a widower. But he hasn't stayed in circulation long.

Fun Is Fun

That's what Mrs. Stepin Fetchit says. But she adds that things cease to be a joke when friend husband breaks your arm and fractures the schnozzle, even though it all be in good, clean fun. So that's why Mrs. Dorothy Perry, wife of the colored comic, has filed a divorce complaint.

Just Esong At Twilight

And the real name of that beautiful "Yellow Peril," Anna May Wong, is Wong Lui Esong. Translated into de English langwidge this means "Frosted Yellow Willows"—and we dare you to top that for beauty. But there's nothing frosted about Anna May, pardon, Lui Esong. Not even Hollywood could chill her—although she was a voluntary exile for four years. She's back again—and a sensation.

Saturday Night Note

A newcomer was given the dressing room formerly occupied by the Flaming Star. In showing the Joan-Come-Lately her gorgeous quarters, the executive particularly stressed the ornate shower-bath.

"Look," he said, "it's good as new! Never been used!"

Purely Biological

One of the studios boasts a lagoon as part of its landscape scheme. One of the lot's Big Shots returned from a trip abroad and recommended the purchase of a dozen gondolas, such as he had seen in Venice, for the beautification of the studio lake. But there was an objection. Another executive rose to remark:

"I agree with Mr. Ginsboig that it would be a beautiful sight to see these here, now, gondolas on our lake, but why get twelve? Leave us get two gondolas—a male and a female—and let nature take its course!"

Ten Miles To A Gal

According to Joe Poland this is typical Hollywood Bullevard dialog:

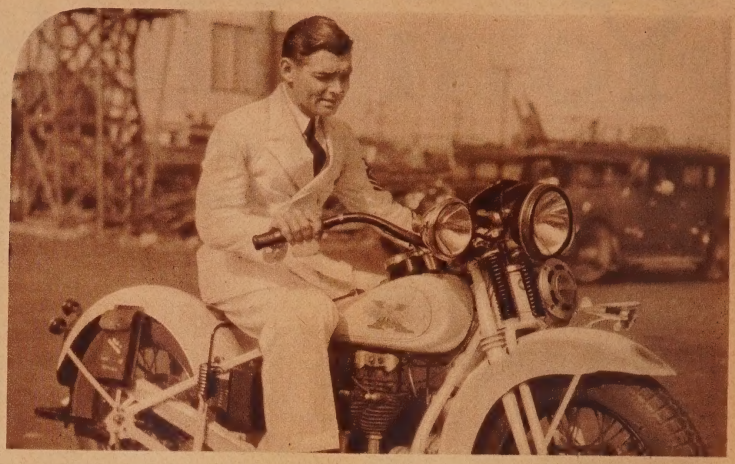
He: "Wanta ride?"

She: "Just how far are you going?"

But one that actually happened is:

After two seasons traveling with a circus, Tom Mix has returned to Hollywood and his first love, the camera. He will ride 'em and rope 'em for the screen again in *Tennessee's Partner*

Peggy Shannon, although a recent arrival in Cinemaland, is rapidly nearing the heights in her climb to screen fame. She will be seen soon in *Touchdown*



While working in *Hell Divers*, Clark Gable borrowed a motorcycle from a naval mechanic and proceeded to master the tricky contraption. He is soon to be starred in his own right, according to studio executives

He: "Wanta lift?"
She: "Going North?"
He: "Yes."
She: "Well, give my regards to the Esquimaux!"

Laugh Clown

The Pagliacci theme may be outmoded, but just the same tragedy continues to enter the lives of our clowns. Our hearts must go out to "Ukelele Ike"—Cliff Edwards—who has made the world lighter and brighter with the laughter he has created for countless audiences. First came domestic troubles—then the terrible accident in which Cliff's twelve year old son, George, was so seriously injured in a train crash that both the boy's legs had to be amputated.

Boles Rolls

Looks like John Boles will be rollin' his hoop soon. The handsome lad with the come-hither eyes and the voice to "soothe the souls in Purgatory," leaped to the top of the heap when the singies came in—but they've been giving him the worst of it since the musicals failed to click. When song-cinemas looked sure-fire they guaranteed Jawn $100,000, work or play. Later they reneged. Meantime John is booked to take the air via radio at $7,000 a week. That's just in case the movies fail to see the light.

The "It" Girl

Clara Bow will get $50,000 for being *The Impatient Virgin* in a film version of Don Clarke's story to be produced by Universal. They've changed the title, though, to *The Impatient Maiden*. Apparently that's something else again.

Girl Keeps Secret!

And that caption should be sufficient for a stop-press, "Wuxtry" item. The ol' secret-keeper is Mary Duncan, the husky-voiced *Poppy* of *The Shanghai Gesture*, who has been doing things in pitchers. Mary married Lewis Wood, Jr., vice-president of sumpin-or-other, four months ago. And it's just leaked out. The wedding puts Lewis one up on Mary, for it's his third try and only her second.

Sylvia's Kahn-Solidation

Sylvia Sidney may become interested in the banking business, etc., for her present courtier is Gilbert Kahn, son of The Great Kahn, Otto, who controls more millions than there are safety matches in Sweden.

Travel Broadens One So

Helen Kane, who boop-a-dooped fifty grand from a Mr. Posner, you recall, recently toured Europe with the hubby from whom she was parted for five years.

Meeting The Milkman

When they filmed *The Finger Points*, it was discovered, too late, that Dick Barthelmess, en route to the bank in an important scene, met the milkman. Now, banks open at ten—and by then the can-rattlers have had six hours sleep. What to do—what to do? They took some additional shots—and hung a sign on the bank reading "Day & Night Bank"! Ah, genius!

Kidding Cupid

Once they were sweethearts—but love curdled. Lately he wrote her saying that she was constantly in his mind—and all the usual hooey. She replied. And this is what she said:

"Yes, I, too, have been thinking of you. In fact, the more I think of you—the less I think of you!"

Tell It To Ripley

Believe it or—ask me another, Jesse James, himself in person, actually visited Hollywood, and spent some time on Broadway, too.

Best Friend—Severest Critic

The adorable Helen Morgan has taken to writing between *Follies* performances and film engagements. Some of her early efforts were offered to her best pal and severest critic, Irving "Beau Broadway" Hoffman.

"You need two things, Helen," he advised, "a literary agent—and a ghost writer!"

Signs Of The Times

There's a corner in Hollywood where the out-of-workies gather to tell one another how they stole pictures from Barrymore. And oddly enough none of them have noticed the police traffic stanchion which carries the admonition, "Quiet Zone—Don't Blow Your Horn."

Seeing The Sights

The so-called human race is a funny one. During the run of *Street Scene* in New York, crowds loitered before the brownstone tenement at 25 West 65th street. It is said to be the "location"

Director John Cromwell rehearses young David Durand and George Bancroft in one of their scenes for *Rich Man's Folly*, a he-man story of the oil fields that gives Bancroft an unusually powerful rôle

Dorothy Lee, the petite Radio Pictures starlet, is now being seen quite frequently in Hollywood's "places-to-go" with Fred Waring of orchestra fame

duplicated in the picture. Probably the wise-guy Gothamites expected Estelle Taylor and Sylvia Sidney to be sitting on the steps or hanging from the windows.

Off With New—On With Old

Dorothy Lee, who gave hubby Jimmy Fidler more air than WJZ fills, is romancing again with the old boy-friend, Fred Waring, of Waring's Pennsylvanians. Dorothy joined up with Fred on a vaudeville tour and says she'll stick. He, in turn, has ceased being so attentive to Lydia Roberti.

Temperament?

Florence Eldridge, Fredric March's wife, and an excellent actress in her own right, was brought from New York to Hollywood under contract to play the Myrna Loy rôle in *Rebound*. When she arrived, Florence wasn't even permitted on the set! Some folk wonder if Ina Claire feared comparisons.

Hollywood's Hard Luck Girl

Of all the getters-into-jams, Mary Nolan wins the fur-lined beer growler. Mary came home to Hollywood to play in pictures, and was immediately pinched for alleged wage law violations and released under bail. Meantime, a St. Moritz Hotel manicure girl complains to the cops about Mary's kid husband, Wally McCrery. Poor Mary seems dogged by unfavorable publicity. And, fair is fair, she doesn't deserve it.

Back To Germany?

Rumors have it that Marlene Dietrich will go back to Germany—perhaps for good—when she completes *Shanghai Express*. She is to make a picture over there for the same company that filmed *The Blue Angel*, this one to be titled *Cleopatra*. They say Director Josef von Sternberg will go along.

Haines Signed

When M-G-M saw how good Bill Haines' new picture was, they thought better about letting him go and signed him up for a new term, in hopes of rebuilding his box-office popularity.

Truth Will Out

Jean Harlow's Ma says the kid can't act for sour apples. Which makes it practically unanimous. But, after all, who gives a hang. With her come-hither appearance and pep, why should she waste her time on acting?

All For Art

Director Wellman has a rep for tricks. That's why James Cagney stepped up during the shooting of *The Public Enemy* and said: "No tricks, Bill." But just the same Wellman, so they say, told Don Cook to slug Jimmy a good one in that certain scene so that it would look realistic and avoid retakes. "Cagney'll appreciate it," said Bill. That's why Jim looks so punch-drunk when he staggers up after that knock-down. It was no foolin'!

Bye-Bye Babies

The row between Fox and the Wampas spells a definite adios to the practice of picking "Baby Stars" each year. The Fox babies weren't included this time, you know, and goodness gracious, what a hullabaloo was raised! Well, it was all pretty much a phoney anyway, and what will happen from now on is that each company will select its own débutantes. That'll mean more parties. So—whoopee!

Movie Mystery

Aunt Beverly didn't and doesn't like Carman Barnes, the alleged prodigy whose effort at sophistication struck just as sour a chord as would that of any other seventeen year old kid. Yet, there is something heartless about Hollywood and its treatment of these unfortunate young-uns. Carman was built sky-high by publicity, advertising matter and every other studio force. She was a Lasky "find." And most certainly she had every reason to look forward to a brilliant future. Then—blooey—the bottom dropped out and Carman couldn't get past the office boys. Now she's through—with nary a picture made. A bitter experience—especially with the cruel tongues of Hollywood wagging as they are. There are lots of tales—but no one knows just what happened.

Collier's Come-Back

Although Willie Collier has gone movie, he still has friends in the legit. One of them is George Cohan, who has a new play due right now. Discussing it, George told Willie, "It's a good play, but I'm stuck for a closing scene."

"What about Saturday night?" was the Collier snapper.

Sure Cure

Lucien Littlefield may not be Scotch, but he's no spendthrift. The story goes

Silver and his famous master, Buck Jones, are resting just now while Buck recovers from serious injuries received in a recent production accident at Columbia Studios

Jimmy Durante, better known along the Great White Way as "Schnozzle," has made a decided hit in Movieland with his nonsensical comedy. His first screen rôle is in *The New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*, with William Haines

that he was attacked with hicoughs during a dinner at the Brown Derby recently, and director Bill Howard, seated at the next table, overheard someone tell Lucien that a sudden shock is a cure for hicoughs. So Bill, just to be kind, called the waiter and said:

"Give Mr. Littlefield the dinner check for my party."

Rabbit's Feet And Horseshoes

Horse-shoes didn't bring any luck to the poor horses owned by Warner Baxter and Eddie Lowe when a location train was wrecked. But certainly the boys themselves must have had their rabbit's feet with them, for, by chance, they were in the second section of the train. The engine and three coaches of the first were derailed.

Not So Dumb

Of course, we'd all like Ruth Chatterton to make up her mind whether she's going to be a Paramount or a Warner star. The backing and filling is getting monotonous, relations between the studios being what they are said to be. But right now Ruth says the $675,000 Warner contract sticks. And incidentally, we presume that this means a neat ten per cent cut for her agents. Just a little matter of $67,500—and—heigh-ho—nothing to do 'till tomorrow.

You T-Tell 'Em

A stuttering author recently read his story to a film executive.

"I don't like it," said the exec, "all the characters stutter!"

Twisting His Tail

And there's that sign in Hollywood which stands in front of a picture zoo and tells the public to come in and "Tease the Lion for Ten Cents!"

Surprise, Surprise!

There's a Hollywood star—a real one, no phoney—who is usually careless about his attire. Recently he determined to please and surprise his wife by getting a whole new outfit. So he motored in from the old home rancho and purchased a whole new set of scenery. On the way home, he tarried for a few thirst-quenchers, and, the good, old Los Angeles river being at flood-tide, an idea occurred to him as he crossed its brief bridge. Without further ado he stripped as naked as an Earl Carroll show-girl and tossed the discarded clothes into the stream. Then he looked for the new outfit. It was missing.

"Oh, well," he shrugged, "I'll surprise the wife anyhow." And climbing behind the wheel drove home bare as facts. Was she surprised? And were the ladies she was entertaining at bridge?

Live And Learn

The producers are just awakening to a situation long apparent to any observer boasting fifty per cent normal intelligence—and that is that Jeanette MacDonald is ace star material. The red-head's name has been billed ahead of the others all over Europe since her first picture. She's a prime favorite everywhere abroad, and right now Paramount, in England and France, is practically forced to present her to her public at a salary of $5,000 a week for personal appearances. With half the energy expended to promote Hollywood duds to stardom, Jeanette could be sky-rocketed to the first money-maker of filmdom by any company signing her to a contract.

Price Of Razzberries

Harassed officials of Hearst Metrotone News are harboring black thoughts about the unknown genius who first discovered the razzberry to be vocal rather than edible. The Royal Razz is getting to be a pretty serious thing to the newsreel impresarios, for a conservative estimate indicates it is setting them back about $20,000 to eliminate the phooey sound from their films.

You see, just as the Prince is falling off a horse, or Al Smith is pointing out the view from the Empire State tower, or the bathing beauts are bathing—some durned kid will emit a razz that immediately clutters up the sound tract. Actually one-fifth of all negative shot on crowd scenes is scrapped because someone sneaks up to the mike and makes a rude noise.

Hollywood Variation

"Uncle Carl gave us his relatives—but thank God we can choose our friends!"

So's Your Oil Man

Oil isn't gold that glitters, apparently. At any rate that seems the case in the wells of Prince Davie M'Divani which are now in a legal mess with foreclosures and other law suits galore, not to mention flip-back royalty checks. Director Bob Vignola, Sidney Olcott, George Duryea, Pat O'Malley and others are burning—and not the midnight oil, either. Authorities are auditing the books.

Buck Forgets To Dodge

The classic message of Jack Dempsey to Estelle Taylor after a losing fight—"I forgot to duck, honey girl"—may be repeated by Buck Jones. Buck neg-

[*Continued on page 71*]

LOOK OUT, HOLLYWOOD!

Lil Dagover has arrived, and your glorious stars are in danger

By H. Frederick Gardener

—*Cosmo News Photo*

Lil Dagover, who once wanted to wed a baker, has a ten-year-old child—yet she has alluring beauty and glamour that will make Garbo and Dietrich look to their laurels

NO ONE who heard little Lilith Daghover, a tiny, dark-eyed Fraulein, say she wanted to marry a pastry baker when she grew up, ever thought she would become Lil Dagover, the toast of German film fans. It's a far cry from Madioen, Java, to Hollywood, California, yet Lil Dagover made the span. True, it wasn't a non-stop flight, but taking the trip in easy stages made up in security what it lacked in thrills.

My first impression of Miss Dagover was not very flattering. I have become accustomed to seeing the pretty faces of our American stars, and the face before me did not coincide with my ideas on how a movie satellite should look. But the more I looked at those small, symmetrical features—the high forehead, the deep, understanding eyes, the piquant nose, the sensitive mouth—the more I saw. No, she's not pretty; she's beautiful! Beauty of character, a sense of humor, good nature, intelligence. She knows life, its glories and its despairs. And both have left her unchanged—except, perhaps, to give her a better understanding of things.

Lil Dagover was born of a French Huguenot mother and a German father in Madioen, Java. At the age of four she expressed her ambition to become the wife of a pastry baker. To her, even at that tender age, to be the wife of a man was a great career. When Lilith was six her parents went back to her father's homeland. There, for a while, things went smoothly, but with the death of her mother Lilith was shunted from aunt to aunt and from one school to another. And each succeeding change made her more miserable.

All this dependence finally made the sensitive girl revolt. She would have a career and be independent of everyone. Yes. The stage would do it. She would become an actress!

Although in fiction coincidences are never convincing, in real life they play an important part in the scheme of things. It was a chance encounter with Robert Wiene, the famous German film director, that paved the way for Lilith Daghover. She met him in Berlin one day.

"You have a remarkable film face," he told her.

And, *mon Dieu*, she was insulted! To her the stage was all; motion pictures just a poor substitute. After turning the offer in her mind, however, she saw its real value. And so this young girl, with no experience, signed a contract for four years.

With her first picture Lilith Daghover—now Lil Dagover—became the favorite of all Germany. It was a great personal triumph for this girl, who, overnight, rose from complete obscurity to become the première actress of a nation. And each succeeding picture brought more and more popularity. With this, most would be content. But not Lil Dagover. She could not forget her first love—the stage. So, when her contract expired, she deserted the camera and greasepaint for the pineboards and footlights. Her success was no less. She scored in Max Reinhardt's *Beauty*, the play which made her fame cross the borders of Germany and spread into the capitals of all Europe.

WHILE rehearsing this play, a piece of carbon from one of the arc lights fell and came to rest on Lil's shoulder, causing a severe burn which made the postponement of the play's opening necessary. When she recovered, the management persuaded her to insure her shoulders—which are beautiful—for 160,000 marks or $40,000 in American money.

Many plays followed *Beauty*. She stormed Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Budapest, Paris and Petrograd. And well might she have repeated that line made famous by Caesar: *Veni, Vedi, Vici*. I came; I saw, I conquered.

Again a coincidence plays an important rôle in Lil's life. A First National executive touring the Continent saw her in a play and wired back to New York that he had made a find. His company immediately cabled him to arrange for a screen test. Upon seeing the results they promptly signed her to a contract. And here she is, making her first American film, entitled *I Spy*, the Baroness Carla Jennsen novel.

We were stand- [*Continued on page 68*]

Tallulah the REBEL

Tallulah Bankhead's unique and daring climb to fame

By B. F. Wilson

You never know what Miss Bankhead will do next but you can wager she will succeed

UNLIKE most Cinderallas of the screen who have come from either the rank and file of the chorus—or, the remote precincts of Brooklyn, Sweden or Austria—Tallulah Bankhead has a background. They named a national highway for her grandfather, who for many years represented the state of Alabama in the United States Senate. Her uncle John is now a Senator, and her father, William Bankhead, known as the "silver-tongued orator of the South," has been a representative in Congress for many years.

Tallulah was named for a waterfall near her home. Her mother had the child christened with this romantic Indian name, in all probability, because she felt that this offspring was going to be an entirely different mold from the common run of children. She must have dreamed strange dreams for a sheltered Southern woman to dream if pre-natal influence is true, for certainly there was nothing either in her surroundings, or in her family history to have produced Tallulah as she is today.

The nearest approach to a theatrical career in the family appears in her father. His striking appearance suggests the matinée idol. His voice would have made him a fortune on the stage. When he rises to make a speech in the Congress hall, each member listens with delight, for his diction, his dramatic voice, his gestures, give them an illusion seldom found in such prosaic environment. He looks and talks like John Barrymore, and perhaps that is the reason why, early in her career, the now world-famous Miss Bankhead fell desperately in love with John.

SOME ten years ago, two girls were having supper after the theatre one evening in a restaurant. Across the room from them sat the most famous theatre family in America. Ethel and Lionel and John. John was gnawing a chicken bone with all the zest of a hungry animal. As far as he was concerned, the very pretty blonde girl and her companion who stared with all their might simply didn't exist. Tallulah's fork was a constant danger-point as she glared at her idol and thought that if she could but change places with the aforesaid bone, life would be exquisitely fulfilled. Sometimes the fork got in her ear, once it scratched her cheek. She held a lighted match for her companion's cigarette, and inasmuch as her eyes, thoughts and soul were fixed on Mr. Barrymore's face, the match ignited the other girl's hair.

"That gives me an idea," said Tallulah in a thrilling tone after the conflagration had been extinguished. "I've tried every thing I can think of to get him to notice me. He won't even look at me. I'll wait until they've nearly finished and then I'll set my hat on fire." The hat was a large straw affair and would make a nice blaze!

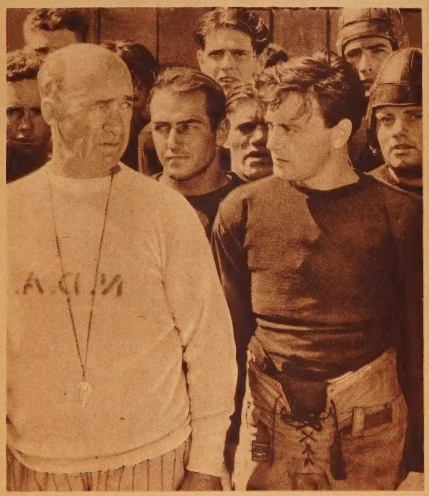
The writer of this article was the other girl. She tried in vain to dissuade her, but being herself rather softly inclined to the elder of the two celebrated [*Continued on page* 60]

EXTRA **SCREEN TABLOID** ALL THE NEWS

DECEMBER, 1931

LEW AYRES KIDNAPS BEAUTIFUL BRIDE!

ROCKNE LIVES AGAIN IN FOOTBALL MOVIE



J. FARRELL MacDONALD and Lew Ayres play the leading rôles in *The Spirit of Notre Dame*, Universal's great screen tribute to the late Knute Rockne, famous football mentor of the "Fighting Irish." The amazing likeness between MacDonald and Rockne will startle audiences

LEW AYRES, DASHING hero of the flicker films, and Lola Lane, his fiancée, ended their long drawn-out courtship with a whirlwind elopement and marriage in Las Vegas, Nevada, recently. After the unpretentious ceremony, they motored to Wyoming for a brief vacation

Star, Still in Plaster Cast Deserts Hospital

JOAN BENNETT, one of the film colony's most ardent tennis fans, refused to be confined in bed—even by a broken hip—when the Pacific Southwest championships were held at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. She watched the play from a make-shift invalid's chair

WONDER BABY

THE Paramount New York studio is all agog over a nine-months-old baby named Richard Spiro, who appears in the picture, *His Woman*, now in production. The infant, despite his very tender age, has shown an uncanny ability to take direction and has made the remarkable record of working four weeks without holding up shooting of the film for one minute. The baby, whose importance in the story makes him one of the principals along with Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper, has been stealing most of the thunder on the set.

Hollywood Celebrates at Huge Fiesta

—Hendrickson

NEVER WERE more beautiful girls gathered together at one time than on the evening of the Fiesta parade, when each studio's most comely charmers decorated brilliant floats. These three girls were a part of the Radio Pictures entry

—Hyman Fink

ALL HAIL, Queen Mary! As a part of the gay festivities, Mary Pickford is crowned sovereign of the Allied Art Association. Here she is just after the coronation ceremony

Baby Wampas Stars Honor Opera's Grand Old Lady

HOLLYWOOD'S LOVELIEST girls, the Baby Wampas Stars of 1931, paid their respects to Mme. Schumann Heink, the beloved opera singer, as a part of the Fiesta celebration. Those present on the gala occasion are: (top row) Marian Marsh, Karen Morley, Judith Wood, Frances Dade, Joan Blondell, Sidney Fox, Marion Schilling, Barbara Weeks; (bottom row) Rochelle Hudson, Anita Louise, Mme. Schumann Heink, Joan Marsh and Constance Cummings

Extortionists Threaten Joan Crawford!

HOLLYWOOD STARS FEAR DANGEROUS KIDNAP RING

THE plots and counter-plots which have made Hollywood a maelstrom of fear reached a height recently when a strange man called at the home of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

This man claimed that he had been invited by a gang of crooks to join them in a plot to kidnap Joan Crawford. According to him, all details had been arranged. When Joan was followed one night from the studio to her home, and when further rumors were heard, the Fairbanks family became genuinely alarmed.

Other rumors involved young Doug as well, the story being that the plotters planned to abduct both stars and then to demand ransom from their respective studios. Since each was engaged in a picture, their studio faced possible financial loss if their stars disappeared.

The young couple immediately employed a bodyguard, and then moved from their house to an apartment. Next they moved to a hotel—all, it is believed, in order to lessen the chance of the plot being carried out.

So the maelstrom swirls. Harold Lloyd fears for his children rather than himself. He kept a pack of massive dogs for protection—until neighbors' protests caused the city to ban them. Joan Bennett even refused for awhile to allow release of pictures of her baby. Policemen and bouncers out of work are getting soft jobs as bodyguards. And the extortionists who threatened Mary Pickford several years ago are still in jail.

—Clarence Sinclair Bull

WHEN JOAN CRAWFORD was followed home from the studio one night after a warning from kidnapers, she became greatly alarmed, and hired a private bodyguard

Clara Bow and "Her Man" Rejoice Over Comeback

CLARA BOW declares her happiness is complete. Heartened by the loyalty of Rex Bell, her fiancé, and hundreds of fans, she will attempt her screen comeback in *The Impatient Maiden* in the immediate future

Hollywood Celebrates Star's Return

LOUIS B. MAYER, Marion Davies and Mrs. Mayer obligingly pose for SCREEN BOOK'S photographer at the brilliant social affair given to welcome Miss Davies back to Hollywood on her return from a lengthy European tour

Mary Astor's Secret Marriage Rumored!

Mary Astor, according to confidential report, is the secret bride of "Doc" Thorne, the physician who brought her through the illness which followed the terrible strain she underwent after the death of her former husband, Director Howard Hawks, who was killed in a tragic airplane crash a year ago while she was playing on the stage

MOVIE STARS RUSH TO RESCUE NEEDY HOLLYWOOD CITIZENS

Marian Nixon and Sally Eilers officiate at the "java tank" in the kitchen of the Assistance League headquarters in Hollywood. Movie stars have been particularly active in past months, generously helping to relieve the "down-and-outers" of the movie capital

BUDDY ROGERS FULFILLS THREAT; QUITS FILMS

AMERICA'S BOY FRIEND has given Hollywood the merry run-around, and, although he still has a couple of pictures to make on contract, Buddy leaves December first to accept lucrative stage and radio offers in the East. Here's luck to you, Mr. Rogers

VETERAN ACTOR RETURNS FROM VACATION JOURNEY

JACK MULHALL and his winsome wife are back from a four months' jaunt around Europe. In all his years in pictures, this is Jack's first real vacation. We say he deserved one!

Barbara Stanwyck Settles Wage War

Barbara Stanwyck Concedes Victory to Studio; Goes Back to Work

Barbara Stanwyck, petite star of *The Miracle Woman* and *Night Nurse* will tell you that a movie star's life is not all honey and roses. Because she is an important star and knows it, she asked $50,000, just double what the studio intended to pay her, for work in *Forbidden*. The executives couldn't see the salary boost for their biggest star, and Barbara walked.

Meanwhile, after several skirmishes, she announced that she would begin work in a Warner Brothers picture. Then the fireworks started. Columbia studios hailed Barbara into court and secured an order restraining her from further professional activity. Barbara stood pat for awhile, insisting that if they refused to let her work, she'd be just as happy in the important rôle of Frank Fay's wife.

But it didn't last. Barbara knew that she could have the hubby and the job too—and be happy at the same time—or as happy as one can be on $25,000 instead of $50,000. So she signed a truce, is facing the cameras again, and the battle is over.

FRANK FAY, folks, is a lucky man! When the studios threatened to oust Barbara Stanwyck if she didn't come to terms on salary and complete her contract, that spirited lady said she'd just as soon be Frank's wife, alone, and forget about the movies

BARBARA wanted more money, and if the studios wouldn't give it to her, she'd quit. Now she is emerging from a royal fiasco, the like of which Hollywood has never seen, ready to go back to work at only a slight increase over her former salary

ROMANCE FLARES BETWEEN FIFI AND FAMOUS MUSICIAN

FIFI DORSAY AND ABE LYMAN, the crown prince of orchestra leaders, cuddle up before the microphone, and it looks as though they were very much "that way" about each other. Wedding bells? Well, maybe—

GRETA GARBO wants Clark Gable for her leading man in her next picture, and so do other stars on the Metro lot. With all the ladies demanding his services, Clark is trying hard to be nonchalant. Visitors to the set of *The Mirage*, in which he appears opposite Joan Crawford, just gape and gape

Pals They'll

The stars open their very best friends

Pola Negri says she will forever consider Kathlyn Williams her best friend because she helped Pola get started in Hollywood

Robert Armstrong is very proud of the fact that it was Mrs. James Gleason (Lucille Webster) who gave him his first stage job. She selected him for the juvenile lead in *Is Zat So?*

By Ted Le Berthon

TO MAKE this revelatory article possible, twenty-eight screen notables, virtually all of them stars, plunged into the recesses of their hearts to answer that rather embarrassing question "Who is—or was—the best friend you ever had?" And each, like Scheherezade in the Arabian Nights, told me his or her story, often strange, of how this greatest of friendships started or—like Topsy—just grew. In most cases, the name of the friend was given. In some, for delicate reasons, it was not given. Some sterling instances of friendship were disclosed.

Of the twenty-eight, only seven mentioned as their best friends persons outside of the theatrical profession. Janet Gaynor's best friend is Mrs. Benjamin de Casseres, wife of the brilliant author of *Forty Immortals*. Edmund Lowe's is the Reverend Father George G. Fox, a Jesuit priest. John Gilbert's is Jim Adamson, a barber. Ricardo Cortez's is an ex-amateur boxer whose name he would not reveal. John Boles' is Ray Monroe, a New York jeweler. Ernest Torrence's are two British noblemen, who united in helping him in a dark hour. And Maureen O'Sullivan's is Gwendolyn McCormack, daughter of John McCormack, with whom Maureen made her screen début in *Song of My Heart*.

Of the twenty-one who named other members of the theatrical profession as their best friends, Marie Dressler named Frances Marion, M-G-M writer; Sally Eilers named Joan Bennett; Fifi Dorsay named Dorothy Mackaill; Marguerite Churchill named Louise Dresser; and the others who tell, in this article, who their best friends are—and why—are Richard Arlen, Ruth Chatterton, Dolores Del Rio, Richard Barthelmess, Pola Negri, James Gleason, Robert Armstrong, Anna May Wong, the late Lon Chaney (through still another friend), Mae Clarke, Frances Starr, Reginald Denny, Charles Farrell, Richard Dix, Peggy Shannon, Bill Boyd and Edward Woods.

Naturally, it was difficult for many of these screen favorites to pick some one friend out of all the multitudes of persons they have known in their long years of ups and downs. It is the same with many of us. We might find, over the years, that several persons had done us fine turns at critical periods, or had made splendid sacrifices, or had *never* failed in hours of need. So most of these great or sensational personalities of our time ask that you bear with them if you happen to know of someone you believe has an equal or better right to be called *their best friend*.

HERE are, briefly, their stories of great friendship, told in the order in which I named them a couple of paragraphs back.

"My dearest and most loyal friend," little Janet Gaynor told me, "is Mrs. Benjamin de Casseres. I suppose you have read her husband's vividly written satires on everything under the sun. And, well, I came to know her for a most extraordinary reason. It was when she was my step-father's wife! Don't

Never Forget

hearts and reveal the they ever had

Mae Clarke never will forget the "three-musketeer" friendship shown her at the beginning of her career by Barbara Stanwyck and another show girl who found her a job when she was ill

Peggy Shannon has a very tender spot in her heart for a certain New York chorus girl who "showed her the ropes"

ask me to go into details. He—my step-father, was Harry Jones, responsible more than anyone else for my going into pictures. He died, sadly enough, right after the première of the picture which made me—*Seventh Heaven*. No one has been lovelier, kinder, or more helpful than 'Bijou' de Casseres. That is all I can say. She is a woman of remarkable intelligence and strong character. It has been beautiful to know her."

"I might never have gone on the stage, and later on the screen, if it had not been for Father George G. Fox of the Society of Jesus, who gave me my first lessons in dramatics when I attended Santa Clara University, my alma mater," says Edmund Lowe. "His Jesuit candor, sincere and uncompromising, made me buck up and put me on my mettle. Furthermore, he made me work—and how! He insisted I had talent and was untiring in his efforts to make a good actor out of me. I'm ashamed to say that there were times when I doubted myself, when I felt he might be overestimating me. In fact, I majored in law, and intended to become a lawyer. But my destiny drew me to the stage. By the time I had gotten around to going into pictures, Father Fox had been transferred to the faculty of Loyola College in Los Angeles. Through the years he has visited me at the various studios and I feel I owe him a great deal, both for his influence on my life and on my work."

John Gilbert's long friendship with Jim Adamson, barber at the M-G-M studio, dates back to Christmas, 1914. Gilbert, who once contemplated suicide during that period of his life, found himself alone and despondent on Christmas Day. He was living at Venice, California, a beach town. Feeling utterly friendless, he walked out on a deserted amusement pier early Christmas morning. There Jim Adamson and John Lintz, a singer, stumbled upon him, noted his glum mien—and invited him to a Christmas dinner. There, among gay grown-ups and children, Gilbert recovered his lost spirits—and found a lasting friend. Jim Adamson's proximity, as M-G-M barber, has developed that friendship into a splendid thing.

"If I didn't see Jim Adamson right along I'd get the heeby-geebies," says John seriously. "You see, he liked me when I sort of felt no one else did."

RICARDO CORTEZ simply won't name his best friend. But he'll tell the story:

"It was many years ago in New York. We were both big, strong kids—and, how did we get acquainted? Well, we first met each other in the prize ring. You know, amateur boxers. Well, it was a gruelling battle, and I got to win by just a shade. Afterwards, it was found that my opponent had fought on gamely although I'd broken a couple of his ribs early in the fight. Also, I found the kid was broke.

"So I went to see him, and paid the hospital bill, and we became pals. Later, he got into the money, as a business man, and I went broke trying to be an actor. And say, for six months at one clip that kid helped me and helped my family—with real money. Well, all I can say is that I still count him as my best friend."

John Boles met Ray Monroe in the army, in France, during the World War. A couple of years [*Continued on page* 64]

Scarface

A thrilling tale of the kill-crazed gangster and his struggle against fate

"Some typewriter, eh, Johnny?" Tony asked menacingly. "I'm gonna write my name all over town with it in capital letters"

IT WAS a gray, sodden dawn. The city was just beginning to wake. A milk wagon clattered slowly through the streets of Chicago's South Side. The porter of Costillo's restaurant walked sleepily out into the street, his eyes on a poster beside the cabaret's entrance. It read: "FIRST WARD STAG PARTY TONIGHT." Yawning, the porter tore it down and slowly walked back into the restaurant.

The place was almost a shambles; a few tables were overturned, bottles lay dripping out the last of their wine. Draped across the top of one table was a swarthy drunk—out cold. Someone, in passing, had pulled out his shirt tail. At the end of the large room, conversing in rather loud tones were three men. Big Louis Costillo, a fat, middle-aged Italian, his dinner clothes rumpled, his shirt stained, and still wearing his paper hat at a rakish angle, talked to his two companions, who were drunk, but attentive.

"I say to him, 'What do you mean, tie up the South Side? Let some of the other boys get theirs now. I got all I want.'"

He laughed, and picked up a champagne bottle to pour another drink.

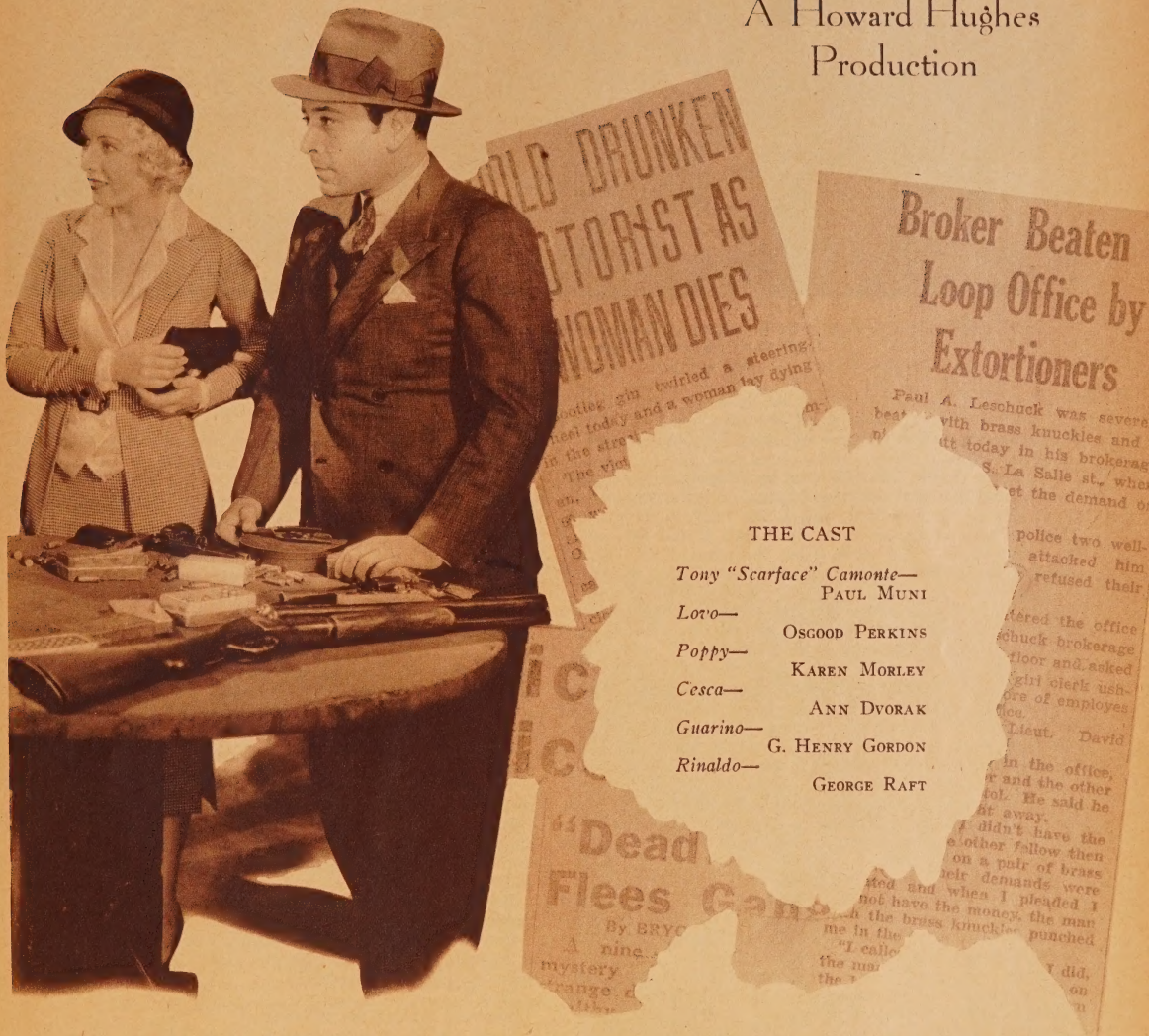
"Johnny Lovo," said one of his companions, "was talking about startin' somethin'."

Costillo looked at him and smiled. "Yeh," he said. "He wants trouble. Johnny's very foolish. Look-a me! A man's gotta know when he's got enough. I gotta plenty—I gotta house—gotta automobile—gotta nice girl—"

By June Woodard

From the Motion Picture
By Ben Hecht

A Howard Hughes Production



THE CAST

Tony "Scarface" Camonte—
PAUL MUNI

Lovo—
OSGOOD PERKINS

Poppy—
KAREN MORLEY

Cesca—
ANN DVORAK

Guarino—
G. HENRY GORDON

Rinaldo—
GEORGE RAFT

Costillo got up. His two companions rose with him, swaying slightly.

"Well," one then said, "Guess we'll shove off an' get some sleep."

Putting his arms over their shoulders Costillo started for the front door, saying, "Was a nice party, eh? Next week I give you a party you never see before. More girls—more wine—lotsa more music. Everybody say 'Big Louis, he sittin' on top of world.' "

"Yeh, but keep your eye on Johnny," put in one of the others.

"Ach," Louis uttered derisively, "Johnny's my friend. I give him more money he know what to do with."

"Well—goodbye, Louis."

"Goodbye. Take care of yourself. See you after," replied Louis good-naturedly, walking back into the restaurant.

Passing the drunk, he shoved the shirt-tail back into the pants. "You catcha cold," he said. When he reached the back he went into a telephone booth and called a number.

NO SOONER had he entered than the door at the back of the corridor opened. A man, dressed in a loud checked suit, sauntered between the tables toward the phone booth. As he walked he softly whistled the tune of *Take Me Back To Sorrento*. When he was close to the booth door he reached into his pocket and brought out a gun—an automatic. There

Tony's sidelong glance took in the slim figure of Poppy, doing her nails in the next room. The thought flashed through his mind—if he could do away with Lovo, the girl would be his

was a faint click as he released the safety catch. As his shadow came to a halt on the booth door Big Louis turned.

"Hello, Louis . . . ."

The word, "Louis," was followed by a rapid volley of shots. Costillo's body rocked with the impact. Staring stupidly for an instant at his assaillant, Big Louis tried to understand. Then his body crumpled to the floor, half in and half out of the booth—dead. His work done, the man in the checked suit calmly walked away, still whistling *Take Me Back To Sorrento.*

With the sound of shots, Joe, the porter, rushed from the kitchen through the rear door. He had no intention of being around when the police hunted for witnesses.

LATER, that morning, waiting in a chair at Pietro's Barber Shop, sat Guino Rinaldo, a lean-faced, small Sicilian. His clothes were those of a fop; his long, black hair was sleeked back with pomade. A ladies' man—and a deadly ace-killer. Near the barber chair, engaged in cleaning the shaving mug he had just used on the heavy-set individual lying in the chair, was Pietro Spinelli, the barber. Just as he put the mug down, the sound of a police siren came to their ears. Rinaldo slowly lowered his paper and glanced outside in time to see the police car slow up at the curb.

"Cops," he said in a bored voice.

As he said the one word he reached inside his coat, pulled out a heavy Luger automatic, and flipped it across the room toward a receptacle for dirty towels. At the same time the sheet covering the man in the barber chair moved and a heavy automatic appeared. Pietro took it and tossed it into the towel receptacle. Then taking a towel, he walked close and carelessly tossed it over the guns.

The cops, led by Ben Guarino, a hard-faced Italian-American, entered the shop. Guarino looked at Rinaldo and jerked his head toward the police car.

"Hello, Rinaldo," he said. "You comin' along?"

Rinaldo, with a careless shrug, put the newspaper aside and rose to his feet.

"Where's Scarface?" the detective asked.

The figure in the chair slowly came erect, pulling the towels from his face.

"Hello, Guarino," he said. "What's your hurry? I'm getting a massage, too."

"We'll finish that at headquarters. Put on your coat!" Guarino was in no mood for buffoonery.

"I got lotsa time. Who wants to see me?"

"The Chief!"

When they reached headquarters, they found the chief looking over Tony's record. The last comment on the card read, "At present, bodyguard and strongarm for Costillo."

"Bodyguard for Costillo, eh?" the chief remarked, tapping the record. "Pretty smart boy, Tony."

Scarface Camonte shrugged disdainfully.

"I suppose you didn't kill Louis Costillo?" the chief said.

"Who? Me?" Scarface retorted in surprise. "Thats-a funny. Big Louis and me were like this" He held up two fingers close together.

"Shall I slap it outta him, Chief?" put in Guarino.

JUST then the door opened, and a police secretary entered. "Epstein's outside, Chief," he said.

A look of disgust came over the chief's face. "All right, let him in."

"Hi, boys!" Epstein greeted Scarface and Rinaldo. "Hi, Chief!"

Wearily holding out his hand for a document he hadn't yet seen, the Chief addressed the lawyer. "Let's have it."

Epstein nodded and pulled a writ out of a pocket. As he handed it to the chief he rattled off the age-old customary line: "Writ of habeous corpus for release of Tony Camonte and Guino Rinaldo."

Broderick gave it a fleeting glance. "All right," he said, looking at Camonte and Rinaldo. "See you later, *gentlemen!*"

Camonte took a look at the magic document, then he grinned at Epstein. "I don't go with this guy?" he asked, jerking his head in Guarino's direction.

"No."

Scarface nodded his satisfaction.

Once outside, Epstein asked Scarface if he was to see Lovo.

"Yeh . . . right away," answered Tony.

"Tell him to stay under cover—I'll come up tomorrow."

"Okay!" And Camonte and Rinaldo walked away.

Up at Lovo's apartment, the gang boss was waiting for Tony. When the latter finally came around he was immediately admitted.

"Hello, Boss."

"Hello, Tony. Come on in."

"Epstein, he say you stay here till the heat's off," said Tony. "He say—"

He broke off as he saw a seductive blonde come from the bathroom and cross to the dressing table. "Hmmm," he said, half to himself, "that's-a pretty hot!"

Lovo made the introduction, but Poppy, the blonde, paid little attention to him. Every now and then, Tony's eyes strayed away from Lovo toward the bedroom, where Poppy was busy with her toilette.

Lovo came over to Tony with a wad of bills in his hand. "Here," he said, handing it over to him, "it's a bonus. It was a good job."

Tony felt of the bills, and beamed with satisfaction. "It's-a-nice feel."

"Yeh," Lovo told him, "but remember—this is just chicken feed. You've stepped into big company, Tony. You stick with me, and do what I say, play square and you'll be walking in lace pants and a gold hat—You know what I mean?"

Tony's vanity was pleased. "Assistant General, eh?" he smiled. His sidelong glance took in Poppy, doing her nails in the next room. The thought flashed through his mind—if he could do away with Lovo, the girl would be his.

"Listen, Tony," Lovo broke in. "I think it will be better if we have that meeting Monday—after the funeral. Tell all the guys that's interested to meet there. They'll get an earful."

"Okay, Boss," Tony agreed. "Well, so long, Boss . . . So long Poppy, see you again."

Poppy gave him a momentary, cold glance, then turned to an open jar of powder.

"She don't like anybody but me," Lovo said with a swell of pride.

"Yeh . . ."

MRS. CAMONTE, Tony's mother, was standing near the old-fashioned coal stove in the kitchen when he arrived home. At one side sat two old people, one the old, bearded grandfather, the other, an organ-grinder type.

"Where's Cesca?" Tony asked. "Ain't she comin' home for dinner?"

"I don't know. She go out. I tell her all the time—no go out, but she no listen."

"Well, you tell her she gotta be home for dinner . . . I don't like that."

Just then they heard the front door close. Tony listened a second and then went toward the living room. As he stepped in, he saw his sister, a lively red-headed Borgian girl, in the close embrace of a young drug-store cowboy. The latter raised his eyes as Tony entered. He tried to take his mouth away from Cesca's, but Cesca momentarily hugged him closer. Terrified, however, he disengaged himself from her arms and rushed out the door under Tony's fierce stare.

"That's a nice way I catch you, eh?" Tony said, angrily.

Cesca wheeled and faced him, the last dying ebb of her young passion fading from her face.

"What do you mean—catch me? I wasn't doing nothing."

Tony advanced slowly. "You were kissing him."

Cesca was defiant. "Sure," she said. "What of it?"

"I don't like it, see?"

She started to pass him, but Tony grabbed her by the arm. "Listen, I don't want no guys kissing my sister, understan'?"

"Stop!" she cried. "You're hurting me."

"I don' want nobody puttin' their hands on you."

"Well," she replied, "what do you think you're doing?"

"That's no way for fun," Tony said, tender now. "Listen—you want real fun? Wanna buy nice clothes, look like a beauty, eh? I got money! You don' need no guys hanging around now. Tony give you all you want." He pulled out a bunch of bills and handed most of them to her, while Cesca stared, wide-eyed.

"Gee, Tony, where'd you get it?"

"Never mind, you just spend it. But remember—no more fellas."

"Fellas?" she mocked. "Don't worry. I haven't seen one I could go for yet."

Reassured, Tony went out.

MONDAY night. The night of the meeting. Lovo and Scarface, followed by Rinaldo and Angelo, went up the stairs leading to the First Ward Social Club. On the door the sign read: "Louis Costillo, President." Scarface, upon seeing this, looked around for something, and spied a cuspidor. He picked this up and hurled it through the glass, smashing it to bits. As the cuspidor hurtled through the door every man on the inside got to his feet, gun in hand.

"It's all right, boys," said Tony, and he and the others entered. "Meet the new president, Johnny Lovo."

Rinaldo and Angelo took up positions at strategic points. The company in the main were silent. A few of them Lovo knew by name; yet there was an air of suspense in the room. Lovo made his proposition. They were to band together and get a stronghold on the South Side. They would not get to be soft like Big Louis. The racket was to be run like a big business—with more profits and less trouble.

"What about Meehan?" one asked.

Meehan, along with Berdini and Ziegler, had refused to attend the meeting.

"From now on they're out. The seven hundred joints they sell to now gotta buy from us."

"Yeh?" put in another. "An' who's gonna stick his neck in those joints and get the orders? They'll make them shootin' galleries."

Lovo laughed. "Don't worry about that. My friend, Tony Camonte, will take the orders."

Tony, followed by Angelo and Rinaldo, immediately made for the door.

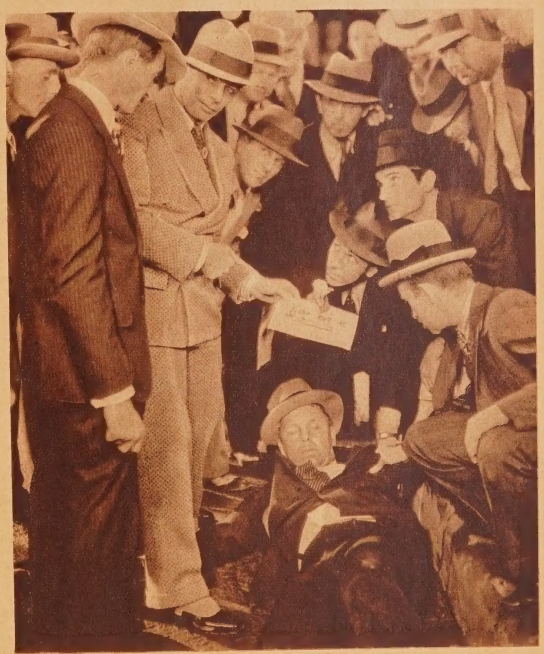
"Where you goin'?" asked Lovo.

"Out to take orders!" was the curt reply, and they then filed out of the room. . . .

The next six weeks were filled with action. Bertini, Meehan and Ziegler were killed—right in their own hangouts. "Speakies" were terrified by the strongarm methods of Tony. For good measure, Tony went on a rampage into the North Side and bombed one of O'Hara's pet joints.

WHEN Tony went up to Lovo's apartment the next day, he found his chief in surly mood.

"I know your kind," Lovo bellowed. "You get into the big dough and you don't know when you got enough." He came closer and tapped Tony on the chest. "Now get this. I'm running this show, see? From now on you don't have no



Lovo and Tony looked at the note, found pinned to Keech's lapel with a big white rose. "Keep out of the North Side," it read

ideas of your own. We're not selling beer on the North Side!" The last was said with dead finality.

"Okay, Boss."

"We'll be lucky *now* if O'Hara doesn't make trouble," Lovo said.

Tony looked at him with scorn. "You afraid of a guy like that? He ain't so tough—running a flower shop."

Lovo's eyes flashed angrily. "Get this straight, Tony," he said menacingly. "I ain't afraid of nobody!" He looked into Tony's eyes but seeing the unwavering stare in them turned away.

"Sure not," grinned Tony, a slight touch of sarcasm in his voice. "That's a crazy question, eh, Johnny?"

As they passed through the office, they were followed by the ever present Rinaldo and Angelo. When they reached the street, they saw a touring car, with drawn curtains slowly come toward them. Tony immediately pushed Lovo back into the hallway, drawing his gun meanwhile. As the car passed them it slowed down even more, and one of the doors opened, letting the body of a man fall to the pavement. This accomplished, the car sped away. They slowly approached the body, recognizing Keech, one of Lovo's henchmen. Lovo and Tony looked at the note, found pinned to Keech's lapel with a big white rose.

"Keep out of the North Side," it read.

The next day, while Tony was unpacking a crate in his new, luxurious apartment, the bell suddenly rang. It was Rinaldo, a beautiful rose in his lapel.

"Any trouble?" Tony asked, eyeing the rose.

"Naw—it was easy. He was alone."

Tony walked to him, and smelled the rose. "Hmmm—You pick-a nice one . . ." Then, the incident closed, he took

Rinaldo succumbed half-reluctantly to her charms. "Gee, you're just like your brother . . . when you go out after something, eh?" he asked, clasping her in a slow embrace—they understood each other now

When he had Cesca safely home, he jerked her roughly from the cab. "You think you can run around like that?" he asked grimly. "I catch you in a place like that again, I kill you!"

Rinaldo over to the crate. It was a high back chair. The back was made entirely of a plate of bullet-proof steel.

"You remember Mike Leoni? Somebody shot him in the back while he was makin' out his income tax." He examined the chair, while emphatically exclaiming, "Well, that don' happen to me."

At that point Lovo and a bodyguard walked into the apartment—without knocking. Suddenly Tony looked up and seeing him said, "Hello, Johnny, I was expecting you."

Johnny made no reply to the greeting, but got right to the point.

"O'Hara was killed a half hour ago! . . . in the flower shop."

"Yeh . . . I know," said Tony, unwaveringly.

"You bumped him!" the boss accused.

"Don't be silly. You tell me to stay out of North Side—I stay out."

There was an instant's silence—tense and foreboding. Each man glared at the other. Finally Camonte leaned forward.

"Listen, Johnny," he said. "In this business you gotta keep goin' up or you go down. You can't stop in the middle—like Big Louis—"

"All right, you fool," hissed Lovo. "I'll tell you what you'll get." He prodded himself in the stomach with his fingers. "Right here in the guts . . . a pound of hot lead!"

Tony looked sinister as he answered, "Who'll give me that?"

Tony hit Lovo savagely. "Don't shoot me," Lovo gasped. "You can have anything . . . anything I got . . . I'll go away . . . gimmee a chance!"

"Dorgan! He'll step right into O'Hara's place!"

Tony turned away from him, then stopped. "Be sure it's him, Johnny," he said with meaning. Lovo and his bodyguard walked out.

"He's sore," said Tony, amused.

"He's yellow!" answered Rinaldo.

IT WAS coming, sure as Fate . . . It wasn't in the cards for Tony to keep on as he was without a showdown. And he was doing all he could to bring it about. He had ambitions, had Tony. Ambitions to have the world at his feet. And he knew that Lovo was in the way . . . Oh well, there was a remedy for that, he thought. Then, there was Poppy. He knew, from her visit to his place, that she'd wait for him. As far as the cops were concerned, Tony never worried. After the O'Hara incident, Guarino made a trip to the fort and took Tony to headquarters, but as usual, nothing came of it. Writs were easily obtainable.

Dorgan lost little time trying to square the death of O'Hara. While Tony and Poppy were eating in a restaurant, three touring cars with drawn blinds slowly passed the eating place raking it with gun and sub-machine gun fire.

This struck a new note in gang warfare. A machine gun! Tony, impressed, and unhurt, thought it a good idea. He'd get himself some, too.

It was this episode that brought about an open split between Tony and Lovo. Tony went after Dorgan against Lovo's instructions. Tony's mind was made up—to get Dorgan and the North Side.

"We *can't*," Lovo told him.

"Who's gonna stop us, eh?" asked Tony, belligerently.

"I'm stoppin' you!"

Tony looked him up and down with a withering grin, but he didn't even deign to answer. He turned away from Lovo and issued instructions to the mob, who took orders from him—alone.

"You dirty murdering mug!" yelled Lovo, coming closer. "I'm giving you instructions for the last time!"

"You ain't giving nothin'. I'm givin' you somethin'! I bring you the North Side, like I brought the South Side—all wrapped in a nice box!"

Shoving Lovo aside roughly, Tony, in mock kindness, said, "Get outta the way, Johnny. I'm gonna spit." And with that, he trained his new machine-gun on the door of Lovo's office. There was a short rat-tat-tat, as the bullets splintered the wood into fantastic designs.

"Some typewriter, eh, Johnny?" he asked. "I'm gonna write my name all over town with it—in capital letters. Come on, you guys!"

AGAIN, a reign of terror ruled the city. This time it was the North Side. Men were found dead—and no clues. Witnesses knew nothing. High-jacking went on in a wholesale fashion. Seven men were lined up against the wall of a garage on St. Valentine's day by several men—two of whom were dressed in police uniforms—and mowed down with machine-gun fire. It was big-time murder. Dorgan, who just missed being one of the victims, muttered, in the presence of the police that "only Camonte's mob would kill like that!"

Immediately one of the detectives ran to a booth and called headquarters to relay the news to the chief. They had Tony red-handed, now!

"Red-handed, huh?" yelled the chief into the telephone. "You poor dumb cluck, we haven't a thing on him! He's been sitting in my office for the past two hours!" and he slammed the receiver on the hook.

The perfect alibi. . . .

Dorgan took to hiding, but after a few days, he picked up courage to saunter forth once more. That night, while Tony was attending the theatre with six of his mob, a henchman came in and whispered to him that they had located Dorgan—in a bowling alley. Reluctant to leave before the end of the show—Tony was getting culture, now—he gathered his men and left. He told Angelo to remain and see the end so he could explain it to him.

When they reached the alley, Tony [*Continued on page* 56]

"Come on," he said gruffly to Poppy. "Go pack. Lovo's out of the way, and we're goin' places!"

Announcing the Disguise Contest Winners

Here they are! Triumphant contestants in the nationwide Max Factor-SCREEN BOOK contest.

Mrs. J. L. Moore, 91 Vine Street, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, is winner of a free trip to Hollywood as the guest of Max Factor and SCREEN BOOK

NOW comes the great news! With this issue, SCREEN BOOK announces the winners who share in the grand prize list which includes a free trip to Hollywood, $300 in cash prizes, six of Max Factor's Famous Studio Makeup Boxes, and nineteen Color Harmony Makeup Sets.

Leading all others with her solution to the Max-Factor-SCREEN BOOK Disguise Contest is Mrs. J. L. Moore, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, who wins a week's free vacation in Hollywood with all expenses paid. Mrs. Moore declares that her ability to see through the disguises of the stars was gained mainly from her observations as a long time reader of SCREEN BOOK, while caring for her two young sons.

The second prize of $100 in cash is awarded to Miss M. P. Tekesky of Cleveland, Ohio, who found the task of penetrating the stars' disguises a fascinating game which she enjoyed during her spare moments while working as a librarian.

Next in line, with a prize award of $50, is Miss Antoinette Branca, Lake Arrowhead Hotel, Duluth, Minnesota. Miss Branca has been a movie fan nearly all the twenty-six years of her life, and states that she acquired much of her knowledge of the stars while "thumping a tinny old piano at a neighborhood theatre."

Little fourteen-year-old Miss Dolores Wartburg, 1224 Second Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn., showed a startling knowledge of movie favorites to win first honors among the $25 prize winners. Other awards in this group go to: Vivian M. Reidy, 901 N. Long Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Hariette E. Ferguson, 3330 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Virginia; Maurice Marcus, 28 Fernboro Street, Rosbury, Mass.; John S. Antkowiak, 40 Rhor Street, Buffalo, N. Y.; and Betty O'Neill, 2544 East Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio.

Tenth to fifteenth prizes, consisting of Max Factor's Famous Studio Makeup Boxes to each winning contestant, are awarded to:

Frankie Norman, 8857 Emerald Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Alice Bauer, Route 2, Box 214, Michigan City, Indiana.
Mrs. May Jolson, 1 Havelock Street, Toronto, Canada.
Maxine Carson, 1715 Ames Street, Winfield, Kansas.

[*Continued on page 72*]

Mrs. M. P. Tekesky, twenty-two-year-old Cleveland, Ohio, girl, is richer now by $100 as a result of capturing second prize with her carefully studied solution to SCREEN BOOK'S Disguise Contest

One of the few out of thousands who were able to identify the stars easily is Antoinette Branca of Duluth, Minnesota, $50 third prize winner

Success For A Song

That's how Lawrence Tibbett traded failure for triumph. But what a song!

By Ralph Parker

SUPPOSE you sang a song so many times that it commenced to be part of you, to influence your life.

That is the experience of Lawrence Tibbett. The first few times he sang *On the Road to Mandalay* it was simply a tune. It has grown, like some spirit in an ancient fairy tale, until its rhythm is part of his daily life. It is a musical siren calling him away from the safe and the commonplace.

The carrier of the voice which was destined to ring around the world was born in the hot, dusty, interior-California town of Bakersfield. A community built by oil, cattle and fruit, it seemed scarcely a place for the development of a great artist.

If you had known Larry Tibbett as a boy, it would help you solve the mystery of the man who lives under the influence of a song.

He was a perfectly ordinary boy, much given to outdoor recreation. He could ride a horse soon after he could walk. Ordinary, did I say? Not if you had the ability to see the sensitiveness of him. His appreciation of animals and birds and people, his youthful wanderings alone into the desert and the mountains, all suggested the potential artist.

"I was quite a cowboy, as a youngster," Tibbett recalls. "In fact, mother gave me plenty of spankings for using the cusswords of the range.

"My father died when I was seven, but I remember him very vividly. He was sheriff of Kern County and very much of an outdoor man. He was absolutely honest and fearless, without any trace of artificiality or pretense."

THAT helps one to understand why Sheriff Bill Tibbett's son has successfully withstood the most temperament-encouraging of occupations—opera and movies. There was no talk about the "individualism [*Continued on page* 55]

Everyone around the M-G-M studio likes Larry Tibbett. Here he and Jimmy Durante are entertaining the girls with an impromptu duet between shots in the filming of *The Cuban Love Song*

—*Manatt*

Lawrence Tibbett is restless and eager, like the spirit of the song that has influenced his life. Here he is glimpsed with Lupe Velez in a love scene from *The Cuban Love Song*

Goodbye to

Screen Book heralds the finest group of pictures ever produced!

Eddie Cantor never provoked more hilarious fun than in *Palmy Days*, a perfect filmusical in which he plays the rôle of efficiency expert in the factory of America's doughnut king

—*John Miehle*

Ronald Colman is romantic even as the country doctor in *Arrowsmith*, a great screen story by Sinclair Lewis, the Nobel prize winner for 1931. This film is another triumph for Sam Goldwyn, the veteran producer

Reed Howes and Clark Gable, the sensational new male star, prepare to take-off in a scene from *Hell Divers*, one of the most thrilling stories ever brought to the screen

Boredom!

Another great kid picture, rich in comedy and pathos, comes to the screen in *Penrod and Sam*, adapted from the famous Booth Tarkington novel. Junior Coughlan and Leon Janney are brilliant in the leading rôles

Every time Jack Oakie opened his mouth, somebody put his foot in it. This is a scene from *Touchdown*, a stirring football thriller featuring Richard Arlen and Charles Starrett

William Powell never gave a more perfect performance than in *The Road to Singapore*, in which he appears as the wastrel lawyer who finds himself in time to save the woman he loves from disaster. It is a dramatic story without an equal

CAROLE LOMBARD

—Otto Dyer

Radiating happiness over her recent marriage to William Powell and attired in a daring new swimming suit, Carole Lombard is ready for a dip in the pool at her new Beverly Hills home. Carole's next picture will be "No One Man," with Richard Arlen

Beauty Hints of the Month

Ann Harding explains the secrets of hair beauty

"Lovely hair," Ann declares, "reflects infinite care in its cleansing, rinsing, and combing"

By Ann Harding

MY FAN mail is daily flooded with questions regarding the hair. "How can I make my hair more beautiful?" is the question I meet again and again as I go through my mail, and it is a question which deserves real consideration. Hair frames beauty of face and crowns beauty of figure, so certainly it plays an important part in the appearance of milady. Health is the keynote to beauty and the basis of all hair health is perfect cleanliness. Giving the scalp a chance to breathe is the next requisite.

On the surface it may seem as though each person's hirsute problems may differ, but it is my opinion that fundamentally they are the same.

Absolute scalp and hair cleanliness is, of course, a more serious problem for the woman with long hair in that it is less easy to achieve. Since I have never had my hair bobbed, it is one with which I am quite familiar.

I have never used prepared shampoos of any description. No doubt some of them are excellent. But my hair is an odd color, and so light that it is susceptible to the effects of any chemicals or bleaches. I have preferred, therefore, to take no chances and use only castile soap of good quality. This, plus plenty of soft water, or water that has been boiled to remove alkaline properties, seems to turn the trick for me.

I have never used rinses of any sort on my hair. In my opinion it is a mistaken notion to believe that this must be done to thoroughly remove the soap. There is no question but that it hastens this operation. However, I think that quantities of warm water, applied with a good sharp spray, will accomplish excellent results with no other assistance.

"The scalp should be allowed to breathe," says Ann. "Exposure to the sun and wind is good for it"

Some rather old-fashioned opinions, I must warn you, are included in my code of hair health. For instance, I am opposed to the use of mechanical dryers. I like to have my hair dried in the sun, assisted by hand massage. When I can find a hair-dressing establishment where it is possible to have this done, I am a steady patron. In most large cities a search will always unearth some shop subscribing to this theory. When I was on the road, during my [*Continued on page* 63]

STARS ON PARADE

Photographed at a recent brilliant Hollywood event

Jeanette MacDonald snapped with her escort shortly before she left the film colony on a trip to Paris where she made a personal stage appearance and protested a biography of her life published there

Helen Twelvetrees and husband Frank Woody holding hands on the way into the theatre. In public, too!

Photos by Hyman L. Fink

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy (left) with June Collyer and Stuart Erwin, Hollywood's latest newlyweds. From Stu's expression, he still must be surprised that June said, "Yes"

Doug looks well-tanned and Mary seems more winsome than ever as they make their first appearance after their return from Europe

Right: James Cagney and Joan Blondell stop at the microphone to greet their many admirers

Joe E. Brown is getting ready to spring a wise-crack for the benefit of the fans who are listening in

Success for a Song

[*Continued from page 49*]

of the artist" on the cattle ranches and Lawrence is merely bored by such conversation now.

"When my father was killed," says Lawrence, "I was a miserable boy—but, even more, I was proud. For he died 'with his boots on.'

"It happened in 1903. The last of the spectacular bad men of the West, James McKinney, had just killed his eighth man. Dad and his brother, Bert, and William Traeger set out to get McKinney. A dancer tipped off Dad that McKinney was in a Chinese opium den in Bakersfield.

"The three of them started for the outlaw's hiding place. McKinney leveled his gun at one of the others and Dad shouted, 'Look out! He's going to kill you.' As he called, he ran toward McKinney and pushed Traeger out of the way. The bullet intended for Traeger got Dad."

The widow and the three Tibbett children moved to Los Angeles where Mrs. Tibbett started a beauty parlor. Lawrence used to whistle a lot and liked to raise his boyish voice in church singing, but otherwise showed no special interest in music. His boyhood alternated between Los Angeles and Kern County.

"The example that my Dad was to me has helped in more ways than one," Lawrence relates. "Whenever I was tempted to get nervous about stage fright or an important audition, I would remember how completely safe the task was in comparison with Dad's daily duties. And I never became obstreperous about some minor operatic matter because I knew he wouldn't have approved of such foolishness."

TIBBETT, now first baritone of the world, began his singing career before the audiences of Grauman's theatre in Hollywood. He received from five to ten dollars for each performance. Then he sang at funerals, at churches and clubs and for the symphony orchestra on Sundays. He married and twins arrived—but he had the courage to brave the big town, New York. After repeated discouragements he landed a place with Metropolitan Opera, a very minor place.

The sheriff's son was with Metropolitan for three years without attracting attention. Then one night he was so superbly good as Ford in *Falstaff* that he stopped the show. The enthusiasm continued in the press—and Tibbett was launched.

"That's about the whole story," Tibbett concludes, "except for the fact that I served with the Navy during the war. Long enough to learn to like travel and to love the sea."

When the studios were combing the world for men with good voices and Thespian skill, they overlooked Lawrence Tibbett in spite of the fact that he was the first American to attain a position of international importance in grand opera. He was such a hit in *The Rogue Song, New Moon* and *The Prodigal* that he is now firmly established as an actor. He is now a leader in three fields—opera, the concert stage and motion pictures.

So there he is in California—the Eternal Boy of the M-G-M lot. Everybody knows him and likes him. When he's through on his own set, he walks over to another. He laughs and talks and sings—and everybody somehow feels a lot better. Anything is likely to happen at M-G-M when Larry Tibbett or Buster Keaton is around—and when they get together, nobody in the studio is safe! Studio employees had the benefit of a one-man complete rodeo while Tibbett was making *New Moon*.

NOW we come back to Tibbett as the man who is living under the influence of a song. *On the Road to Mandalay* is the song for which audiences clamor wherever he appears. It is the song friends ask him to sing at their homes. It is the tune he hums when he is thoughtful. It was the song he selected as his first important voice recording for a studio.

"I've sung *On the Road to Mandalay* so much that it's part of me," says Tibbett. "I'm restless—eager to be going to far places. Africa or Asia or the South Seas.

"Don't get the impression that I'm one of those people who are 'bored with life.' I'm not. I believe that getting a lot out of life is the biggest success of all. It's what really matters.

"This Hollywood scene about us is fascinating, and I like it. But I want more of reality that is genuinely exotic.

"I want risk instead of large income; danger instead of soft, comfortable chairs; *uncertainty instead of publicity*.

"In short, I want to be on the road to Mandalay. Sometimes when the urge becomes more than I can stand, I hit for the desert country. Or I go to an abandoned, old-California mining town and poke around. Or I go to a cattle ranch of the type where I spent my boyhood.

"Picture work doesn't satisfy my restless nature. It's too slow. The long waits between shots, the unreality of the sets, the photographing of action in small bits—all these things smother me. And they don't give my muscles enough exercise.

"I'M TOLD that there are people all over the world who envy me. Well—they needn't. I sometimes think I would rather be a cowboy. Or a sheriff—which is what I probably would have been if my father hadn't died. He was training me to take his place.

"I go in for swimming—but it's a poor substitute for lassoing a steer. There's some kick in flying—but not as much as in breaking in a bronco."

Popular though Lawrence Tibbett is in Hollywood, he is foreign to the picture-town scene. Six feet-one and weighing 187 pounds, he is a giant in comparison with his silver-screen competitors. Unaffected and straightforward, he is an anomaly in a business of bluff and egotism. He listens to suggestive stories and smiles because it is the good-fellow thing to do. But the vulgarity and loudness of moviedom are offensive to him, and some day—

"I'm going to disappear suddenly and head for distant places," he says.

Lawrence Tibbett, singer, gentleman and likeable boy, was at his piano when I saw him last. He was singing —

"Take me somewhere east of Suez
Where the best is not the worst
Where there ain't no ten commandments
And a man can raise a thirst."

Hollywood's Five Most Dangerous Women

[*Continued from page 23*]

tried to explain the riddle of her unique personality; but only Garbo herself knows how near they come to being right—and she, wise Eve that she is, won't tell. By her very silence she has created an international illusion—and when the history of Hollywood is written, her name will go down as one of the screen's real enchanters of men.

It seeems impossible to mention Garbo these days without mentioning Marlene Dietrich in practically the same breath. Unquestionably, the similarity between them, and the rare seductiveness which is their's, is the mystery, the *allure* of their gaze.

If ever an actress has made you feel that true seductiveness is revealed in the eyes, it is Marlene Dietrich. Do I hear somebody saying: "What about her legs?" Her legs are certainly an undeniable asset from a seductive point of view; but there are dozens of pairs of good looking legs in Hollywood—and their owners are not Dietrichs.

In Garbo's eyes, one often reads disillusionment—a secret yearning for something which experience has taught her she will not find.

IN DIETRICH'S eyes there is wisdom, old as Eve. Eyes that know their power. Eyes that can see through a man and bring to light his weaknesses. Eyes that can be ruthless—and yet hold such allure. Add to that the vibrancy of her voice—and you have a combination that is unbeatable. And yet none of these things truly explain Dietrich's strange seductiveness—her appeal. Perhaps it is the mere fact that it cannot be defined that makes her the enchantress that she is.

There are many who will question Constance Bennett's right to be included in this list of enchantresses. As beauty is reckoned, she has the edge on both Garbo and Dietrich. And while she lacks that intriguing something which is essentially their's, she has the same feminine allure which was Barbara La-Marr's. The very contour of her face, her eyes, her full red lips, reveal the aptness of the title of one of her pictures—*Born to Love*. She, too, appeals to the senses. One intuitively feels that she would give herself to love with reckless abandon—and weigh the consequences afterward. In analyzing Constance Bennett's seductiveness, beauty certainly plays an important part. But there is a great deal more to her than that. She is that unusual combination—a beauty with brains. Do I hear you saying: "Men don't like women with brains." Don't worry. Constance is clever enough to know when to soft peddle the brains. Then there is the Bennett *glamour*—overrated perhaps but undeniably there. Constance, however, knows how to amuse as well as to

[*Continued on page 71*]

Scarface

[*Continued from page* 47]

once more was the generalissimo. He stationed his men at strategic positions, then he and a few others entered the place. Dorgan had just made a strike. Just as his cronies were congratulating him, Tony's typewriter started working. Dorgan leaped convulsively in his rush for safety and fell—dead.

Later, Tony and Rinaldo went to a night club. As soon as he was recognized, head waiters overwhelmed him with service. A couple was pushed out of chairs at the edge of the dance floor to make room for him. After Tony sat down he started eyeing the crowd. Right next to his table sat Johnny Lovo and Poppy! Immediately Tony went to them. Lovo's jaws tightened at Camonte's easy, familiar manner with the girl.

"I thought we were going to see more of you," Poppy said, sweetly. "Where've you been keeping yourself?"

"Busy," Tony replied. "Workin'—up on the North Side, eh, Boss?"

"Well, don't work too hard," she smiled.

All this did not fit in with Lovo's plans at all. He wanted to get rid of his interfering lieutenant.

"This is a table for two, see?" he remarked, menacingly.

Tony merely turned and picked a bottle of champagne, filling Poppy's glass and an empty water glass which was in front of him. He spoke easily, looking at Poppy.

"Maybe you get another table—eh, Johnny?"

RINALDO, who had gone to the door to supervise the exit of a drunk, suddenly felt some one grab his arm. It was Tony's sister, Cesca. The few drinks she had had only served to make her more enticing, a tantalizing disarray.

"Hello, handsome! What's your hurry?"

Rinaldo looked down at her with narrowed eyes for a moment, then pulling his arm away told her to beat it.

"I hear you are a ladies' man," Cesca said, unabashed. "You serenaded me once. I looked pretty good to you from the second floor. Is it different close to?"

"Go 'way," Rinaldo spat. "I changed my mind." Then, looking at her gown he went on. "Tony's inside. Did he see you in that get-up?"

"I'm not thinking of Tony," she replied saucily. "I got other ideas."

Rinaldo was almost persuaded. A flicker of passion came over his face. Then it lost itself in his hard, cold mask again. He looked her up and down with intended scorn. He was going to do away with this situation for good.

"Yeh," he said. "That's just about all you got."

At that moment Cesca's escort came up to her and led her away. As she went she turned her head toward Rinaldo.

"Maybe you're missing something," she called out.

At Lovo's table both Tony and Poppy were carrying on a conversation, completely ignoring Lovo's presence. After a while Tony and Poppy got up to dance.

"I thought you weren't dancing," Lovo growled.

"I changed my mind," she said to him over her shoulder.

While dancing Poppy threw out her hips toward Tony. He gathered her more closely to him.

"Miss me?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," she answered.

"We make up for lost time, eh?"

"Uh-huh."

A look of passion came over his face. Her hands, on his shoulder, tightened. The fingernails bit into the material of his dinner coat and on into the flesh as she asked him how he wanted to play.

"Yeh . . . that's it," he laughed.

SUDDENLY, Tony stopped dancing, his eyes flashing anger. He saw Cesca and her companion practically standing still near the side of the dance floor, locked in a passionate drunken embrace. They were too engrossed in each other to notice Tony's glare.

Camonte abruptly let go of Poppy and left her standing by herself. Tony plowed through the milling mob toward his sister and tore Cesca out of Bill's arms. Bill gave a yell of rage, and started to swing at Tony. But it was futile, for Tony beat him to the punch and sent him sprawling.

Lovo, standing up at his table, saw what happened and followed Tony as he pulled Cesca into the foyer of the night club. But Tony was too busy lecturing and dragging Cesca. He stopped at the hat check girl for his hat. Rinaldo silently fell in behind him. As Tony was leaving the club he noticed Rinaldo, and nodded him back abruptly.

"You stay here . . . I take her home myself."

When he had Cesca safely home he jerked her roughly from the cab. "You think you can run around like that?" he said grimly. "I catch you in a place like that again, I kill you!"

"I'm no baby!" Cesca screamed. "I can take care of myself."

"Stay away from fellas!"

"What I do is my business!"

This infuriated Tony. He took her shoulder strap and ripped the dress half from her. Cesta screamed wildly in his face.

"I hate you!"

With a lightning blow, Tony slapped her across the face, knocking her down. She sprawled to the floor, hitting against the couch. She was immediately back on her feet raging like a tigress, and before Tony could prevent her she raked his face savagely with her nails, leaving four deep scratches from which the blood oozed. For an instant she stood quivering with anger, her eyes glaring into her brother's. Then she noticed the blood. The sight of what she had done made her break down. She gave a little cry and rushed into Tony's arms, sobbing hysterically. Tony took her close in his arms.

"I ain't done nothing," cried Cesca into his coat. "Honest to God. I swear, Tony . . . "

"Sure," her brother replied tenderly. He looked down at her and touched her cheek.

"I'm sorry I slap your face. I rather somebody shoot me. I don' want you to be hurt, I don' want nothin' bad for you."

THEN he left. As his car approached the corner he noticed a touring car slide out of the side street and follow him. He gathered speed. At the next intersection a truck swung in toward him. Camonte's car swerved out of the way by climbing the sidewalk. Another block and another truck swung out. This one did better, as it half caught his rear fender. Meanwhile the pursuing car kept doggedly after him.

Camonte, grim-faced, was driving the car at furious speed. Cool and calm, his face showed no trace of strain or fear. Bullets spattered on the windows of his car. Corners were turned on two wheels. Screeching of brakes were heard whenever some obstacle stood in the way. Finally a tire went. Tony lost control and the car skidded into the side of a building. Tony was knocked unconscious from the impact.

The touring car came abreast and three men alighted. One was carrying a sledge-hammer. Breaking in the window they yanked the slumped body of Tony out and carried him to their machine. They immediately sped away, Tony sitting next to the driver, the other two in the rear seat. After a while Tony regained consciousness and looked around.

"Somebody crossed me, eh?" he asked.

The driver merely glanced at him and smiled grimly.

"Who was it?" Tony asked.

"Whaddya wanta know for—you won't be doin' anything after *this* ride."

Camonte was silent, staring through the windshield. Suddenly the expression in his eyes changed. Through the darkness ahead he saw a long road and approaching in the distance he saw the two headlights of a speeding car. Tony gave a casual glance at the driver and the men in the back seat. Then with a calculating look at the approaching car, he lunged down under the protection of the back of the front seat, butting the driver in the belly with his head and gave the wheel a savage twist.

The touring car lurched across the road into the path of the swift oncoming car. A screech of brakes. A crash—a roaring, crashing, hurtling mass of steel which ended in a culvert in a shower of dirt and dust.

Tony, badly battered, made his way slowly back to town. When he reached Pietro's barber shop he stopped and rang the bell repeatedly. Finally the little Italian came to the door and upon seeing Tony, a grim, menacing, torn and bleeding figure, gasped.

"Per l'anima di San Rocco!" he exclaimed. *"Casa e successo?* . . . What happened?"

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Camonte came into the house quickly. "Gimme some nickles!" he demanded.

The next fifteen minutes were spent trying to locate Rinaldo. Tony called up all the women Rinaldo knew, but either he wasn't there or he just left.

"I wish he'd light somewhere," Tony said grimly.

At last he found him. He was told what happened. "I'll be right over," he said. And, leaving a dumbstruck, beautiful girl half undressed, he walked out.

"Who done it?" Rinaldo asked as soon as he got to Pietro's.

Tony looked at him for a moment before replying. "I don't know . . . but I think it was Johnny," he said in an even, cold tone. We're gonna find out now." Turning to Pietro he asked, "How do you stand with Lovo?"

Pietro smiled and shrugged. "Who's Lovo?" he asked.

Smiling with satisfaction, Tony nodded. "Thats-a good." Then taking a wad of bills from a pocket he stood rifling through them. "Say when," he said.

Pietro blinked nervously. "That's enough," he exclaimed excitedly.

Tony handed him the bills and then proceeded to give instructions. "Call Lovo at his office at ten past two. Tell him you're one of the guys that took me for a ride. You're phonin' from the country, understand? You got hold of me but the car smashed and I got away."

"Sure," said Pietro. "I do that."

Rinaldo looked at Tony, a slight question in his eyes. "Johnny's been square so far," he said.

"Yeh?" scowled Tony. "Let *him* prove it. We'll be there when Pietro calls, understand? Johnny'll stall if it was him. He'll make out it's a wrong number or somethin', won't he?"

"Yeh."

"All right, then. Come on!" He nudged Rinaldo and the two walked out into the night.

THEY went directly to Lovo's office. When they reached the corridor leading to the door Tony looked at his watch . . . It was 2:06. They waited another minute then sauntered into the room. Lovo was at his desk. A dozen cigarette butts littered the desk and floor. He was obviously under great tension. As Tony and Rinaldo walked in he looked up with a start. For a flicker his face looked as if he were beholding the devil. He managed to get control of himself, but the strain showed on his face.

"Hello, boys," he said casually. Then, beholding Tony with alarm and concern he exclaimed, "What's happened to *you*, Tony?"

"Somebody wrecked my bus and took me for a ride," Tony answered, impassively.

"Who did it?" Lovo asked anxiously.

Tony and Rinaldo dropped liesurely into chairs. Tony looked at Lovo, seemingly carelessly. "I don't know. It was a good job, almos'."

Lovo pretended to be greatly relieved. "Glad you got away," he remarked. "It's swell. I'd a missed you plenty." His face darkened. "I'll get somebody for this!"

Tony smiled. "I knew you would, Johnny," he said meaningly.

Lovo was carrying on with an effort. Two tiny beads of perspiration were on his forehead, but he was gaining confidence by the moment. Suddenly he started at the ring of the telephone. Tony casually looked at his watch. It was 2:10. Lovo stalled a bit. The phone message might be dangerous and he knew it. Camonte and Rinaldo waited silently. This was the test. The phone kept ringing.

"That's Poppy," Lovo muttered. "I don't want to see her tonight."

Reaching for the phone, Tony said he'd tell her.

"No! No!" Lovo said hastily, taking the phone. "Hello . . . hello . . . Who?" His eyes darted for an instant to Camonte and Rinaldo, sitting casually by the desk. "Oh, yeah. Well, listen, nobody here by that name." The phone voice continued to crackle from the receiver. "I tell you . . . you got the wrong number!" Lovo continued loudly, and hung up. He immediately reached for another cigarette. As he struck the match Tony got up and started whistling his abstracted little tune, *Take Me Back to Sorrento*. At the sound of this melody Lovo's hand paused a few inches from the cigarette. He was hearing a death warrant. Tony looked at him steadily. Lovo blew out the match with a nervous expulsion of breath and quickly reached for the cigar humidor to cover his nervousness.

"Have a cigar," he said.

Camonte stopped whistling. "Sure," he said grimly.

He grabbed the humidor and hurled it through the glass of the office door bearing Lovo's name, smashing it to pieces as it went through the glass. Lovo was stricken with a deadly fear, and broke down.

"It's a lie!" he half choked. "I didn't do it . . . I wouldn't try anything on you, Tony . . . Why, we're pals!"

Tony walked to him. "Sure, Johnny, we're pals!" When he got close he slapped Lovo viciously, knocking him to the floor. Lovo was frantic and livid with fear as he crawled to his knees. He was hysterical and terrified.

"Tony! No! I didn't do it. I didn't do anythin' . . . honest . . . you got me wrong . . . why, I brought you out here . . . I worked with you . . . I treated you right . . . you ain't forgettin' that . . . are you, Tony?"

TONY stood over him, just looking at him with a cold stare. Rinaldo remained seated. Lovo, seeing that Tony made no move toward his gun, started crawling up on him until he was standing, facing him. He pleaded and begged, but Tony regarded him with contempt. Indicating Lovo, Tony turned to Rinaldo. "The Boss," he said, with utter contempt.

Tony hit Lovo savagely, knocking him against the wall.

"Don't shoot me," Lovo gasped. "You can have anything . . . anything I got. Poppy, you can have her . . . I'll go away. Gimme a chance . . . don't shoot me . . . don't . . . don't . . . "

Tony looked at him in silence, then turned his back.

"Take him," he ordered Rinaldo.

Rinaldo reached for his gun. Lovo, half crazed, crawled to him. "No . . . no . . . don't—"

A single bark of an automatic, and Rinaldo's voice came to Tony who had reached the outer door. "O. K., Boss!"

Together they went to Poppy's apartment. When she answered the bell, Tony turned to Rinaldo. "That's all, li'l boy," he said, and closed the door. "Come on," he said gruffly to Poppy. "Go pack. Lovo's out of the way, and we're goin' places."

AT THE First Ward Athletic Club, there now was a sign, Antonio Camonte, President. Inside sat Rinaldo, at the boss's desk. Suddenly, looking up from filing his nails he saw Cesca.

"Hello," she said, sweetly. "You look busy."

"Hello," Rinaldo replied without moving. "Tony's not here. He's outta town."

"Why did you hang up on me this morning?" she asked. "Afraid?"

Rinaldo went right on with his filing, maintaining his poker face. "Busy," he said.

"It wasn't polite."

"What do you want?" he asked, reaching in his pocket. "Some money?"

"Tony gives me all I want," she replied. Coming closer she spoke softly. "You know what I want."

Rinaldo succumbed half reluctantly to her charms. "Gee, you're just like your brother . . . when you go out after something, eh?" he asked, clasping her in a slow embrace—they understood each other now.

DOWN off the coast of Florida, Tony and Poppy were enjoying the sea breeze.

"Ain't this swell?" he asked her.

"Wish we could stay here all the time," she replied, taking in the entire horizon. After a pause she turned to him. "Is Rinaldo coming down?"

"Naw, the sap. I told him, but he said no."

"Who's the dame this time?"

"I dunno. He likes new ones each week. He throws them away like a dirty shirt." At that moment a craft came alongside and a boy brought a telegram. Tony opened it, his eyes widening as he read it.

It was from his mother. Cesca was making trouble. She never came home anymore. Would he please come home at once.

Tony immediately sprang into action. Unheeding of Poppy's protests he packed and left for Chicago. Once there he went straight to his mother's house. Mrs. Camonte told him all she knew—which was plenty. She was staying with some fellow on the North Side. Yes together. She came home once in a while, but refused to stay.

"You know where she is?" Tony asked her.

Mrs. Camonte gave the address. She had had her followed, she said.

Whistling *Take Me Back to Sorrento*, Tony went out.

At the apartment on the North Side Cesca was in Rinaldo's embrace. They heard a whistle.

"Somebody's outside," Cesca whispered.

"Yeh," said Rinaldo, calmly. "It's Tony."

He went to the door and let him in.

"Hello, Boss," he said, without quivering.

Camonte stared at him as if refusing to believe his own eyes. Desperately he whispered, "Li'l boy!"

Cesca came to life. "Tony . . . listen . . . "

[*Continued on page 70*]

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Let's Go to the Movies

[*Continued from page* 12]

AAAA. **THE SECRET SIX**—(Metro)—Wallace Beery goes in for plain and fancy gunplay in this underworld drama. Directed by George Hill.

AAAA. **SEED**—(Universal)—John Boles, Genevieve Tobin and Lois Wilson in a very human feature. Rather heavy but entertaining.

AAA. **SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK**—(M-G-M)—A subtle mixture of humor and pathos is this latest Buster Keaton comedy. Buster, as the lovable, well-meaning fool, is accredited with his finest work to date. Anita Page, Cliff Edwards, and an excellent supporting cast make this a thoroughly enjoyable comedy.

AA. **SIDE SHOW**—(Warner Brothers)—This Winnie Lightner picture is a distinct disappointment in spite of the frantic efforts made by Winnie and Charles Butterworth to get over some saving laughs. Evalyn Knapp is excellent.

AAA. **SILENCE**—(Paramount) — Emotionally powerful is this story of a man who prefers to die rather than to reveal the truth about a murder. Clive Brook brilliantly portrays a broken jail-bird in the later sequences of the story. Peggy Shannon is excellent as the girl.

AAAA. **SKIPPY**—(Paramount)—A real "kid" classic, based on one of the most human stories ever screened. Jackie Cooper, in the title rôle, is superb and Jackie Searl, Robert Coogan and Mitzi Green give excellent support.

AAA. **SMART MONEY**—(Warner Brothers)—Edward G. Robinson, again cast as an underworld character, scores another triumph in this swift moving story of big time gambling. James Cagney shares the honors.

AAAA. **THE SMILING LIEUTENANT**—(Paramount)—The best picture Maurice Chevalier has made is this delightful comedy drama of old Vienna. Charles Ruggles, Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert have important rôles.

AAA. **SON OF INDIA**—(Metro)—Pictorially beautiful, capably enacted and brilliantly directed, this Ramón Novarro picture is sure to make a hit with the average audience.

AAAA. **SPORTING BLOOD**—(M-G-M)—The biography of a horse, cleverly intertwined with a very appealing human love story. Clark Gable, as the roulette dealer, Madge Evans, as his mistress, and Lew Cody, as the broken-down race track sport, give exceptionally fine performances, but "Tommy Boy," the horse, takes the stellar honors.

AAAA. **THE SQUAWMAN** — (Metro) — A time-honored classic of the stage and screen with a distinguished cast headed by Lupe Velez, Charles Bickford, Warner Baxter, Paul Cavanagh, Roland Young and Eleanor Boardman.

AAA. **STAR WITNESS**—(Warner Brothers)—Tired of gang pictures? You won't be when you see Walter Huston and Chic Sales vie for honors in this story of an innocent family put on the spot by gangsters. Sally Blane and Frances Starr are in the cast.

AAA. **STOLEN HEAVEN** — (Paramount) — Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes are cast in this entertaining feature. It is well worth seeing. Louis Calhern, newcomer, makes a good impression.

AAAA. **STRANGERS MAY KISS**—(Metro)—Norma Shearer in a picture admirably suited to her. It is an unusual picture and one you are sure to enjoy.

AAA. **SUBWAY EXPRESS**—(Columbia)—An excellent mystery affair, in which Jack Holt finds the solution. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.

AAAA. **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE**—(M-G-M)—So superb is the acting of Greta Garbo in this sombre drama that it will undoubtedly rank high among the year's outstanding pictures. The plot deals with the seduction of an unfortunate farm girl, her subsequent career as a mercenary courtesan, and her final struggle to regain the affection of her first lover. The strange coldness of Clark Gable, who appears opposite the star, is the picture's one most noticeable flaw. The remainder of the supporting cast, which includes Jean Hersholt, Alan Hale, John Miljan and Hale Hamilton, is excellent.

AAAA. **SVENGALI**—(Warner Bros.) — John Barrymore is at his best in this latest picture. You are sure to enjoy it.

AAA. **SWEEPSTAKES** — (Pathé) — An unusually entertaining story of the race tracks with Eddie Quillan. Lew Cody and James Gleason sharing the laurels.

AA. **A TAILOR MADE MAN**—(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)—William Haines crashes society with a borrowed dress suit and makes good. Directed by Sam Wood.

AAA. **THIS MODERN AGE**—(Metro)—Joan Crawford again returns to her modern jazz girl rôles in this entertaining picture of Parisian society. Neil Hamilton and Monroe Owsley do the wooing.

AA. **THREE WHO LOVED**—(Radio Pictures)—Betty Compson fans will like this picture in which she appears as a Swedish servant girl.

AAAA. **TOM SAWYER**—(Paramount)—Jackie Coogan stages a come-back in Mark Twain's immortal story. This picture is well worth seeing. Its appeal is unlimited.

AAAA. **TRADER HORN**—(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)—An epic of Africa—its peoples and its wild animals—that is guaranteed to thrill and fascinate. Harry Carey, Edwina Booth, Duncan Renaldo and Mutia, a native, carry on. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

AAA. **TRANS-ATLANTIC** — (Fox) — Smart, sophisticated drama in which the lives of several persons become entangled aboard a palatial steamer. Edmund Lowe, Greta Nissen, Lois Moran, Myrna Loy and John Halliday give outstanding performances.

AAA. **THE UNHOLY GARDEN** — (United Artists)—Only a little less fantastic than a tale from "The Arabian Nights," this Ronald Colman picture is great entertainment nevertheless. Colman again portrays a fugitive from justice. Fay Wray and Estelle Taylor have important rôles.

AA. **UP FOR MURDER** — (Universal) — An inane, far-fetched melodrama based on the love of a young boy for a woman much his senior. Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin have the leading rôles.

AAA. **THE VICE SQUAD**—(Paramount)—Sordid drama of the diplomatic service with Paul Lukas and Kay Francis as the co-stars.

AA. **WAITING AT THE CHURCH**—(Radio Pictures)—Unusually enjoyable romance, with Mary Brian, Geoffrey Kerr, Marie Prevost and Johnny Hines.

AAAA. **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—(Universal)—A grim tragedy of the chaotic last days of the World War, based on the romance between a pathetic little girl of the streets and a returned soldier. A real masterpiece. Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass head the cast.

AAA. **THE WOMAN BETWEEN** — (Radio Pictures)—The eternal triangle, laid against an ultra-modern background. Lily Damita, O. P. Heggie and Lester Vail head the cast.

AA. **WOMEN GO ON FOREVER**—(James Cruze Production)—Clara Kimball Young, Marian Nixon and Paul Page in a melodramatic hodge-podge about life in a boarding house. Maurice Murphy, as the blind boy, is sensitive and appealing. Hardly fair.

AA. **WOMEN LOVE ONCE**—(Paramount)—A new version of the triangle theme with Eleanor Boardman as the abused wife who decides to carry on her own romance. Paul Lukas and Geoffrey Kerr complete the triangle of domestic woe.

AAA. **A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE**—(Radio Pictures)—Helen Twelvetrees in a dramatic war drama of unusual interest. Directed by Harry Joe Brown.

AAAA. **YOUNG AS YOU FEEL**—(Fox)—A delirious farce offering Will Rogers an altogether different rôle. Fifi Dorsay adds the sex allure in satisfactory fashion.

AAAA. **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID**—(Radio Picture)—Truly outstanding because of the inspired performance given by Jackie Cooper, the child star. Richard Dix is also excellent.

AA. **YOUNG SINNERS**—(Fox)—Chiefly interesting because it brings Tommy Meighan back to the screen, this overdrawn drama of "flaming youth" is otherwise rather trite. Dorothy Jordan heads the cast.

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Spies could cause the annihilation of a whole regiment by learning of their plans and reporting them to their own field generals. Consequently, it was immensely important to apprehend all spies before any information could be obtained by them and carried back to their own forces. It took clear thinking and thorough searching to ferret out these spies and many lives depended on its being done thoroughly.

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In producing this historical observation test, we hark back only to the valiance displayed by the men and women of both the North and South and not to the long dead hatreds.

You may search out the faces of the hidden spies in quest of a $2600.00 prize. A reward of $2600.00 to you if you find the faces of 5 of the hidden spies and are prompt and win first prize; or if you prefer a latest model Chrysler De Luxe Sedan and $1000.00 cash.

In our great advertising plan of giving large prizes which is introduced to you through this "famous episodes in history" puzzle, number one, we will give 60 prizes, including 5 latest model sedans or their value in cash.

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H. W. THOMSON, Adv. Dir., Room 36, 510 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Tallulah the Rebel

[*Continued from page 34*]

brothers, she thought the opportunity too good to be missed. The affair was carried out as planned. Tallulah's hat burned merrily away amidst great excitement among the other diners—fortunately few in number or there would have been a panic. The Barrymores turned in their chairs at the sudden noise and tumult, and sat quietly watching the efforts of a frightened waiter who was pouring water on Miss Bankhead's hat and ruining—in addition to her one and only chance of being saved from a burning death by her idol—a perfectly good and only clean dress. As the human object of all this strategy left the dining room, after having turned his back on the girls again when the incident was over, there seemed to be in his glance a most profound pity—slightly tinged with contempt—for such deficiency of intelligence.

HER friends at that time considered Tallulah well worth looking at, too. She was about eighteen and fresh from a convent. Her pale blonde hair and wide blue-grey eyes gave her a queer, elusive beauty that was unique. She hasn't changed much in ten years. Her high cheek bones and the width of her face still keep her from being a pretty, pretty girl. Ten years ago, after having unsuceessfully tried the stage, she decided to go into the motion picture field. Her nose didn't screen well. One day she disappeared. No one knew where she'd gone. Her family wrote to New York inquiring for her. Her intimate friends grew worried. The thought that she'd taken her bad luck on the stage seriously was uppermost in their minds. In about ten days Tallulah returned. "Don't you notice anything different about me?" she demanded. She'd gone to a hospital, all alone, and had a rather serious and exceedingly painful operation to bring the spreading bones in that nose back together.

That is typical of her. She is utterly fearless as far as personal danger is concerned. She has more fortitude than a war veteran and yet she is the same little loyal, foolish, knowing-her-folly girl that felt if she didn't make John Barrymore fall in love with her she would die.

Anita Loos once said, "There are only two kinds of people in the world as far as I'm concerned. Those that like Tallulah Bankhead—and those that don't." Anita had grown rather weary of the buzz-buzz of gossip whenever she heard Tallulah's name, and the remark was made before a large gathering of stage and screen celebrities.

Now, no one in the theatrical profession has been as much and widely discussed as our young lady from Alabama. The real reasons for same being her personality, her looks, and her talent. Above all, the fact that she herself is a woman of a few million words and was, in all probability, vaccinated with a Victrola needle. She talks all the time. She loves to say things about herself—that to strangers would be matters of horror. She doesn't think it possible that people who are listening would be imbecilic enough to believe anything she says, and her greatest delight is to shock you. "I don't care what they say about me as long as they talk," is her favorite axiom, "for when they stop talking I'll be dead."

AND, strangely enough, there's wisdom in that small yellow head. For when she arrived in London, having borrowed a thousand dollars from a friend to get over there, her first appearance on the stage started a talk fest in the town. The play was *The Dancers*, and in one scene she had to undress on the stage. She did this little stunt in a manner so original, so natural, so unusual to the staid British onlookers, that everybody in the city wanted to see this young American girl, and the word of mouth advertisement she got laid the foundation for her success.

This success in England has never been equalled by any other American actress. For eight years Tallulah played star parts on the English stage. She re-created before the London audiences all the great rôles enacted here in New York by such players as Jeanne Eagles, Pauline Lord, Catherine Cornell, etc. When she opened in *The Green Hat* she began a run that made a fortune for her managers. This was probably her biggest success, and I've always felt that the reason for it lay in the fact that no rôle could have suited her better. She didn't have to act "Iris March," that wild heroine of Mr. Arlen's play-bubble. She *was* "Iris March." The same reckless, self-indulgent, fearless, romantic, "give-all-for-love" character. Brilliant. Glamorous.

Tallulah grew to be about the highest paid star on the English stage. But she has never saved a cent. She throws her money away as recklessly as if it were so much water. When on a vacation at Monte Carlo, after having earned probably a hundred thousand dollars in one season, she would flirt a little with the Goddess of Chance—it was merely a customary incident for her to have to wire her secretary, "Pawn the diamond necklace."

Here's the spirit of Tallulah Bankhead when London first began to realize that the girl from Alabama was someone to be reckoned with on the English stage

Contrary to most spenders, she seldom spends anything on herself. Gorgeous clothes mean little or nothing to her. She never wears any jewelry. I don't believe she ever had an expensive fur garment in her life. She simply doesn't care for things—material evidences of wealth.

HER friends adore her. I honestly believe that if Tallulah suddenly found herself bereft of them for some reason or other she'd commit suicide. They mean more to her than any other single factor in life except her work, and even this, paramount as it is at all times, would lose out, I am sure, if she were alone. For she has worked like a slave for success and she glories in her success, solely for the happiness it gives her family and her friends.

Stubbornness has been a great factor in her success. Certainly when she left America, she had tried to make good on the stage. And her acting was excellent. There was no question of her talent. But the producers, or the managers, would have none of her. They would not even give her a chance in pictures. Now she's brought back at a salary of five thousand a week, a contract to run for five years, and an advertising campaign that would make one think Gabriel had returned with a whole carload of trumpets instead of one. It is to laugh!

I FULLY believe her unexpectedness is her chief charm. She herself says: "They ask me what I think of such-and-such a thing. How do I know what I think of it? I may feel one way about it today. Tomorrow I will feel another. I'd make a statement now which I'm sure to contradict the day after tomorrow. Anyway, it doesn't matter what I say—the public will make up its own story about me. They always do about every screen star. Look at the legends they've created around Dietrich and Greta Garbo. It isn't anything that either of them have said or done that has started those stories. It's just what the public or the press want to think, and they do it. It's the same way in England. Whenever I gave an interview out, everything in it would be so contrary to what I'd said, that I stopped giving them. Once a reporter on one of the tabloids came for a story and I gave him a drink. 'Aren't you going to have one?' he asked me. I said no. I was dieting. The next day great headlines on posters all over London carried the announcement: 'Tallulah Goes Back to the Simple Life!' Every time I went out with a man, I was engaged to him. You know how I feel about my love affairs. All the world knows it when I'm in love" (she falls in and out of love on an average of twenty times a month) "but they know nothing more. They never know with whom I happen to be in love at the moment."

She has been reported engaged as

often as the Prince of Wales. She's had Royalty for her beaux. She could have married a title three different times. But she is most happy when she has some "Gink," as she puts it, that no one ever heard of, dangling about her door-step. She likes to be the one to put the end to a love affair. Her ex-lovers leave her with regret because no one has exhausted her possibilities. She probably doesn't know them herself, and her idea of herself is a combination of Madame Recamier, Dusé, Ninon de L'Enclos, Baby Peggy and Miss America!

Mrs. Locke, her secretary, has been with her for eight years. She is a combination of mother, business manager, confidante, and chaperone. She is utterly devoted to her charge and has shared the ups and downs of Tallulah's career with a cheerful, steady, phlegmatic view-point that is the perfect counter-foil for the latter's excitableness, her impulsive, erratic, high-as-Heaven-one-minute, l o w e r-than-Hell-the-next character.

Deedie, her maid, was Tallulah's first gallery-goddess. She stood outside the stage door every night for four years waiting for her idol to appear. Tallulah would stop and talk with her, and when Deedie was joined by another worshipper, then two or three more, then perhaps ten or twelve, Tallulah was as intimate with the details of their daily lives as they themselves were. Soon, however, the after-the-theatre crowd grew so large that it was necessary for the London policemen to clear a path to her car. She never forgot her first devotee, however, and this pretty, wholesome-looking English girl has been in her employ now for a number of years.

HOW she establishes herself in the hearts of the American public remains to be seen. She has already completed her second picture, something entitled *My Sin*! It seems a pity that with as bad a start as she had in her first vehicle, Paramount couldn't give her a story that would enable her to show what she really can do. When she finishes *The Cheat*, she leaves for Hollywood where she will begin work on an original story by John Coulton. It is called *China*, and, as it gives her something in the way of diversion from being a *Tarnished Lady*, she is quite eager to get at it.

When she read the criticisms in the papers after her opening in the above-named piece, she discovered that every critic had made the pith of his review a comparison of her work with that of Dietrich and Garbo. She is one up on them in the matter of her voice. It seems to be just about perfect for talking pictures. Low, clear, well-rounded and with a slight fascinating huskiness.

She is also different from the other two in her sophistication. (We know Tallulah and we do not know the others. They may make her a nun by comparison for all we know). But Miss Bankhead! She is *so* ultra in her viewpoint. My God! How *ultra*! She acts and talks as the epitome of feminine emancipation for freedom of thought and deed, and after you have listened to her and have laughed and perhaps been slightly (or deeply) shocked, take a look at her hands. The hands of a child! And she still bites her nails just as she used to when she was a school-girl!

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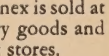

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Drop That Gun!

[*Continued from page 27*]

"Hands are stiff," he commented. "Boxing almost daily for a number of years hasn't helped them any for piano playing. My hands are giving me more trouble than anything else connected with the music lessons."

Boxing has been, until recently, Cagney's favorite indoor sport next to arguing. Asked if he could be considered a fight fan, he grinned.

"Not out here," he said, shaking his head, "I've seen a few, but they were all second raters. All they could do was stand up and take it and get dizzy. I don't go any more."

Into the open grips went a curious collection of rough clothes, a slouch hat, heavy shoes and several books. The second volume of Sinclair's *Boston* was one of them. A Russian novel was another.

"I find I get way behind with my reading out here," Cagney commented. "The music and the weather combined have been too much for it."

The apartment where the Cagneys live is half way up the mountain slope that bounds Hollywood on the north. It commands a partial view of Hollywood and Los Angeles by day and night but it is slightly off the beaten path of automobiles. Cagney confesses an unreasoning dislike for traffic, automobiles, Klaxons, and everything connected with a busy thoroughfare. Since his rather sudden arrival at the portals of fame as *The Public Enemy*, the telephone has come to be another particular aversion. He would like to have it disconnected but has compromised with the situation by letting his wife answer it, knowing that she can handle the succession of salesmen, promoters, and fair weather friends who make use of this means of reaching him.

A CURIOUSLY serious young man, this Cagney who thinks too much to be contented with things, even his own things; wanting to study music, philosophy, economics; hoping to get away from gangster rôles now that gangster rôles have brought him successfully away from musical comedies and have opened up new possibilities.

"I don't want the public to classify me as gangster type only," he explains. "No one would like that. I'm thankful for the opportunity such parts have given me of course, but I'm glad that in *Smart Money* and *Larceny* Lane, I have rôles that are partly sympathetic. I've no sympathy with gangsters. I understand them because I know something of their background, but I'm not excusing them."

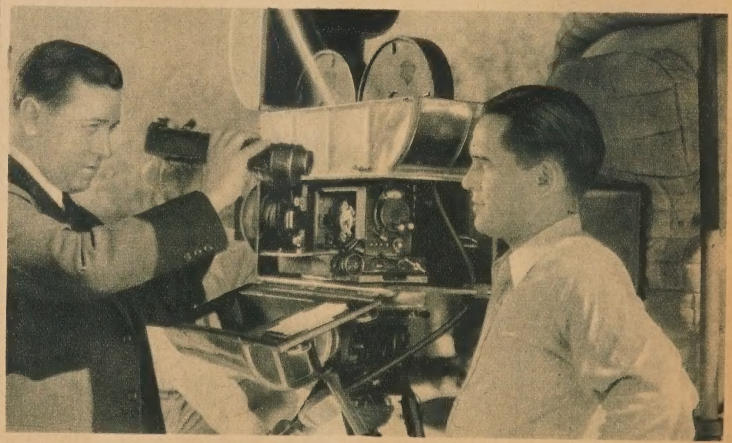
Cagney describes himself as "Shanty Irish." With all his natural gentleness and inborn good taste, he nevertheless hates formal social events, dress collars, stiff bosomed shirts. He is no "ladies' man;" yet women find him remarkably good company. He has a habit of making short, snappy gestures with his hands, another of wearing his hat low over his eyes, another of showing he is bashful by blushing, another of learning people's names—and then remembering them.

But the "shanty Irish" should be qualified by the report that Jim Cagney has two brothers who are physicians, and one who is a successful commercial advertising expert.

Cagney is not ready to forget the stage. He admits he likes it better than the screen although he also admits that it might have been years before he could have secured the recognition there that just one picture has brought him.

But Cagney is thinking about it. It and a thousand other problems which he took with him on that seven day vacation to mull over between chapters of *Boston*. As suggested he thinks too much and is consequently dangerous. He might chuck his whole promising career some day and become a concert pianist.

If he can only get those stiff, freckled fingers to work for him, he might do just that.



It's R. W. Woodruff, president of the Coca Cola Company, from the famous golfer's home town, Atlanta, to whom Bobby Jones is explaining how the camera worked in the making of his series of pictures. *How I Play Golf*

Beauty Hints of the Month

[*Continued from page* 53]

stage days, and found myself in smaller cities where the beauty parlor owner sometimes thought she should substitute her views for mine, I usually washed my own hair.

Every scalp needs the tonic influence of massage. One can do a great deal personally if it is impossible to have the services of a professional masseuse, although, of course, this is better. In addition to a weekly professional massage I give my scalp a brisk rub myself before retiring at night.

CONTRARY to popular opinion, I do not believe greatly in brushing the hair. In the casual use practised by most women, the brush does not even touch the scalp. To be of real benefit, the hair must be separated into small strands and the brush must actually work on the scalp, not the tresses. However, I firmly believe that massage with the finger tips is more stimulating to the roots, with occasional brushing to remove tangles.

But if I spare the brush, I make good use of my comb. With the amount of hair I possess, it is one of the best friends on my toilet table. I use the coarse end to gently unravel any matted places, then I turn the comb about and use the fine teeth. This, in itself, is a form of massage, particularly, if one combs with an upward motion.

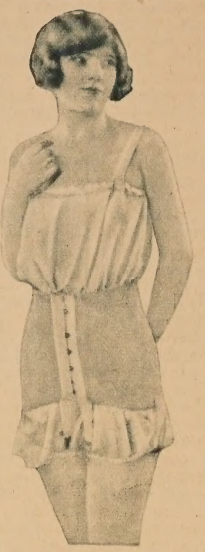
In my own case, this ends all preparation for dressing the hair, since I never have it curled in any way. The only time I have broken this rule was for *East Lynne*, and then only to be fashionable for the era in which the story was laid. I by no means want to go on record as advocating this rule for general usage. It is entirely a matter of preference with me.

If a woman thinks she looks better with her hair waved, she'd be very foolish not to wear it according to the dictates of her fancy and judgment. I do think, however, that finger waving is much better for the hair than use of irons, and I believe that almost any woman will find that, with a little patient training, she can coax her hair to respond to a finger wave. Not only is this form of curling easier on the hair, but it is prettier and looks less artificial. Some of my friends who have finger waves tell me that one can do a great deal along this line by steaming the hair over a kettle of boiling water, and then patting and pinching it into the desired waves.

The last bit of advice I have to offer, but one by no means unimportant, is a repetition of what I hinted at in the first paragraph—give the scalp a chance to breathe.

I wear hats as little as possible. When I am driving my car I always remove my hat, tie a narrow band about my hair to keep it out of my eyes, and let the wind do with it as it will. If one finds the sun too strong, dark glasses or an eyeshade can be used. Occasionally I sit on my balcony at home, loosen my hair, and for half an hour or so let the wind and sun work on it. This phase of scalp care is too often entirely neglected, but the woman who tries it will find that it works wonders in making her hair healthier and consequently more beautiful.

New ~~Ventilated~~ girdle reduces waist and hips



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Pals They Never Forget

[*Continued from page* 41]

later Boles was in New York, trying to get work on the stage—and signally failing. In the meantime Monroe had become a jeweler and had a nice uptown bachelor apartment.

"I'd been living on $1.50 a day, not a big budget in New York," the handsome star of *Seed* confides. "My family in Texas had been against my going to New York, and so I was too proud and stubborn to write them for help. Then I ran into Ray Monroe again. I'm so constituted that it's hard for me to ask help or borrow money. And here is why I honor Ray. His sense of delicacy was tremendous. He came to me one day and said he was lonely in that bachelor apartment and would give anything to have me come up there, just for companionship. He made me think I was doing him a favor. Then, about three times a week, he would maneuver me into taking dinner with him at gay restaurants. I was too down-hearted to not welcome the bright atmosphere. And Ray could pay a check more unobtrusively than anyone I've ever known. I'll never forget his sensitive kindness. He's still my best friend—although he doesn't like motion pictures very much."

Ernest Torrence says Sir Alexander McKenzie, principal of the Royal Academy of Music in Edinburgh, and the late Sir Edward German, composer, were jointly the best friends he ever has had. "They tried to land me a job as a singer in London," he says, "but no one would have me. I returned discouraged to Edinburgh, only to find a telegram awaiting me from the Savoy Theatre, London. The general sense of the wire was that McKenzie and German had kept after the theatre management so energetically and enthusiastically that they decided to give me a chance. That was my start in the theatrical profession. For years the two men stood by me, much like guardian angels."

Maureen O'Sullivan says Gwen (Gwendolyn) McCormack, daughter of John McCormack, is her best friend. "And it's not necessarily because we're both Irish," smiles Maureen with great candor, "nor because of any particular incident, but just because we simply admire each other. I believe in her completely as a human being. I like the things she likes, and the things she stands for."

MARIE DRESSLER tersely states why she regards Frances Marion as her best friend. "I'm where I am today," she says with a firm, unflinching look on her heroic old face, "because Frances Marion wrote screen stories for me, got me an enormous salary when I was apparently out of the running, and finally wrote *Min and Bill* for me. Frances has worked her heart out for me, an old woman, and that's that. During the nine years after the war that I had no work at all, on either the stage or screen, I had just as much talent as I have now. But no one seemed to want it. Frances, who first became my friend when she was a girl reporter some years back in San Francisco, never forgot me. And when she got into a position of influence, she used it to help me. She has the greatest heart in the world."

While Joan Bennett was in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood, after breaking her hip and two vertebrae by falling from a horse, only one person, other than medical attendants, was permitted to see her. That was Sally Eilers. Sally can only explain her love of Joan by saying:

"There's nobody just like her. She's a brave, whimsical individual, awfully little and awfully energetic. I delight in everything she says or does. You know, such a little nervy kid in such a big, terrifying world. A real person."

Fifi Dorsay does not know whether Dorothy Mackaill or Dorothy's mother is her best friend. She came to know the Mackaills through giving Dorothy French lessons in New York, when Dorothy was with the Follies, at the Mackaills' apartment.

"And aftair we get through," Fifi laughs, her laughter like a sprinkle of high piano notes, "Dorothy's mothair eensist I stay all night. And she tuck me een wiz her own daughtair. Evair seence we steeck togethair. Een Hollywood Dorothy's mothair ees still a mothair to me. I love them both vair, vair much."

Marguerite Churchill's friendship for Louise Dresser dips way back into the past. "My father, Edward P. Churchill, gave Louise a nice *break* years ago, when he was a stage producer," says Marguerite, "and you would think he had given her life itself. For Louise has done my mother and me so many good turns that I don't know what we'd ever do if Louise was not around. She has set a very high standard of friendship."

Richard Arlen was working as a motorcycle messenger boy in Los Angeles when an automobile swerved into him directly in front of the old Brunton Studios, hurling him to the pavement and breaking his right leg. Nan Collins, the pretty young woman who was casting director, saw the accident, took pity on the boy, visited him at a hospital, and promised him some extra work upon his recovery.

"She kept her word," grins Dick gently, "and helped me a great deal thereafter. She's the greatest friend I ever had, because I was no startling sensation as an actor, and—well—she just helped me along because she knew how desperately anxious I was to get away from drudgery. She just gave a *bum* a break, that's all."

ONCE Ruth Chatterton, broke, got a job with a stock company in Buffalo. But she had no clothes. A certain repertory actress, now rather famous, sent her a whole trunkful of gowns. "My benefactress and I live very close to each other in Beverly Hills now," says Ruth, "and I guess she's about the best friend I have."

Ann Alvarado, born in New Orleans of Russian parents, and separated at present from Don Alvarado, her Spanish husband, is still the inseparable friend of Dolores Del Rio. They hardly buy an item of clothing without consulting each other.

"Ann has the keys to my homes, in Hollywood, in Santa Monica Canyon, and at Malibu," laughs Dolores, "and she is like a leetle seester. I cannot tell just why I call her my best friend. She is seemply a lovely keed. And that ees enough."

William Powell and Richard Barthelmess began by detesting each other. Bill played a part in Dick's picture, *The Bright Shawl*. Never having met before, they admit they did not like each other one bit. Then Bill, according to the critics, *stole* the picture. Dick, instead of being angry at being out-acted, first admired Bill as an artist and then as a man. They became the staunchest of friends. Bill's sole comment is:

"All I can say is that Dick is the most sincere human I ever have known."

Pola Negri says she will forever consider Kathlyn Williams her best friend because when she, Pola, first came to America and found many persons hostile to "a foreign invasion," Miss

"Capa! Capa!" The cry of the toreador doesn't seem to be disturbing this bull, Johnny Mack Brown, very much, but Richard Barthelmess is keeping his eye on the former Alabama football flash

Williams stood by her, taught her good English, and introduced her to the nicest circles in the Hollywood film colony.

Robert Armstrong considers Jimmie Gleason his best friend because he was an obscure stock company actor, working for Mrs. Gleason in Milwaukee, when Jimmie wrote *Is Zat So?* and made Bob an international favorite.

"But maybe it's Lucille, Jimmie's wife, who is my best friend," says Bob, scratching his head. "After all, she gave me the job with her stock company to begin with. Being an actor, I naturally was broke. And she's been my adviser ever since."

Jimmie Gleason says Tom Kane of the Century Play Company in New York was the first one to believe that *Is Zat So?* was a good play. And it was through Kane's help and efforts and sponsorship that Jimmie got the play produced in New York and later in London. "I guess that makes him my best friend," Jimmy concedes, "because it started me on a successful career—as careers go in this vale of tears."

"Five years ago," declares Anna May Wong, in her precise manner of speech, "I was so discouraged I wanted to quit the screen. Lon Chaney was the one person to encourage me. Later he proved his friendship by insisting that I get a very good part in his picture, *Mr. Wu*. If it hadn't been for him I'd have quit everything, and probably married some nice Chinese boy, and been long since forgotten by now. I presume that a person who re-establishes one's courage might well be called one's best friend."

"BARBARA STANWYCK and a show girl named Walda Mansfield are the best friends I ever had," says Mae Clarke. "We were show girls together. My first job was as a dancer. I made next to nothing. I was nearly starving when Barbara took me in. Walda joined us later. When the show we were in closed I had something of a nervous collapse. Just worn out. So Barbara and Walda let me rest while they looked for work. About the time I was getting better Barbara and Walda showed some fine steps to Anatole Friedland, the revue producer. He wanted to sign them immediately as a team. But they said, 'We forgot to mention it, but there are three of us. There's another girl at home.' He answered, 'All I need are you two.' But they said, 'We won't sign unless you take her on too.' He said, 'I'll have to see her first.' And they came back at him with, 'She's spending a few days in the country and it would be a shame to drag her back.' Well, Freidland laughed and said he'd take me 'sight unseen.' You see, Barbara and Walda knew that I'd be well by the time the first rehearsals were called. And, well, isn't that real 'three musketeer' friendship?"

Many friendships were established through one person helping another quite definitely in a business way, in short, by giving another a job or jobs.

Frances Starr regards the late David Belasco as her best friend because he guided her career. Lew Cody so regards Gloria Swanson because she gave him his first "talkie" job, a part in *What a Widow*, when many persons doubted he had the voice or the stamina, as he had been ill for about a year previously. Reginald Denny says Morris Gest is the best friend he ever had, because the noted producer loaned him $1,000 at a critical time after refusing even to see him!

"That apparently gruff Jewish gentleman and stern taskmaster revealed a fine tenderness that quite bowled me over," comments Denny. "My wife was ill. I needed $500 to put her in a hospital. I hardly knew him but sent word through his secretary that I wanted to see him about borrowing that amount because of my wife's illness. The secretary said 'Mr. Gest said he won't see you, but he left an envelope for you.' I opened it. It contained $1,000. I telephoned him later to thank him and he hung up on me. I ran into him on the street, and he refused to let me thank him. It was several years before I could pay him. When I did he sent me a note saying 'You've made me believe in miracles. You're the first actor I ever knew who paid back a loan.' I might add that when I needed the money, I had called on quite a few persons, many of them 'friends' and fellow Gentiles, in vain!"

CHARLES FARRELL regards Winfield Sheehan, Fox executive, as his best friend, "because he's the swellest boss in the world, and whatever I am I owe to him." Richard Dix claims the same distinction for William Le Baron, RKO chief, who made a star of him at a time when Dix's drawing power had actually begun to slightly wane. To Peggy Shannon, a certain New York chorus girl is her best friend, "because she showed me the ropes when I was just a beginner, and when I surpassed her she never became jealous, but continued to give me sound advice, and because somehow this chorus girl is a *very great soul*, and has given me something to try to live up to." To Edward Woods, Lillian Albertson and Louis Macloon, producers, "because they believed in me when no one else did, and gave me good parts, and are responsible largely for any good that's come to me since."

It is perhaps fitting, in closing, to reach beyond the grave and speak of the twenty-year friendship between Chester Lyle and the late Lon Chaney, which death alone ended. Chaney always regarded Lyle as his best friend. The friendship started when, as lads, they one day met a Miss Hastings and a Miss Emerson, who later became Mrs. Chaney and Mrs. Lyle, respectively. Lyle never became more than a reasonably successful character actor, while Chaney became one of the screen's wealthiest stars—but Lyle was always Chaney's "pal" down the years to the end.

Talking to so many of the vivid personalities of the screen on this subject of friendship, I was struck forcibly by one thing, that most of them had at some time been quite down and out and painfully unknown—even as you and I—until some one other human being had seen something unique and striking and splendid in them, and had drawn them from their particular rut, and planted their feet firmly on the path to stardom. Yes, these talks with eight-and-twenty stars disclosed powerfully that *where there is life there is hope*—and that none of us can tell what awaits around the next corner.

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL BOX

Where movie fans express their frank opinions

Praises Tallulah

St. Louis, Mo.

I WISH you would give us a story about Tallulah Bankhead, who to my mind is a marvelous actress. I imagine she is a very interesting personality and I would like to know more about her life. Tallulah is going to be the top-notch actress of the screen some day, you just wait and see. That is, provided they give her some good pictures to play in. They certainly handed her a weak sister when they put her in *Tarnished Lady*. I hope her next one gives her a chance.

Sally Gorman.

Garbo Admirer

Toronto, Ontario.

THREE cheers for SCREEN BOOK! "Our Promise" on page six of the September issue certainly "hits the right spot." I'm sure the average fan like myself is tired of the criticisms and evidently personal dislikes written up in so many "moronic books" of the day, by staff contributors to their pages. To me, this has been especially noticable in the case of Greta Garbo whom they lauded to the skies a year ago and now, because they think Marlene Dietrich will perhaps surpass her in the public's estimation, they evidently want to be prepared to say: "I, the great I, so predicted!"

However, Garbo's admirers are not to be swayed by such. There is room for all who can contribute something to the glory of the screen but none can surpass her, I'm sure. Yet everyone has his favorite. Every success to SCREEN BOOK.

Bet Weyms.

Numerous of our readers are protesting that they don't want to see Thelma Todd's name changed to Alison Lloyd. Do you?

Wants Phil Holmes

San Francisco.

CONGRATULATIONS on lowering your price to ten cents. It puts SCREEN BOOK within the reach of even the slenderest purse, and the first issue is elegant. I have only one complaint to make—there isn't enough in it about Phillips Holmes, who is one popular boy out this way. So can't we have a good, juicy story about Phillips soon? Or a good gallery photograph? Hoping you grant this request, and wishing the new SCREEN BOOK the best of luck, I am,

Ida M. Layne.

Booster

Chicago.

JUST a note to tell you how much I enjoyed the story in the November SCREEN BOOK about the former German Spy who is now an actor in Hollywood, Wilhelm von Brincken. I like your initiative in printing unusual and startling stories that have never been published before, such as this one, and I hope you continue the same policy in future issues of your magazine. I think SCREEN BOOK is an A-1 publication.

R. C. S.

The Great Garbo

Toronto, Canada.

GRETA—the Mysterious—with eyes so true and sad,
Eyes so gravely tender, wise but rarely glad.
Greta—the Magnificent—with voice of charm so clear,
Voice like 'cello music played on hearts that hear.
Greta—the great Child—woman with smile so haunting sweet,
Wistful, naïve, appealing, bring all to her feet.
Greta—the Immortal—with genius most rare,
Exquisite, lovely, glamorous, with glorious golden hair—
Hair that forms a halo, misty, about a face
So soul-stirring, so ethereal, so full of inborn grace.
Garbo—the Diamond—who shades of emotion portrays,
As many as the colors that flash from that gem's rays.
Garbo—the Great—magnetic, foremost star of the screen,
Incomparable, brilliant—may she reign long as queen!

B. W.

Sylvia Sidney is a popular young lady with the fans these days. Her newest rôle is in Elmer Rice's *Street Scene*

We Want Gable

Milwaukee, Wis.

PLEASE include in an early issue of SCREEN BOOK a story about Clark Gable's life and past experiences. There

[*Continued on page* 69]

Hollywood Briefs

[*Continued from page 6*]

Cupid Chatter

WHEN a man goes to his contracting studio in spite of the fact that he is not on call, he's either in love with his leading lady or after his pay check. In this case, the man had already received his pay check. The leading lady is Claudia Dell, and Walter Byron seems to be going for her in the biggest imaginable way. He never misses a day in taking her to lunch. Sum'thin'? Sum'thin'!

A New Colony

AS WINTER approaches, and also tourists, the stars are moving their vacation igloos from Malibu up the beach about nine miles to a colony newly christened "Zuma."

To date, Gregory La Cava, director, has the most desirable beach bungalow. The favorite week-end indoor sport is matching pennies for the most attractive bedroom.

What A Man!

THERE is a suit that has us puzzled. It's Universal's suit against Paul Whiteman for $1,500 "for food consumed while *The King Of Jazz* was being made at Universal." Can it be possible that Paul ate all that food himself?

Bill's Art

WILLIAM HAINES has started a new fad in Hollywood. Not content with ordinary interior decorating, he has started on automobiles. No doubt, we will soon see our favorite stars sporting futuristic phaetons and roadsters with multi-colored head-lights and blending upholstery.

More Economy

THREE pigeons fluttered through the gates of Paramount's Hollywood studio and were chased away by the gateman.

"You'd better get those pigeons back," said a studio wag solemnly to the gateman. "Don't you know the New York office is using 'em to carry messages now, to cut down expenses?"

Pardon Us

WE'VE been wrong for a long time. We've just discovered that the first name of the title, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, is correctly pronounced "Gee-kil," instead of "Jeh-kil." And that's the way it will be pronounced in the screen version of the Stevenson classic, now in production at Paramount.

A Hollywood Mural

IN ONE of the places where actors congregate, the walls are decorated with sketches. A caricature recently added to the collection portrays an actor eating a hamburger sandwich.

"Gosh," said an out-of-work Thespian, gazing in awe at the sketch, "Jack ate last Saturday and they thought it important enough to make a picture of it."

Did You?

DID you know that Little Caesar (Eddie G. Robinson) jumps like a grass-hopper when a fire-cracker explodes?

Did you know that his real name is Emanuel Goldenberg? And that he was born in Bucharest, Rumania, December 12, 1893?

Elected

EVERY once in a while the stars hold their own little contests, at which time they select their own favorites. At a recent ballot in which twenty-eight important stars cast their votes, Ruth Chatterton was adjudged "queen of the movies," Greta Garbo was second, and Maurice Chevalier ruled without a rival in the masculine division.

Romantic Rumor

WALTER HUSTON has made a property settlement out of court with his wife. Rumors are that he is to marry again.

Ina's Rule

INA CLAIRE continues to dominate *The Greeks Had A Word For It*, so the rumor goes. Strangely enough, every time Ina bosses the show, it turns out to be a hit. In *The Awful Truth*, her first picture, "they" bossed her, and it was a flop.

A New Hero

THEY call Laurence Olivier "the answer to a maiden's prayer." He did such a grand job in *Friends and Lovers* that Fox grabbed him off to play in *The Yellow Ticket* opposite Elissa Landi.

By the way, Landi doesn't seem to be making the big box-office crash that Fox predicted for her.

Why Write Books?

THE authors are becoming movie-minded. Rupert Hughes' outline of an original story has been accepted by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Ben Hecht has just agreed to do two original stories for RKO-Pathé at a price said to exceed $75,000 each, and Dashiel Hammett took his typewriter on an ocean voyage to hammer out two yarns, one for Pathé and one for United Artists. Why publish books at a risk when the films offer fabulous flat rates?

Jim Thorpe Signs

THE current flair for football pictures, which has followed the death of Knute Rockne and the coming of the fall season, now brings the signing of Jim Thorpe, the famous Carlisle Indian athlete, by Universal to make a series of football shorts. "Pop" Warner, Stanford coach who was the Carlisle mentor when Thorpe played football, is starring in the stories now being filmed at Stanford University.

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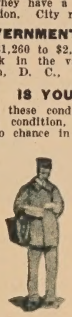

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UNITED HOTELS

Look Out, Hollywood!

[*Continued from page* 33]

ing at the rail of the *Ile de France*. Miss Dagover was gazing at those colossal edifices which rise so majestically to embrace the clouds, those countless spires of stone and steel which make up our famous New York skyline. Amazement shone in her eyes.

"What do you think of it?" I inquired softly, not to jar her reveries.

Without taking her eyes away from the mass of greys and gold she replied, deep feeling in each word.

"Beautiful and—" she hesitated a moment, "—terrifying." She continued to look, seeming unable to tear her eyes away. "Nowhere in Europe, nowhere in the whole world have I seen anything like it. It is so—so big, and you feel so small."

We then talked on aimlessly. Her past, her hopes, her dreams, her disappointments. Of each she spoke with the same degree of emotion. She has accepted life as it has come to her. Not until I asked her if she were married did the dreamy look fade in her eyes. In its place was a dancing highlight; her eyes sparkled with happiness.

"*Ja*," she bubbled enthusiastically. "And I have a wonderful little girl. She is ten years old. She is in school now. Maybe if I stay here I shall have her come over and be near me."

I was stunned for the moment. This woman, with a gorgeously modelled, youthful figure, the mother of a ten-year-old daughter! How our American women would like to know the secrets!

"I have no beauty secrets," she said. "I like much sleep, and," here Miss Dagover paused to look at me, perhaps for fear I would laugh, "I love to walk in the rain. In my garden I like to walk in my bare feet after a rain storm." She smiled at the memories this brought. "Mostly, I am a vegetarian. Also, every morning I drink a spoonful of olive oil."

And, there, ladies, is the secret.

LISTENING to her fluent English, touched only by a charming Continental accent, one would never believe that five months ago she spoke only about twenty words of our language—all she remembered from her schooldays.

"I decided to master the language," Miss Dagover said, "so I engaged an American lady who spoke nothing but English to me. For five months we did that. Now I understand very well—if you do not speak too fast." Her smile at her amendment brought to view an even set of white teeth.

Having seen most of the European importations, I can honestly say that Lil Dagover is the best-natured star to ever walk down the gang-plank of a trans-Atlantic liner, and that she is as handsome as she is charming. Remembering how many of these foreign actresses, after running the Hollywood gauntlet, changed, I could not resist asking if she would "go Hollywood."

"Go Hollywood?" she queried, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

I tried very hard to put that change into words. We all know what the term means, but did you ever try to define it? It is the change that comes from the atmosphere of artificiality, the climate that is peculiarly Hollywood's, the rays of the incandescents, the adulation of the mob. To succumb to all this is easy; to go through it all and come out unchanged is proof of the strongest character. Miss Dagover finally understood.

"All right," she said, determination in her voice, in the set of her mouth, the gleam of her eyes. "I will make a contract with you, yes? A contract that I will not change; that I will be the same as you see me today when I come back in December." She pronounced it "Detzember."

And we shook hands on that. What's more, I believe her.

What, I asked Miss Dagover, is the prime essential for success in pictures?

"What? . . . Prime essential?"

"What qualification," I explained, "is more important than any other?"

"Oh," she laughed. Then she once more grew serious. "If I were to answer in one word I would say imagination. You must have imagination to portray a character, to understand her thoughts, to feel as she feels. Otherwise you will talk like—like—what do you call it?—a parrot."

Do you think sex appeal is necessary? I asked.

"It is good to have, but it not a requisite. No," she emphasized, "it is not essential. It leads to a doubtful fame, a fame that will not last. Too many actresses think that is most important—the sex."

IN *I Spy*, which she is making for First National, she is cast as a dangerous woman. She is always, Miss Dagover admits, cast as a dangerous woman.

"A dangerous woman—or a queen," she laughed. "But after all, one likes to play rôles that are quite different from one's own life, no?"

She has played the part of Marie Theresa, Catherine of Russia and Empress Elizabeth, but I'll wager these regal ladies had less to their general make-up than the girl who portrayed them.

At lunch she told me she knew little or nothing about American slang. So I began initiating her in this part of her education. In this country a thing is either a "wow" or it is "lousy," I told her. She could not say "wow," so I had to imitate a barking dog "bow-wowing." Then she got it and took great delight in repeating it over and over. I explained the meaning of "box-office." If a picture "clicks" it is "box-office," if it doesn't, it is a "dud."

"Well," she said seriously, "I hope my pictures will be box-office." And reaching under the table she "knocked wood." We both laughed at that. "You see? I am superstitious, too."

Somebody is liable to say that Lil Dagover looks like Greta Garbo. She doesn't—even if she wears her hair Garbo-fashion. Her face has none of the Garbo hardness, nor the sadness. If she so wished, I suppose Miss Dagover could make up to look like the famous Swede, but Lil Dagover is too much Lil Dagover to try to ape someone. She has qualities which are hers, unchallenged, supreme, qualities which

cannot be likened to Garbo or Dietrich or anyone else. She'll portray rôles in her own fashion and bring to the screen a distinct, new type.

Just as we were about to leave our table, a young girl came over to Miss Dagover. She had heard—oh, so much about her, the girl remarked, but she never dreamed of seeing her in person. Would she please give her her autograph? Miss Dagover smiled and complied with the girl's wish. After she had left us, Miss Dagover leaned toward me and whispered, "She's charming, but she has never heard a word about me."

It was getting late and Miss Dagover had to rush to a photographer for a sitting. She hoped we'd meet again.

"Auf Wiedersehn!" I said in my best German.

"I will be seeing you!" she exclaimed in her best colloquialism.

The Editor's Mail Box

[*Continued from page 66*]

is a man who ought to make any girl's heart miss a couple beats! What I mean, he can love! Let's have a gallery portrait of him soon, too. In fact, let's have lots in SCREEN BOOK about Clark Gable. He's the man of the hour.

Helen R. Hess.

Sylvia Sidney Fan

Seattle, Wash.

I THINK that was a very interesting article about Sylvia Sidney in your last number of SCREEN BOOK. She is a sweet little actress, to my notion, and I guess there are thousands of fans who agree with me. I wish you would print a real good close-up portrait of her one of these days, however, for I just never get tired of looking at that charming little girl's face. Thanks, and good wishes for success with the new SCREEN BOOK.

Harriet Newhouse.

Tabloid

Queensboro, N. Y.

I WAS disappointed not to find the "Screen Tabloid" in its usual place in the front of the November SCREEN BOOK like it was in the September issue. I thought that was one of the best features of the magazine because you saw it the first thing after you opened the cover and it gave you the news in bold type and snappy pictures—just like the *Graphic* or the *Mirror*. Now you have to hunt half way through the magazine to find the "Screen Tabloid" and it doesn't have black type any more—somehow that takes the kick out of it! Yours for real tabloid news,

Fanny Beck.

Old Favorites

Los Angeles.

ASSUMING that you welcome criticism from your readers, I am going to tell you what I honestly think is wrong with SCREEN BOOK. You give too much space to the new stars and you don't pay enough attention to the old established favorites like Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Charles Chaplin, Gloria Swanson and others. The majority of the fans aren't interested in the new stars, who perhaps may fade in a year or so. They like to see the familiar names. Maybe I'm wrong. Let's have an opinion from others on this subject.

Ella Dickey.

Approves

Tampa, Fla.

I IMAGINE you are always glad to hear from your readers what they think of your magazine. Well, I would like to put in a strong word of approval for SCREEN BOOK, which I think provides a lively bit of reading about the movies and the movie stars. I prefer it to any magazine of its price I have seen. So, good luck to you.

Jane K. Vaughn.

Why Change Names?

Richmond, Va.

I THINK the producers are making a mistake by changing Thelma Todd's name to Alison Lloyd. When a movie actress establishes a reputation among the fans and they get to know her by a certain name, she should never change her identity. She loses the prestige she gained under her former name and just has to start all over again. I suppose the producers' reason for changing Thelma Todd's name was because she was a comédienne and they wanted her to be a dramatic actress. But I don't think a reputation in comedy hurts anyone's career in serious pictures. Look at William Haines. If anything, it helps because everybody likes to see an actress climb to better things. Please, Mr. Producer, don't change Thelma Todd's name to Alison Lloyd!

Shirley M. Sweet.

What About Chaplin?

Boston, Mass.

WHEN is Charlie Chaplin going to make another picture? Will it be a talkie? I am interested in knowing whether Charlie is going to continue his practice of making silent pictures or whether he will succumb to the talkie custom. Personally, I believe he will defeat himself if he ever interrupts his delicious pantomime by speaking. Can we have the inside information on what Charlie plans to do?

W. R. M.

Likes Karen

Buffalo, N. Y.

IN LOOKING over the group pictures of the Wampas Baby Stars for 1931 I have been impressed with the appearance of Karen Morley who seems to be a blonde with striking individualism. I hope you will print a story about her soon, telling all about her life and what pictures she is going to appear in.

Daisy Franklin.

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Scarface

[*Continued from page* 57]

A spasm of fury contorted Camonte. His burning eyes turned back to Rinaldo. Rinaldo's face changed. He realized that death was staring at him. His eyes went past Tony and came to rest on the bureau, where his holster and gun lay. At that moment three shots rang out.

Camonte's gun was smoking as Rinaldo began to sag. The latter looked at Tony with a dulled stare of surprise and accusation. He fell to the floor, his lifeless eyes still fixed on Tony. Tony did not move for a moment. He stood like one bewildered. Staring dully at the dead figure of his friend and ally. Then, heedless of Cesca's wails and accusations, he walked out.

He walked along the streets in a daze. He refused to enter his car, which was chauffeured by Angelo. On and on he went, listless, unheeding. The sound of a police siren was heard, but Tony paid no attention. The police car drew alongside of Angelo, and the latter opened fire. The cops had learned that Tony had done for Rinaldo and set out after him. It was to be a battle to the end. There ensued a pitched battle in the street. People screamed and ran for shelter. And yet, Tony heard nothing.

A bullet struck Angelo in the stomach. Coughing blood, he half dragged himself after Tony, who had reached the hallway leading to his "fort."

"I'm gonna stick it out with you, Boss," he gulped.

Tony did not even react to his presence. When they reached the apartment the phone was ringing. Angelo staggered to the instrument, but before he could get the name fell to the floor, dead.

Tony took the receiver. It was Poppy calling from Florida. Tony's voice was listless. He answered all her questions in monosyllables. Suddenly he was brought out of his daze by a banging on the door. For the first time, there was a look of fear in his eyes. He went to the door, his gun in his hand, and opened it an inch. It was Cesca, crying hysterically.

"Tony . . . Tony . . . " she sobbed. "I said I hated you . . . Oh . . . I *don't* . . . I didn't tell them, Tony, I didn't tell them."

Trembling, exultantly, he crushed her to him. "Cesca," he muttered. "You come back to me!"

The police were downstairs. The couple heard the sirens. Cesca stopped in her tracks.

"The police! . . . " she said. "They're coming! Tony . . . quick!"

CAMONTE galvanized into action. He shut the windows and pulled the steel shutters. The police already had opened fire, their bullets ringing on the steel. Tony turned and gazed in horror at his sister. Cesca was on the floor, struck by a ricochetting bullet.

"I'm all right," she whispered. "I'm all right."

The phone rang.

"Don't answer it," Cesca pleaded.

Tony picked up the phone. It was Guarino. Better give up, he warned, for they had him. Tony answered by going to the window, sticking the muzzle of a machine gun through an aperture and spraying the street with a hail of lead. Then the fight really started. With each shot Camonte grew more and more frightened. Cesca, dying, began to notice the look. She remembered that Rinaldo did not die that way. She began to taunt him.

"Don't leave me, Cesca," he pleaded.

"You're afraid," she whispered in disgust.

"I'll be all alone," he whined. "I'm no good without you, Cesca . . . Don't leave me!"

"You're yellow!" she hissed. "Rinaldo was stronger than you." She talked with an effort.

Tony bent down and kissed her on the mouth. With the last of her dying strength she pushed him from her with one hand, her eyes filled with disgust and contempt, while with the other she wiped the kiss from her lips. The hand came away from her mouth. It fell limply. Cesca was dead.

Tony rose slightly, staring at her in horror. There was a smear of wet blood on his mouth. His hand went to his lips and touched the smear. He stared at his fingers; the smear came off on them. He stared back at the silent figure and then he seemed to go stark, staring, cowering mad.

"Cesca!" he shouted, terrified. "Cesca! . . . No . . . No! . . . "

The fort was now trembling under explosions. The rooms were filled with dark, acrid smoke. He rushed toward the phone, stumbling over the body of Angelo. He almost screamed as he talked into the instrument, looking around wildly.

"Li'l boy! Li'l boy! . . . Come quick! . . . Guiro! They get me . . . kill them . . . shoot . . . shoot quick!"

The voice which answered was not Rinaldo's. It was Guarino's. The detective was still on the phone, which was connected to him in the street. "You haven't got Rinaldo anymore . . . Come out, you rat!"

The street was a bedlam of firing, guns blazing. The sounds penetrated Tony's fogged brain. He realized that what Guarino said was true. Rinaldo was gone . . . Cesca was gone . . . he was alone . . .

Clutching his guns, he made for the door. The smoke almost choked him, but he went on and on to the street. When he opened the door to the sidewalk he met the full glare of a police searchlight. He fired at it. The light went out, but another took its place. Tony stepped to the street, blazing away. Step by step, he came closer to the police, firing as he walked. Bullet after bullet struck him, half turning him by their impact. But somehow he managed to keep on going. On and on. Half way across the street, the guns clicked. They were empty, but he kept pulling the triggers. He stood swaying, his eyes glazed, then sank to his knees, like a bull going down in the arena, a sword through his heart. He sank slowly, his empty guns still clicking . . . and toppled over backward into the dirty gutter, his face up. The firing ceased . . . Camonte's dying eyes were fixed on something—the electric sign atop a building. "The world is yours," it read.

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Hollywood's Five Most Dangerous Women

[*Continued from page 55*]

dazzle. She is a young woman who has learned well the Art of Life and this, in itself, gives her a seductiveness that a girl equally beautiful, but *less* worldly wise and sophisticated, cannot match. She can be cold and imperious. She often is—but she gets away with it. And yet, when she so desires, she has a rare ability to charm; to direct her appeal to the emotions.

One of the most popular words in the Hollywood vocabulary is that little monosyllable "IT." To mention it is to think at once of Clara Bow.

But is Clara a really seductive person?

In my opinion—no! She has a high-powered sex appeal, it is true, but she lacks the mental equipment, the sophistication that goes with true seductiveness. There is about her an immaturity. She appeals to the senses—no more. She will always be remembered as the little "IT" girl, but never, I think, will she be catalogued an enchantress.

Enchantresses are born—not made. It is perhaps their destiny to wield some strange, indefinable power over the opposite sex. And though Hollywood is famous for its beauties—beauties who bloom briefly, to be replaced next year, or the next, by a newer, fresher crop; though it has produced actresses of unusual ability and charm, it has few women who can rightly be called—enchanters of men. No chronicle of this kind would be complete, however, without including Hollywood's current siren—Jean Harlow. And when enchantresses are mentioned, Jean will be in a class by herself. I can imagine her having lived in the days of the Borgias. Her beauty suggests cruelty. And while she may be merely a fad of the moment, I dare to add her name to the gallery of Hollywood's other enchantresses—

Garbo,
Dietrich,
Bennett,
And the late Barbara LaMarr.

Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page 32*]

lected to miss a chair hurled at him by Joe Bonomo, ex-Coney Island strongman, in a film-fight. Net result—two broken ribs and possible spinal injuries.

No Props

Cecil de Mille, now in Moscow, Russia, has abandoned plans to produce a picture there because he can't find a bath tub.

Take A Tip

Clara Bow is one of the kids for whom they'll never be taking up collections or giving benefits. Good friends of Clara's insisted long ago that she put her dough where the moths couldn't get it. Now she has a trust fund of $300,000, enough to keep any number of wolves from the door.

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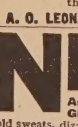

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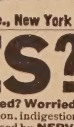

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Disguise Contest Winners

[*Continued from page* 48]

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Fannie Mase, 405 Van Sicklen Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

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Dolores Muer, 3876 Yorkshire Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Elizabeth McCracken, 699 Lincoln Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Ethel Kirshner, 109 Nelson Street, Ottowa, Ontario, Canada.

Jerry Pettit, 716 Lomita Avenue, Flint, Michigan.

Margaret Barry, 2101 Beekman Place, Brooklyn, New York.

Bessie Harrington, 1424 Osage Avenue, Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

Catherine Pilsits, 370 Main Street, Steelton, Pennsylvania.

Agnes Sindelar, 2616 California Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Edna Mae Freeman, 33 McArthur, San Francisco, California.

Lucie M. Wiltshire, 300 Tilden Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Mary Jane Calabrese, 68 Pitkin Street, East Hartford, Connecticut.

Alta E. Atkinson, 1400 West Alameda, Denver, Colorado.

Mae Des Maris, 3800 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Florence Loyd, 1570 Clay Street, San Francisco, California.

Julia K. Strong, Albany, New York.

Edith F. Hamlin, 179 Washington Street, Quincy, Massachusetts.

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June

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July

Lila Lee, Mitzi Green, Alice White, Jean Arthur, Stuart Erwin, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Louise Fazenda, Dorothy Lee.

August

Slim Summerville, Jersey Holt, John Barrymore, Constance Cummings, John Wayne, Joe E. Brown, Karen Morley, John Boles.

Young America

As a rule, the dignity of having a studio chair marked with one's name is reserved for the top flight directors and stars—but then, we guess Jackie Cooper is in that class. Anyway, "Skippy" has his own canvas-backed chair on the Metro lot. It's just big enough to fit him, and it's stenciled "Jackie."

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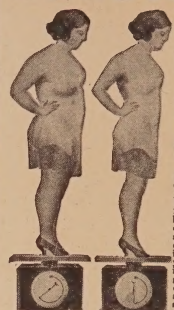

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Much Married Robert Ames

[*Continued from page 25*]

York night club entertainer, lost a spirited dash from Manhattan to Chicago by a couple of heartbeats to her competitor, Muriel Oakes, New York society girl, fourth and latest to wear the Ames name. Miss Lambert arrived in Chicago just in time to see Ames and the former Miss Oakes step from a taxi that brought them from the wedding ceremony to their hotel. She was accused of trying to chisel in on Miss Oakes, who had waited more or less impatiently for Bob's third marriage to Vivienne Seegal, stage and screen beauty, to cool. In the Lambert-Oakes race to Chicago where Ames was starring in *The Ragged Edge* on the stage, Miss Oakes was victor by one train.

A hectic week followed, with both the newlyweds and the losing Miss Lambert living in the same hotel. Bob could not escape because his play kept him in the Windy City. Miss Lambert started a suit for $200,000 heart balm and threatened an alienation of affection action against Muriel Oakes Ames, but the action was not pressed and Miss Lambert evidently decided to wait.

THE sympathetic advice of Bobby's first three wives, all of whom continued good friends with their community husband, perhaps had something to do with Miss Lambert deciding to wait for the No. 5 spot, since she had lost out in fourth place. Bob's previous wives prophesied she wouldn't have to wait too long. That was in 1927. Three years later Muriel Ames severed the knot that bound her to Ames, but Miss Lambert has not been evident in Ames' company since.

Muriel named among her grievances a broken promise on Bob's part to stop drinking; that he celebrated their first anniversary by deserting the water wagon for good; that he was sullen, morose and inattentive.

Vivienne Seegal's marriage to Ames also was a ticklish question of seniority because both Vivienne and Muriel Oakes claimed to have waited an equally long time for the gentleman to divorce his second wife, Francis Goodrich, another stage beauty. Vivienne was victorious, but Muriel was on hand when Vivienne got through.

Although Ames never has had great wealth, or title, still femininity ever has fought for the chance to become Mrs. Ames. He has a line that gets over and a memory well stored with apt flattering sentiments well adapted to whispering in pink ears. Helen Lambert gave the press some of Ames' bon mots during the Ames-Oakes honeymoon in Chicago. This is a specimen that was published:

"I love you more today than I did yesterday, more this minute than I did the last, more this second than the one just passed.

"If I told you before I loved you I lied, because that was twenty minutes ago. Then I did not know what love was and only now I'm beginning to learn about it. It's all so terrible because if I tell you how much I love you one minute, the very next minute makes a liar out of me, for I must love you even more then. With each succeeding minute I adore you more and more."

PYRAMIDING love helps Ames lose his "butterflies." He lives in a constant atmosphere of jealousy, which never seems to bother him much. He lets the ladies fight it out to win—if not now—later.

Ames' second wife, Frances Goodrich, put in a bill for $17,500 back alimony on top of the Lambert suit. Bob is said to have obtained a personal interview with wife No. 2, told her how beautiful she was and promised her some money later. Vivienne Seegal had money and tided Bob over many rough financial spots. In fact, when Miss Goodrich was making demands for back alimony, friends say Vivienne helped Bob stem the financial tide.

At any rate, Bob pacified Miss Goodrich by getting her a job in his own company where he played the lead in *Kelly's Vacation.* He induced her to sign for $200 a week less than she asked, with a proviso that she was not to press her alimony claims as long as she got a pay check.

The Seegal-Ames romance was the shortest, and sweetest, according to Ames. It lasted eighteen months. Bob tried to get Vi back and she says he frequently told her: "You're the only girl I ever loved and I love you more than ever." She suspected it might be a line from a play.

Ames began marrying at the age of nineteen, his first venture having been with Miss Alice Gerry in 1907. Miss Gerry was sixteen when he took her to the altar. They were divorced nine years later and in the interim two children were born to them—a boy, Robert, now past twenty-one, and a girl, June, just out of her teens at the present time. Ames asked the former Miss Gerry for a divorce that he might marry another girl, but Frances Goodrich won out as wife No. 2 over the girl Ames had expected to marry when he became free of wife No. 1.

Most men prefer to keep a current wife away from predecessors, but not the dashing Mr. Ames. He let it be known that he liked all his wives to be good friends. This came out when an enterprising newspaper reporter discovered the first, second and third Mrs. Ames playing golf together, sitting in at the same bridge tables and otherwise mingling at a Chicago country club. They admitted that their "community husband" afforded them many choice morsels for conversation; that none was jealous of another, and that Ames could go his ways with women and be happy.

That Ames knows the love game forwards and backwards is evident, but Hollywood and New York have been wondering who'll be next to embark on a long or short trip on the sea of matrimony with the intriguing Mr. Ames, on whom the mantle of years rests so lightly. As he goes from one leading rôle to another in pictures, his feminine foils find him pleasureable and romantic company. But he seems to be playing no favorites lately, although he has been seen much in the company of Ina Claire since and for some weeks before she severed the knot that bound her for a time to John Gilbert.

Who knows, perhaps Ina Claire will try marriage again—and with none other than the much-married Robert Ames?

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Never Swat A Fly

There's not a day passes without its warning to the Hollywood mighty to be respectful to the office-boy—more times than not he's tomorrow's Big Shot. One of the funniest recent examples is that of a movie-theatre usher who, when fired, finally got a job as a film critic. And does he get even in his reviews with the outfit that bounced him! Just in case you think Aunt Beverly is making-it-up—the lad is Jay Edgerton, of Minneapolis. He ushered for Publix. And he panned *An American Tragedy*, as film critic of the "Journal."

In The Money

That stars aren't always to be envied is again indicated by the case of Clark Gable, latest film sensation and pitter-patterer of feminine hearts. Clark's pay envelope, until recently, contained not more than five nice new fifty dollar notes. Even now he doesn't rate more than twice that sum with the cashier on Saturday nights. It takes a long, long time to really get "in the money" in a big way. That's why many a player, regarded as a big number by the public, and billed in large publicity, is broke when his brief vogue passes and throws him into the discard. The rule is about six years, at most, of popularity—and that generally includes two coming and two going. James Cagney, who is a current sensation, still draws under $1,000—and pays 20 per cent commission to agents.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of SCREEN BOOK, published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for October 1, 1931.

State of Minnesota } ss.
County of Hennepin }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Roscoe Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the SCREEN BOOK and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn. Editor, Roscoe Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn. Managing Editor, Jack Smalley, Minneapolis, Minn. Business Manager, S. F. Nelson, Minneapolis, Minn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn., W. H. Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn., Roscoe Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

ROSCOE FAWCETT.
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1931.

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You don't have to send any money—you don't have to buy anything or sell anything to win the Name Prize, No "puzzles," "number paths", "lucky numbers" or "guessing" contest to win over $3,000.00 cash. The only thing to do now is send a name for the dancer. The first name you think of may win the prize. But, remember the EXTRA $1,000.00 for promptness. Act at once! *I will send you a $1,000.00 Cash Certificate as soon as your name is received*—I will tell you just how you stand in the distribution of over $5,000.00 in cash prizes and fine new automobiles.

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